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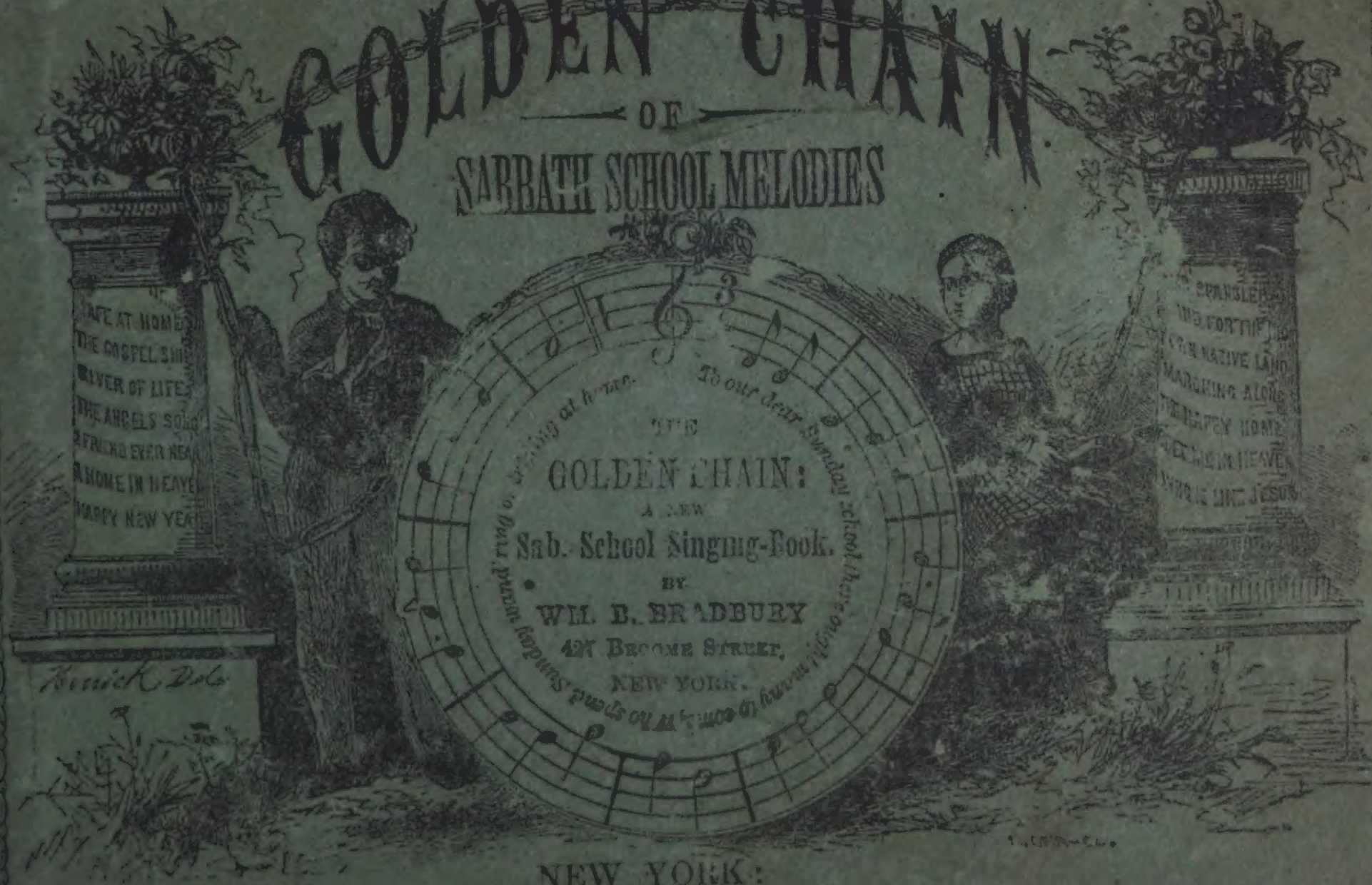
BRADBURY'S

GOLDEN CHAIN

OF

SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES



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CALIFORNIA THEOLOGICAL BAPTIST SEMINARY
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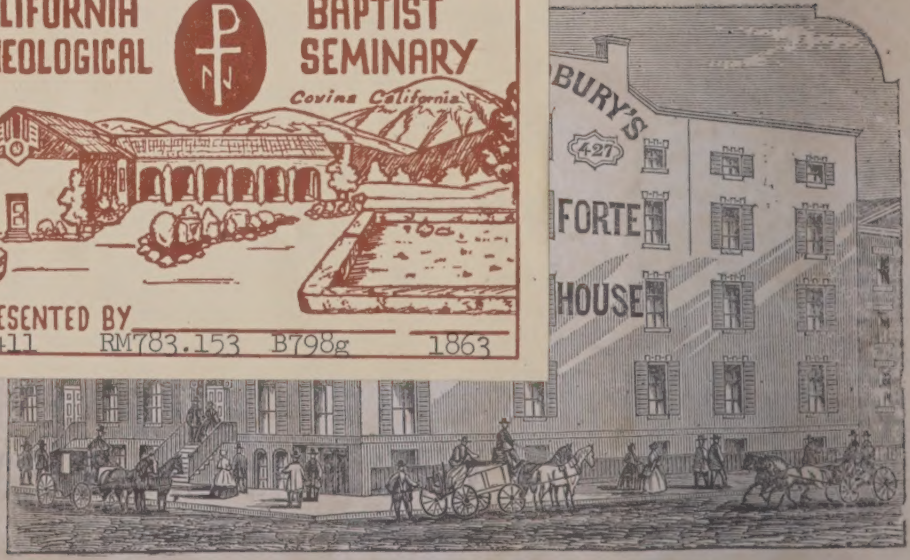

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OF

SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES.

COMPRISING

A Great Variety of New Music and Hymns

COMPOSED AND WRITTEN

EXPRESSLY FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TOGETHER WITH MANY OF THE BEST OF THE WELL KNOWN SABBATH SCHOOL PIECES.

BY WM. B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF "THE JUBILEE," "ORIOLA," AND MANY OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

NEW YORK:

IVISON, PHINNEY & COMPANY.

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1863.

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PREFACE.

THE design of this book is doubtless generally understood, viz., to furnish a pleasing variety of good NEW music and hymns composed and *arranged expressly for the Sabbath School* at a very moderate price.

The largest, most complete and perfect Hymn and Tune Book ever made for Sabbath Schools is doubtless the ORIOLA, a book that has now become the standard text-book of thousands of Sabbath Schools throughout the country. We do not pretend to compete with this popular work, nor do we ask those using it to lay it aside for a single day. We simply ask, 1st, that those who feel that *more* new and popular music would enliven and interest their school, try the GOLDEN CHAIN, and 2ndly, that those who feel that they *must have* a low priced book to commence with, try the GOLDEN CHAIN.

Of one thing we feel quite sure, viz., that all those who have used for any considerable time the ORIOLA will certainly call for the GOLDEN CHAIN, and also all who shall introduce the GOLDEN CHAIN as the first of these two books, will, whenever a more complete and extensive work is wanted, seek for the ORIOLA. Of the GOLDEN CHAIN we will only add that *for its size* we believe no work can be found to compete with it in variety and attractiveness, and in freshness and popularity of melody and words.

MOVEMENT OF THE MUSIC.—The effect of a stirring, popular piece of music, is often lost by a misconception of the movement intended for it by the author. To effectually avoid any such misconception, a very simple method has been adopted, by which the proper movement of each piece is exactly indicated, without the use of a Metronome. It will be observed that directions, partly in figures are given to the different pieces at their beginning, as "24—Two to the measure," &c, &c. The meaning of which is,

Take a string and attach a light weight to one end of it, and hold the other between the thumb and finger at a distance of *twenty-four inches*, from the fulcrum, (the thumb and finger). Set the weight in motion, oscillating, like the pendulum to the clock, and now these two vibrations mark the time of a measure of the music. This then is the explanation,—"string twenty-four inches long, two vibrations to the measure."

"20—One to each quarter note," &c, &c, means that you should hold the string, twenty inches from the weight, set it vibrating, and one vibration *to each quarter note* indicates the exact movement of that piece.

By this simple process, and without the necessity of a Metronome, the teachers or leaders of the singing can "time" the different pieces at home, so that in taking them up with the children, he will not be under the necessity of *guessing* at the proper movement.

Hoping that "THE GOLDEN CHAIN may prove a blessing to many,—that every link may be found sound and of the purest metal, and the whole may prove strong enough to bind together in one harmonic band all the dear ones of the household and Sabbath School, its author prayerfully sends it forth on its little mission of love and song. God speed it.

Rare bk rm.
RM
3, 153
.798g

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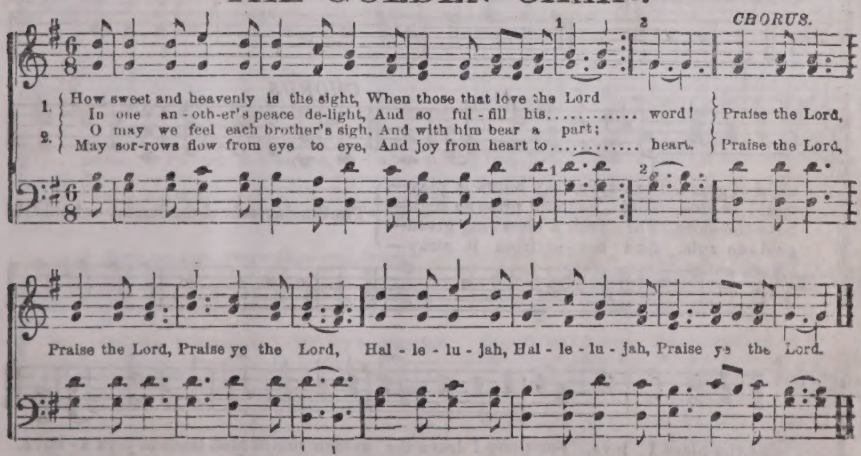
THE GOLDEN CHAIN.



3. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.
Praise the Lord, &c.

4. Love is the GOLDEN CHAIN that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.
Praise the Lord, &c.

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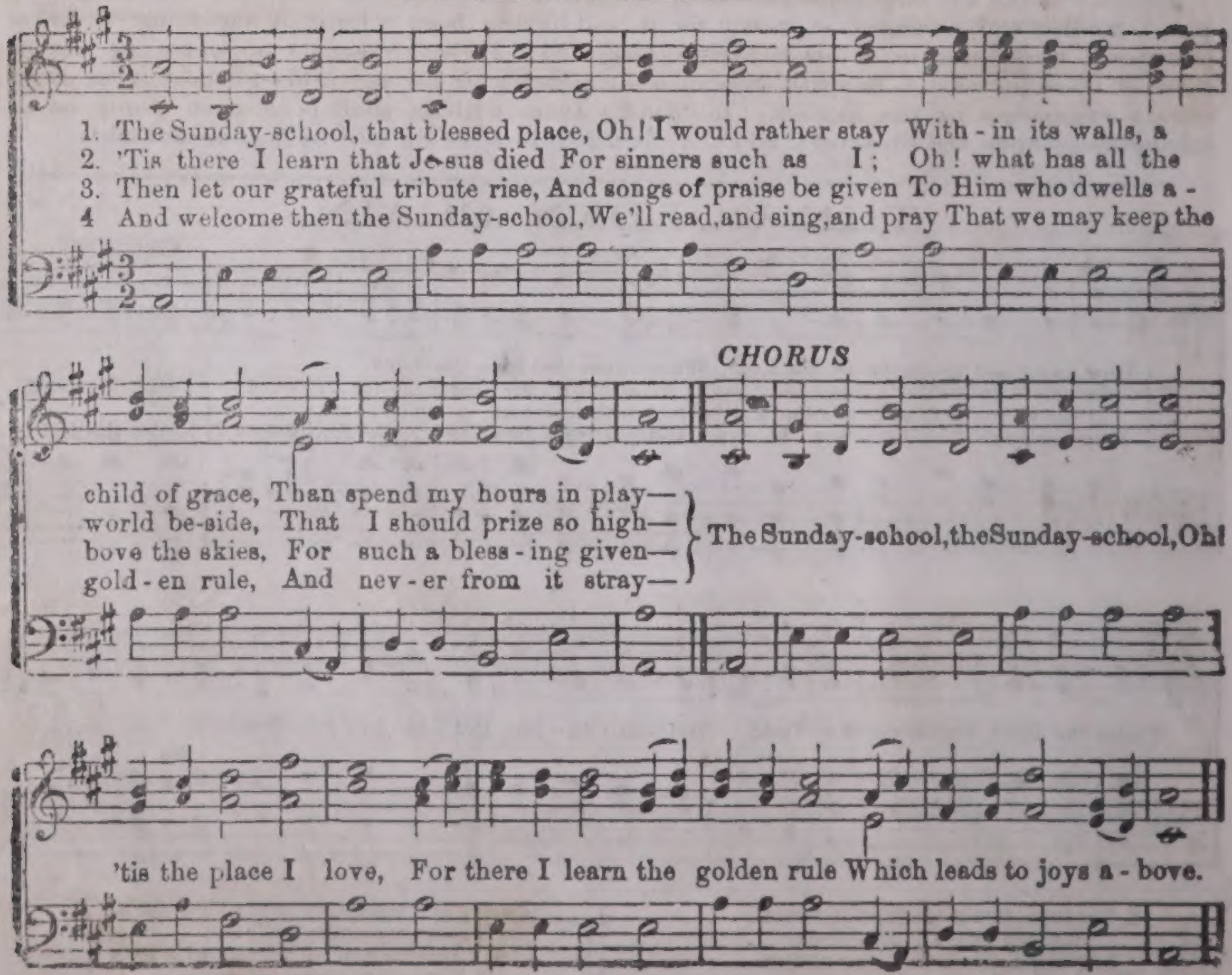
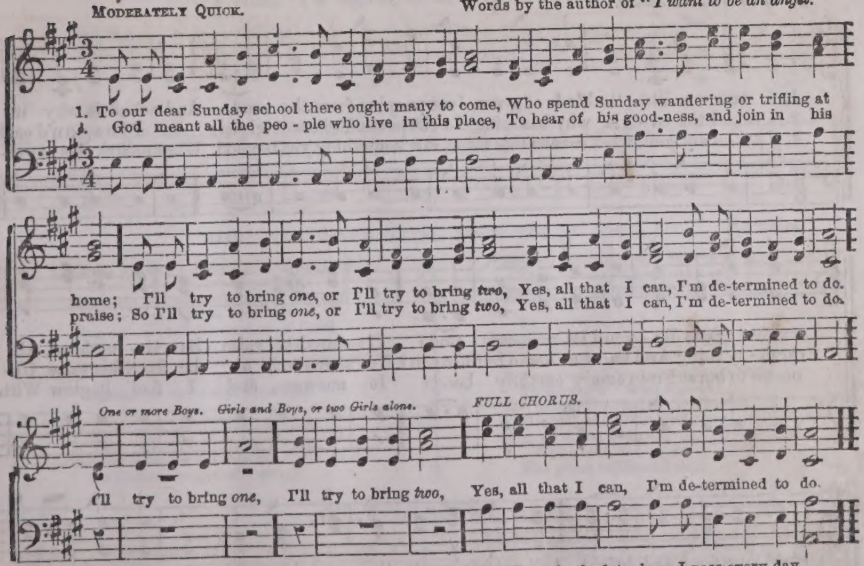
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. C. M.



SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by the author of "*I want to be an angel.*"



3. Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home,
The large, or the little, who never have come?
Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for *one*, try for *two*,
Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.

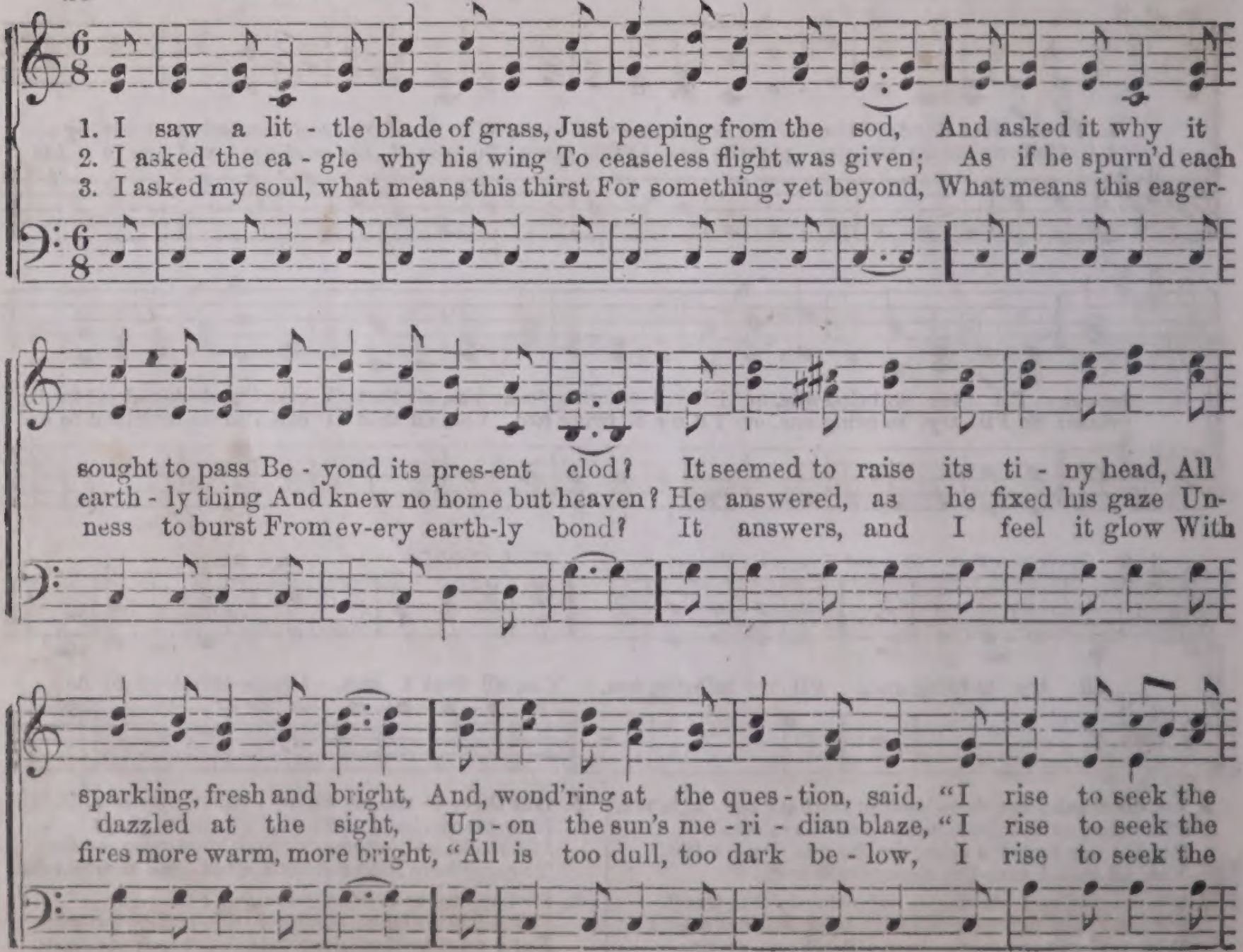
4. My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,
I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;
Who knows but among them I'll get *one*, or *two*,
For all that I *can*, I'm determined to do.

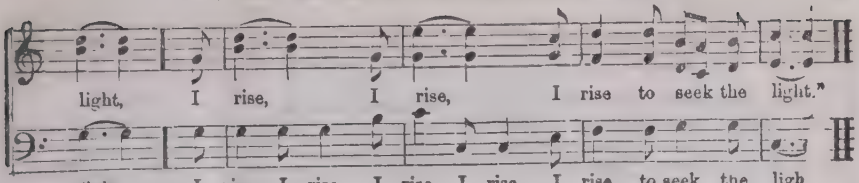
5. Out there in the lot where I pass every day,
How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play!
If I could but get *one* of those boys, now, or *two*,
To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.

6. Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go;
What glory and blessedness then I shall know!
But I want in that glory that many may share,—
That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT."

20—*Two to ea... Measure.*





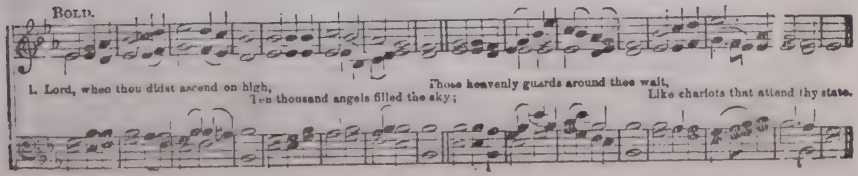
COME, CHILDREN, RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH. [2d HYMN

1. COME, children, raise your voices high,
Your Saviour's love proclaim,
And with the choirs of earth and sky
Unite to praise his name:
Sing how he left the realms of light,
Where the bright angels dwell,
And, passing through death's gloomy night,
Redeemed the world,
Redeemed the world from hell.

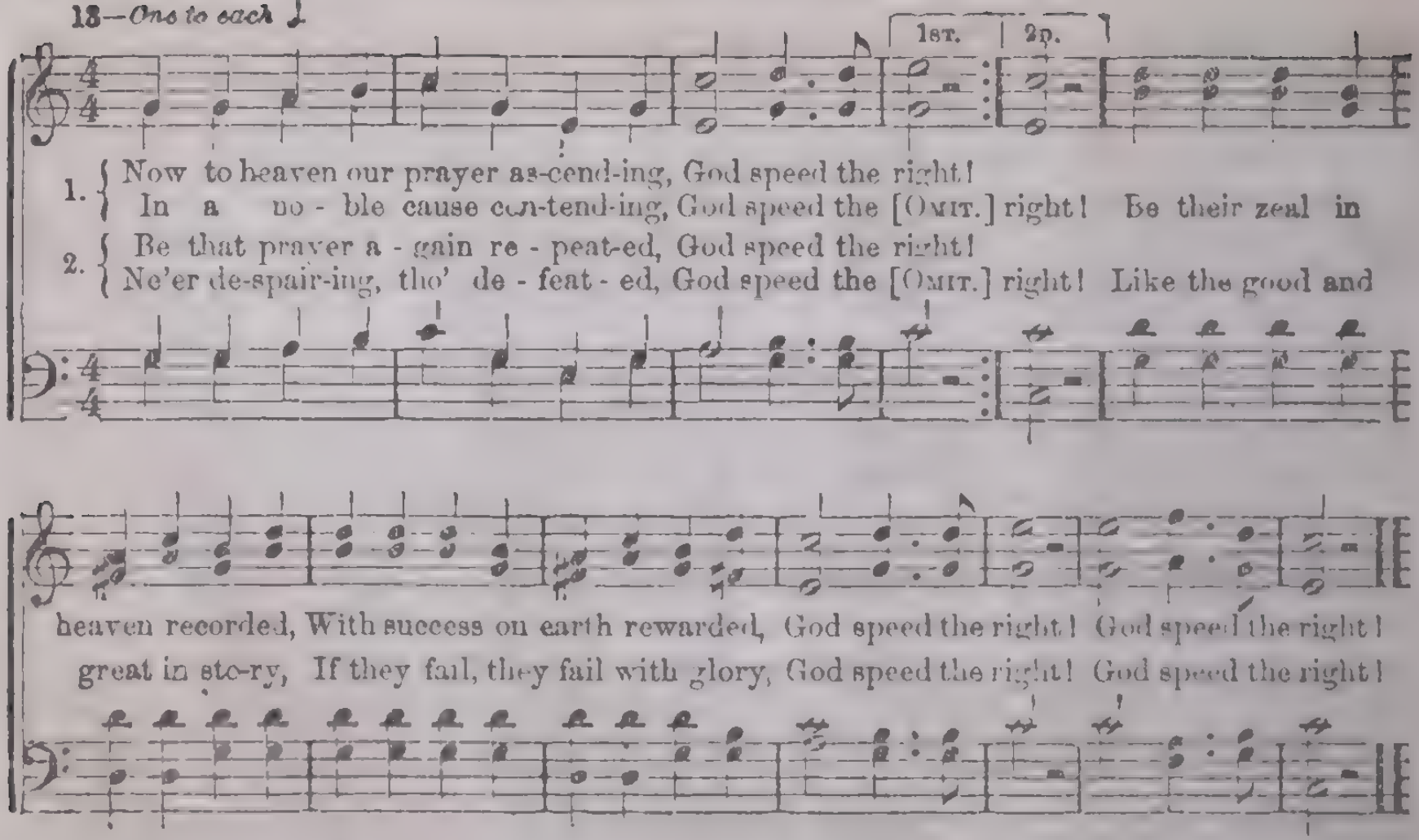
2. Yes, we will gladly join our lays
With heaven's seraphic throng,
And offer in our earthly days
To Christ our grateful song:
And oh that all would join to sing
That Saviour's love, who came,
Mankind from chains of sin to bring
To liberty,
To liberty again!

3. Then loud hosannas to our King,
Jesus, eternal God!
Let earth with joyous anthems ring,
To spread his fame abroad;
Let every tribe and nation own
His just and righteous sway,
And all unite to hasten on
The great, the great,
The great millennial day.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



GOD SPEED THE RIGHT



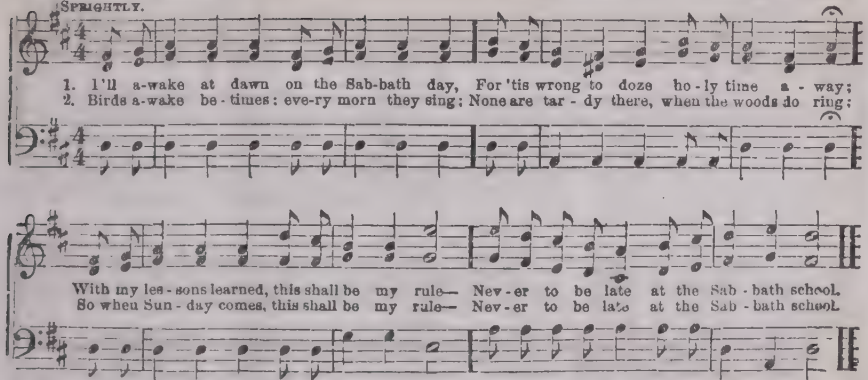
3. Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

4. Still their onward course pursuing
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

"NEVER LATE."

10—*Two to each Measure.* FROM BRADBURY'S S. S. MELODIES. W. B. B.

SPRIGHTLY.



3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

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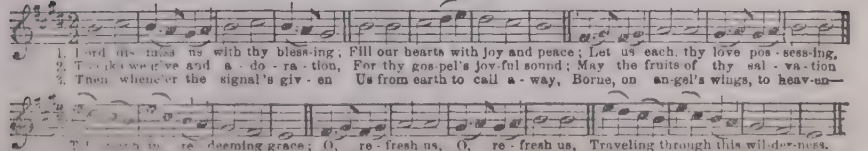
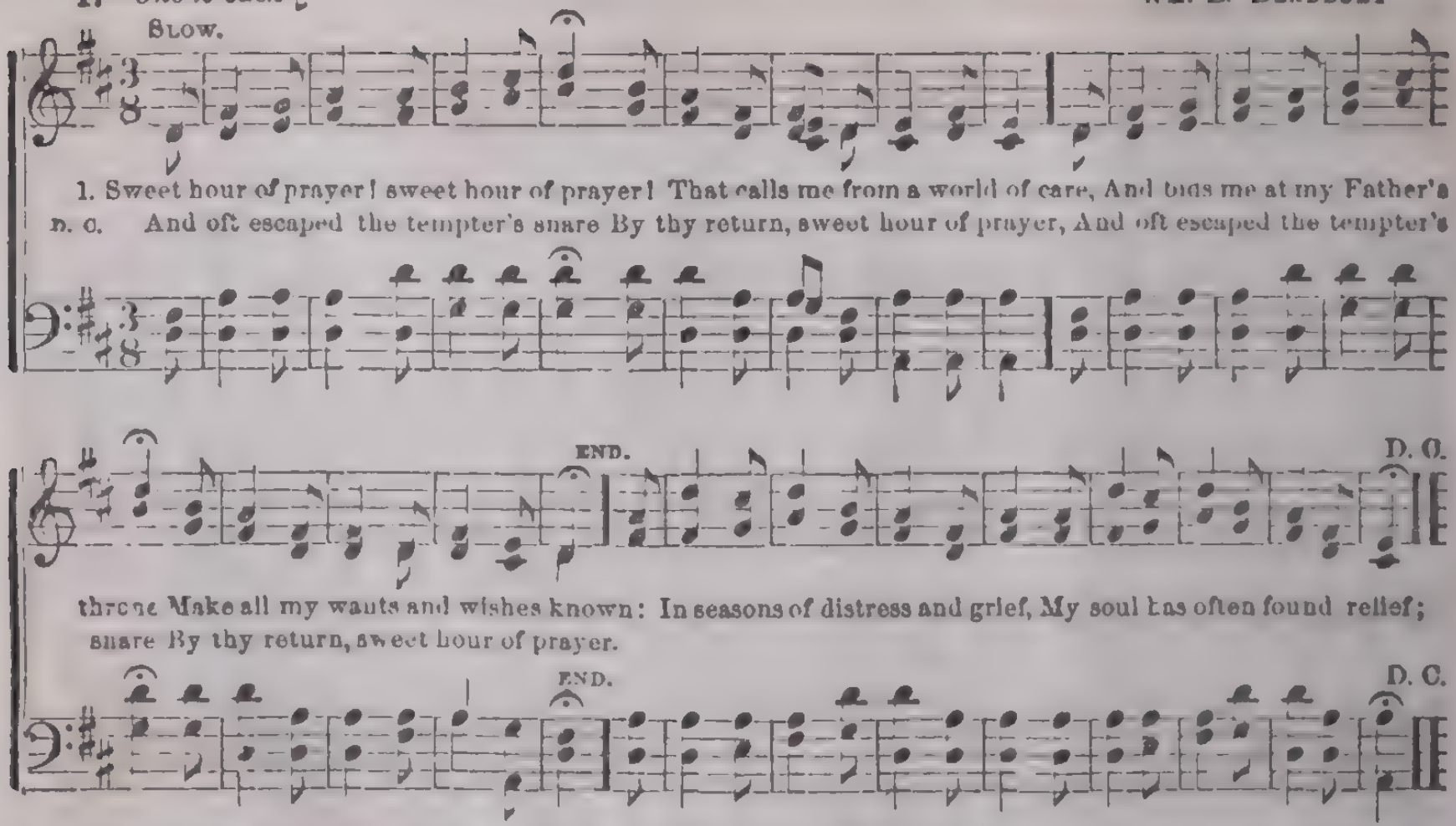


SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

17—*One to each* 𝄽

WM. B. BRADBURY

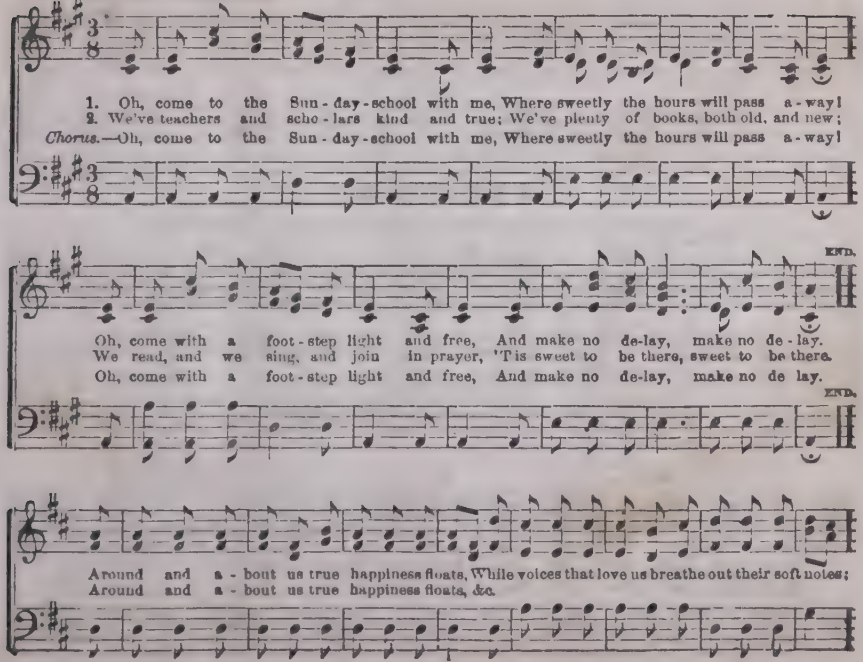


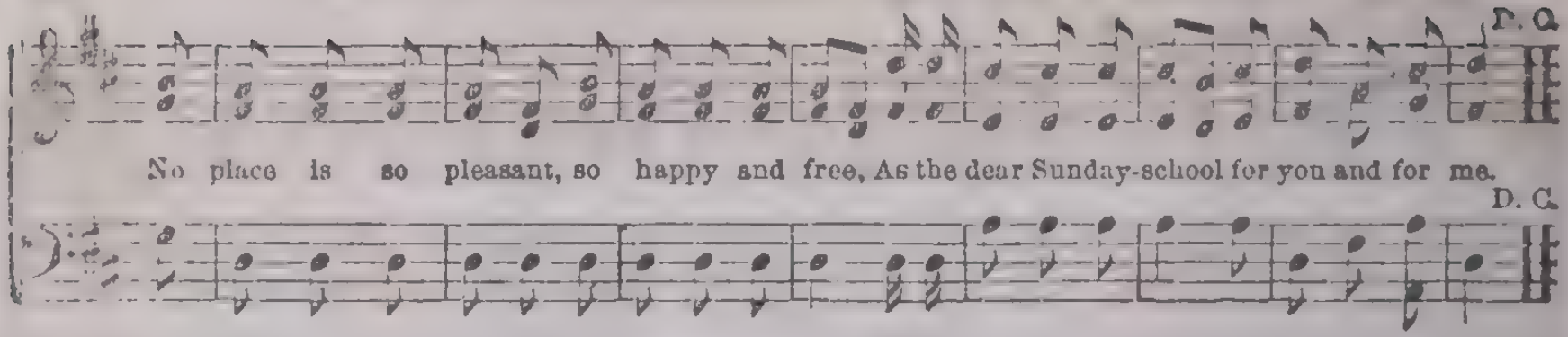
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

SPRIGHTLY. **OH, COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WITH ME.**

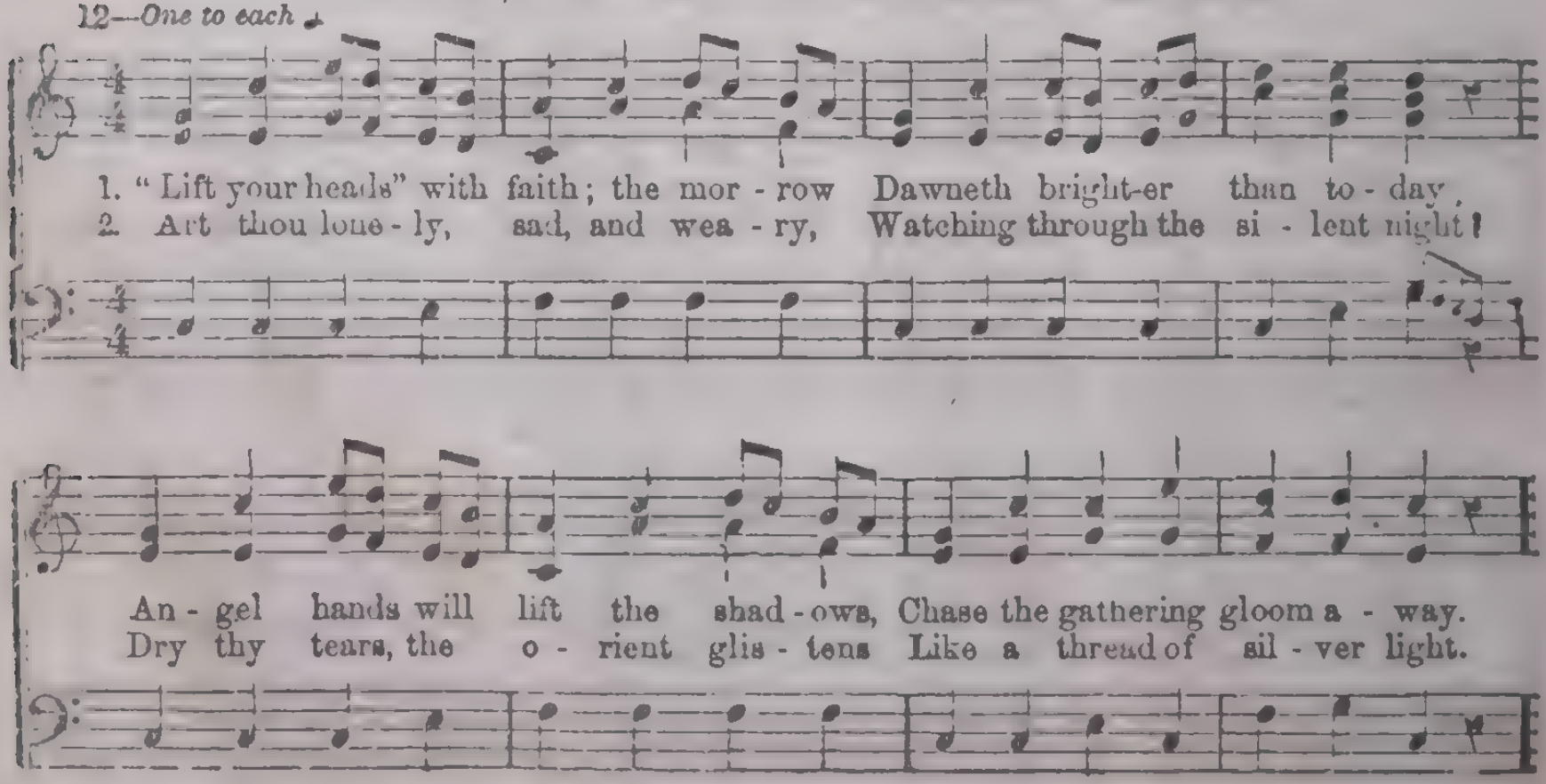
20—*One to each Measure.*

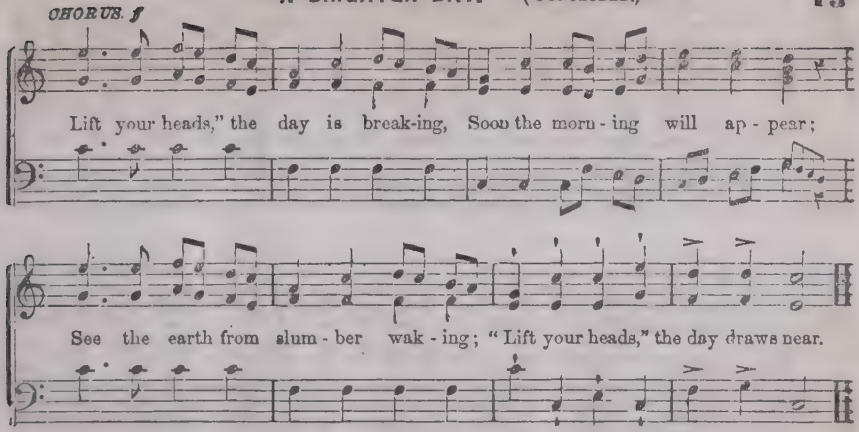




A BRIGHTER DAY.

"THEN LOOK UP, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH."—Luke xxi. 28.





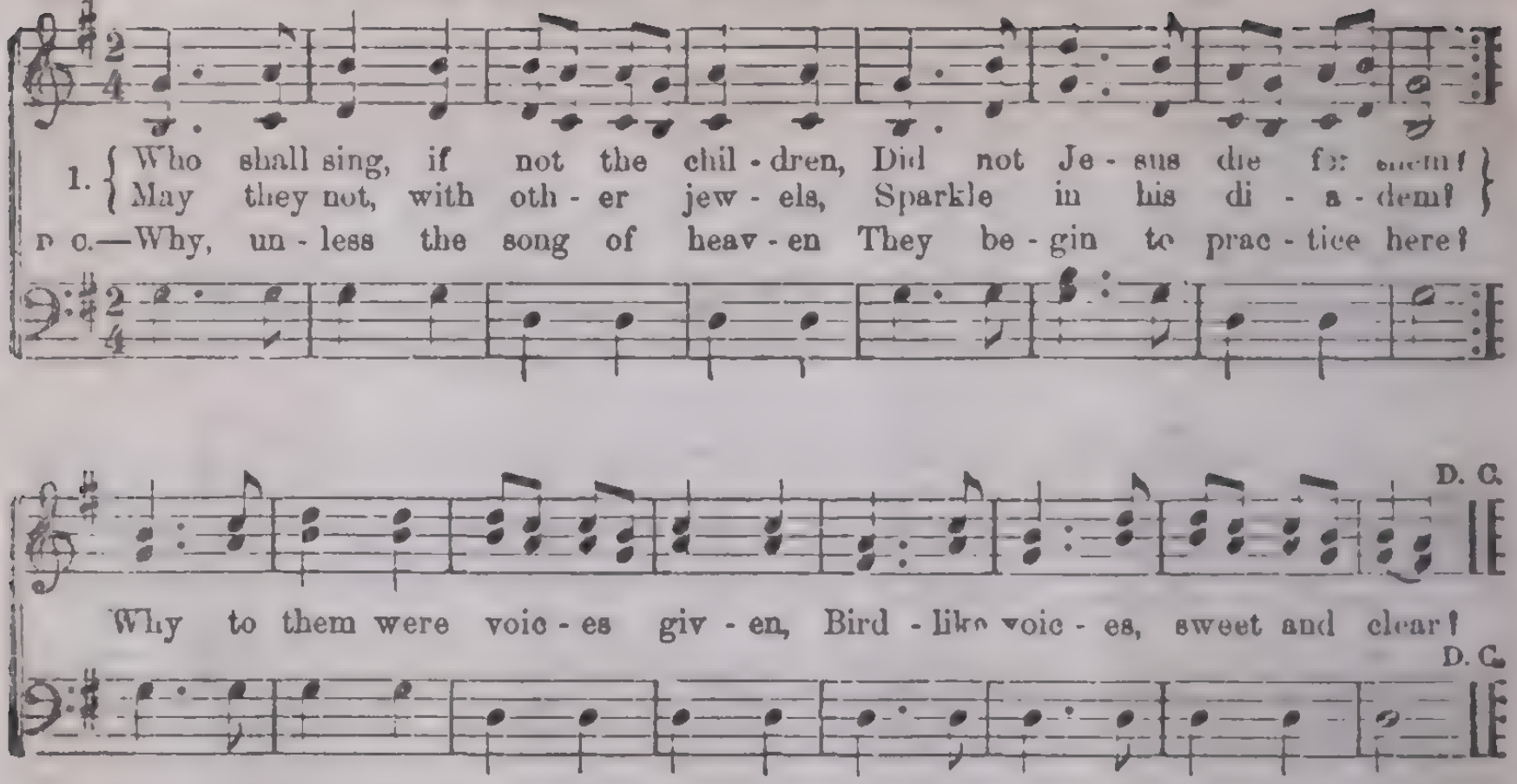
3. Does the night seem long and weary—
Dangers threatening 'long the way?
Joy will soon return to bless thee,
Soon will dawn a brighter day.
Chorus—"Lift your heads," &c.

4. What, though wars and earth's commotions
Try your faith, and cause dismay;
God, your Father, rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.
Chorus—"Lift your heads," &c.

5. Let the heart be cheered with gladness,
Though the sun is veiled from sight;
See! the stars are brightly beaming
Through the shadows of the night.

Chorus.

Look! e'en now the morn is breaking,
See the shadows flee away;
See! the earth from slumber waking,
"Lift your heads!" behold the day!



2.

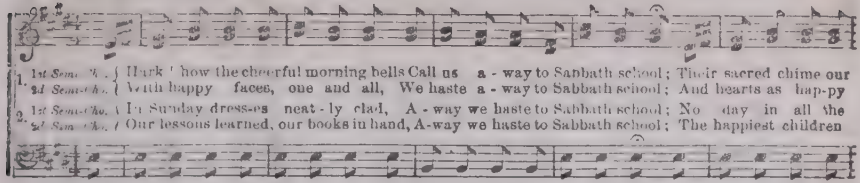
There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3.

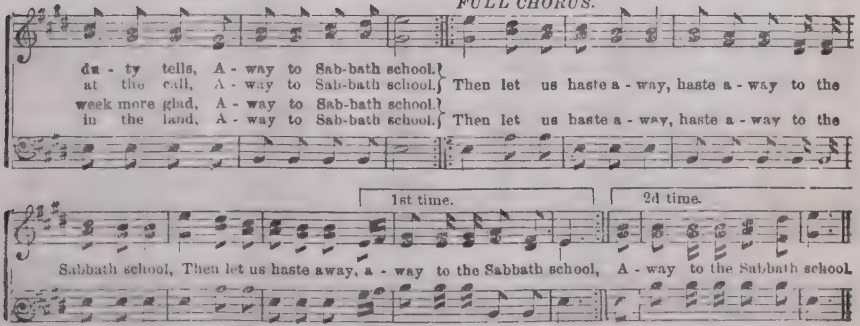
Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they can not sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

B—*Two to each Measure.* **HASTE AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.**

Words by LUCIUS HART, Esq. Music by W B B

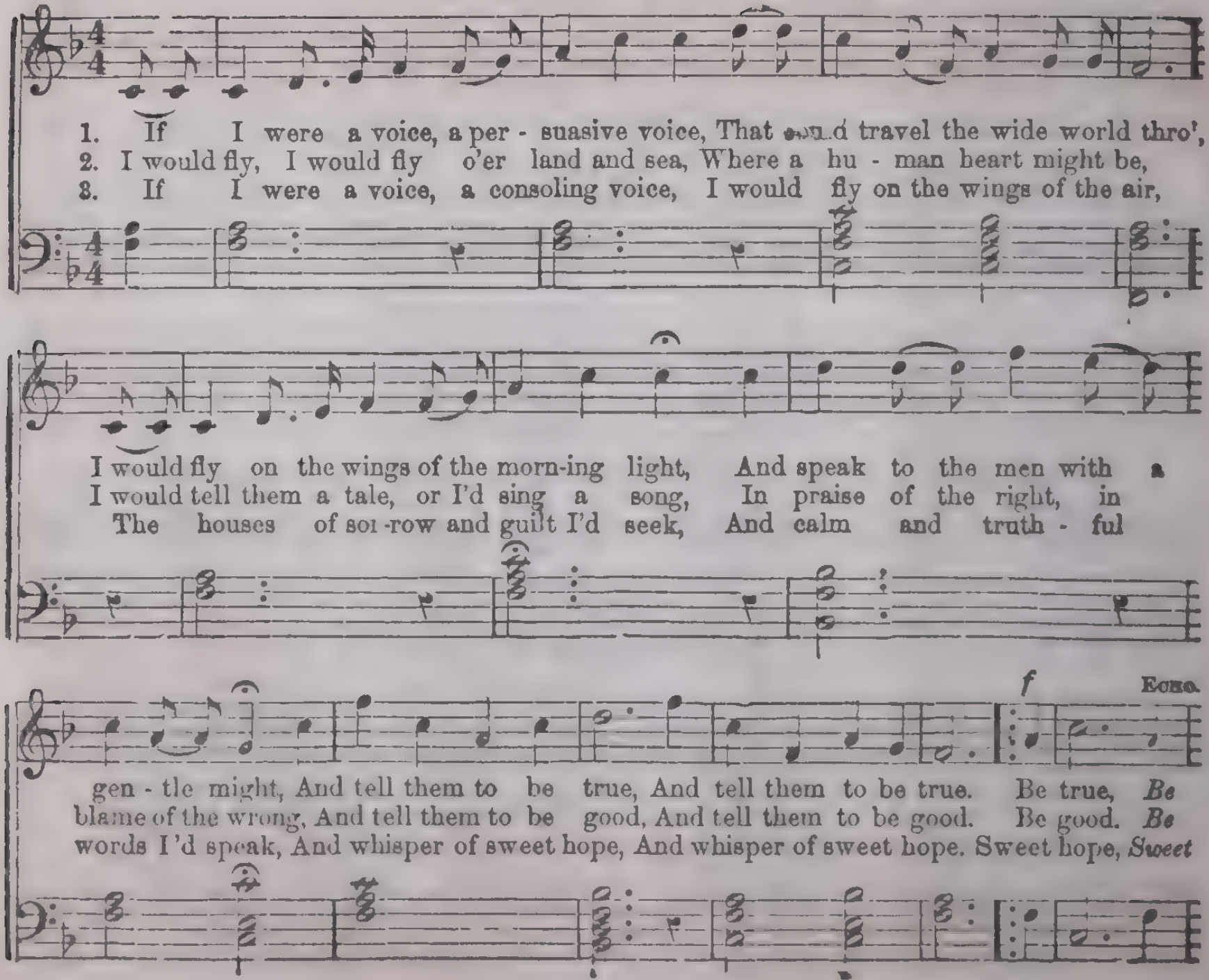


FULL CHORUS.

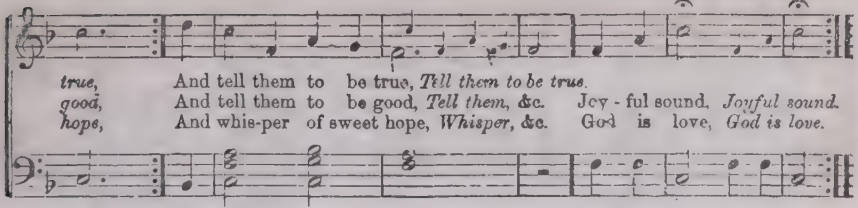


3. 1*st Semi-Chorus.* We love to meet together there,
Within our pleasant Sabbath school;
And all unite to praise and prayer,
Within the Sabbath school.
2*d Semi-Chorus* And this our bond of love shall be,
We're happy in our Sabbath school;
And with our hearts in harmony,
We'll haste to Sabbath school.
Chorus —Then let us haste, &c.

4. 1*st Semi-Chorus.* The Sabbath light shines clear and bright,
Away we haste to Sabbath School;
The church, it is a pleasant sight,
Away to Sabbath school;
2*d Semi-Chorus.* This sweetest day of all the seven—
We'll haste away to Sabbath school,
And run the shining road to heaven;
Away to Sabbath school.
Chorus —Then let us haste, &c.


1. If I were a voice, a per - suasive voice, That could travel the wide world thro',
2. I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a hu - man heart might be,
3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings of the air,
I would fly on the wings of the morn-ing light, And speak to the men with a
I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In praise of the right, in
The houses of sor-row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful
f
Echo.
gen - tle might, And tell them to be true, And tell them to be true. Be true, Be
blame of the wrong, And tell them to be good, And tell them to be good. Be good. Be
words I'd speak, And whisper of sweet hope, And whisper of sweet hope. Sweet hope, Sweet

ECHO. ECHO for 4th and 5th stanzas

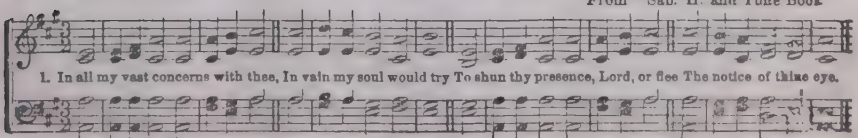


4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the whole earth around;
And wherever man with error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Joyful sound. (*Echo*, Joyful sound.)
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5. I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
And point to the realms above;
I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
And drop like a happy sunlight down,
And whisper, God is love.
God is love. (*Echo*, God is love.)
And whisper, God is love.
Echo.—Whisper, God is love.

REEVES. C. M.

W. B. B.
From "Sab. H. and Tune Book."



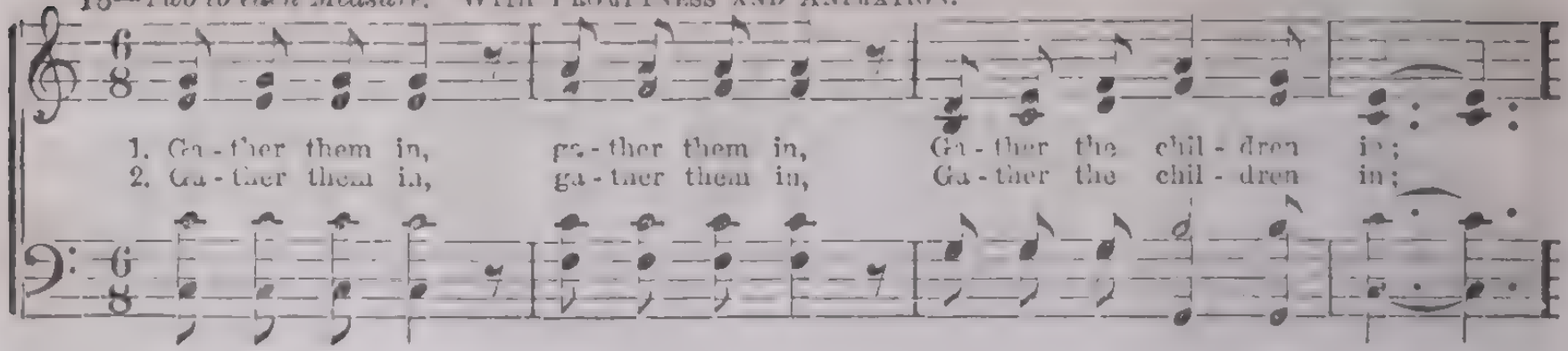
2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

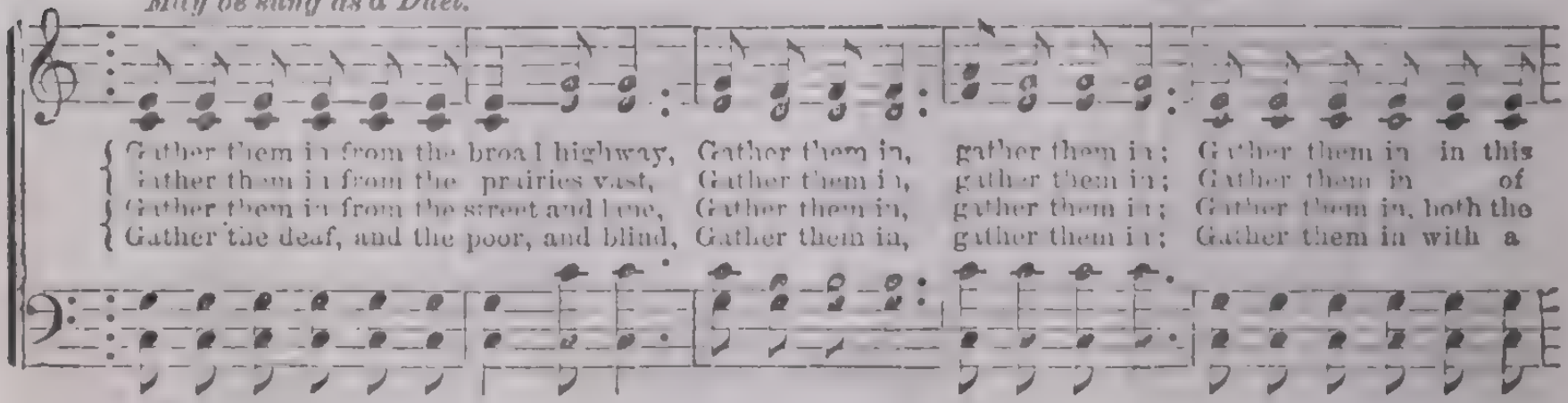
GATHER THEM IN.

"GO, THEREFORE, INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."—Luke xiv. 23.

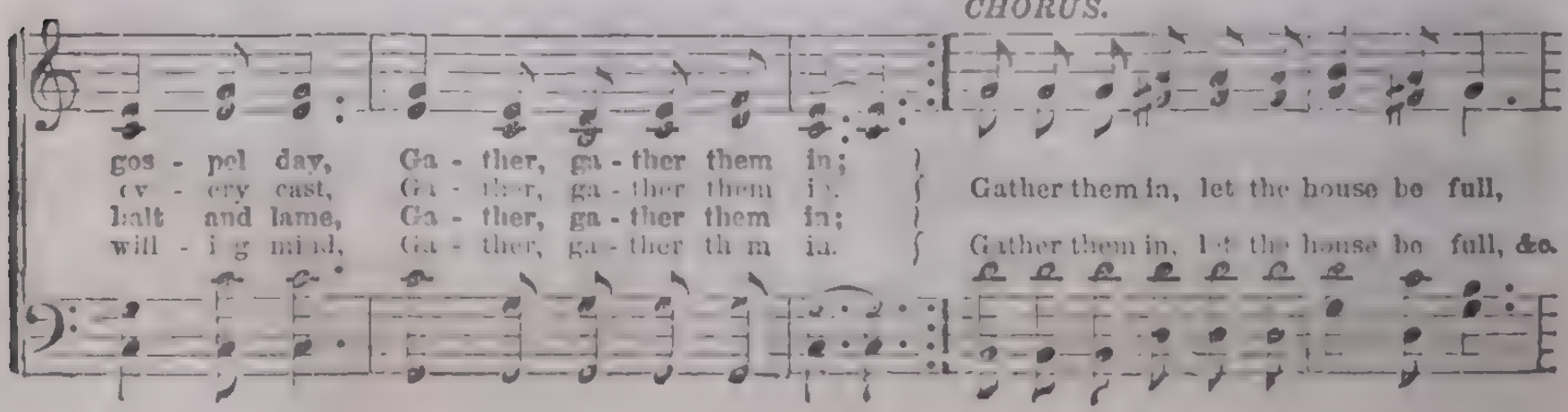
16—*Two to each Measure.* WITH PROMPTNESS AND ANIMATION.



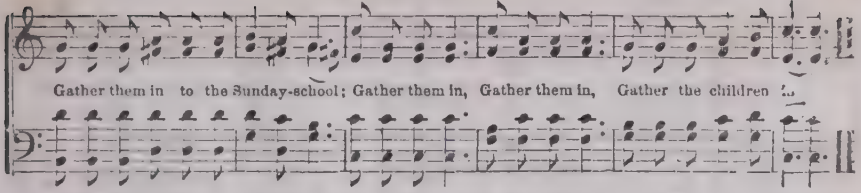
May be sung as a Duet.



CHORUS.



Full CHORUS.

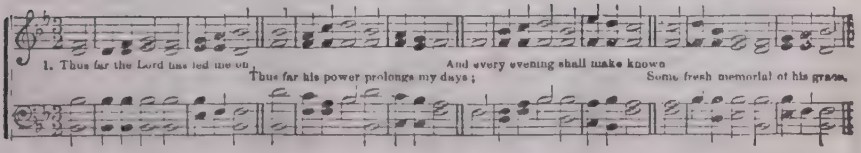


3. Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in that are seeking rest,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the East and West,
Gather, gather them in
Gather them in that are roaming about,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the North and South,
Gather, gather them in.
Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

4. Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in from all over the land,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in to our noble band,
Gather, gather them in;
Gather them in with a Christian love,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in for the Church above,
Gather, gather them in.
Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

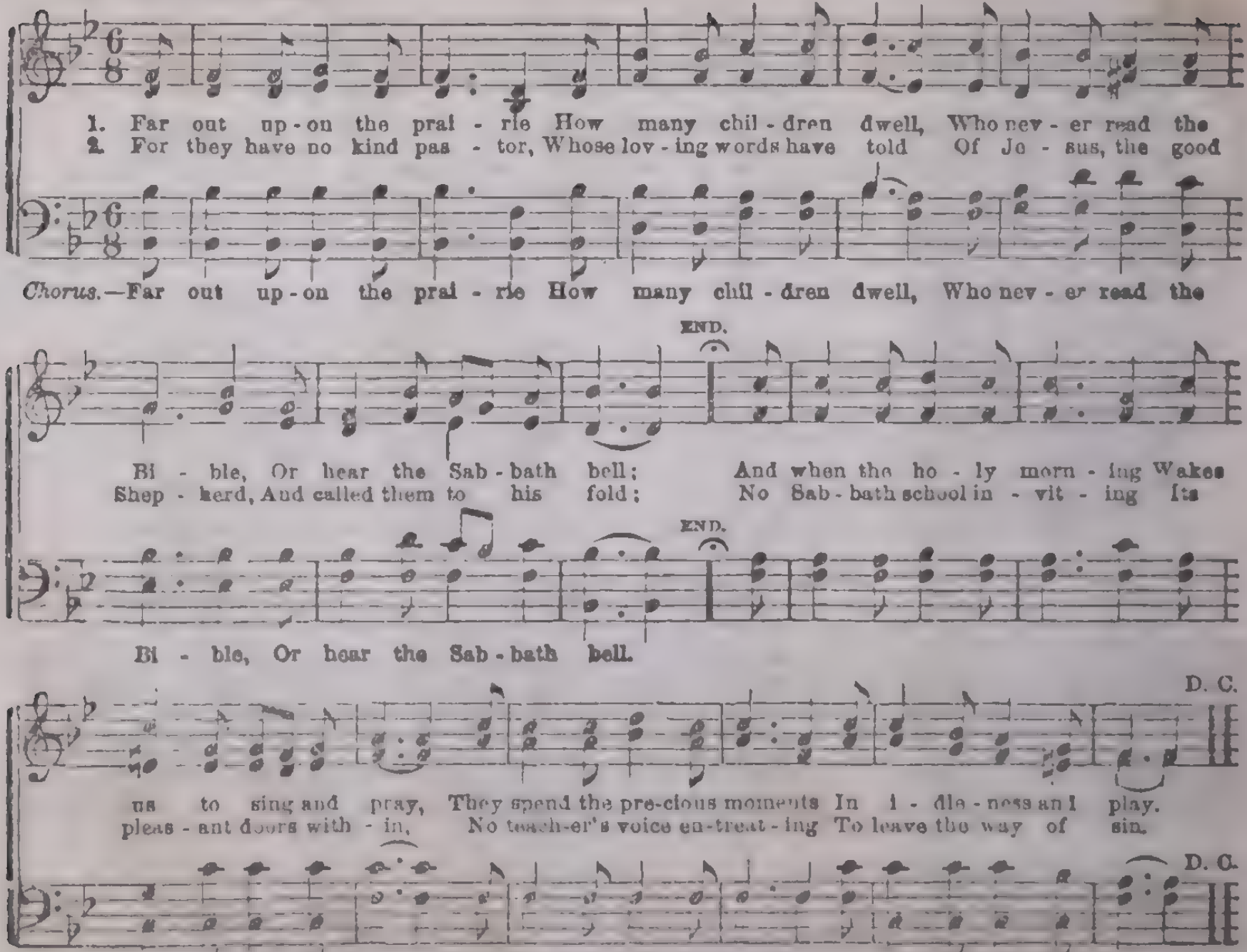


2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home
But he forgives my follies past
He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

20 FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s. "Home Mission Song."

18—*Two to each Measure.*



* *Written for the Anniversary of the S. S. Miss. Association of the 14th Pres. Church N. Y.*

2. I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.

Chorus.—Far out, etc.

4. And so each morn and evening,
Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send his gospel there;
That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.

Chorus.—Far out, etc.

MILLENNIUM SONG.

1. Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
And midnight now is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

2. See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation—
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him, as he cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

3. Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in the songs of Jubilee,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The doors wide open stand,
Be ready, then, to meet him,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

4. Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and suff'rings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

5. Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

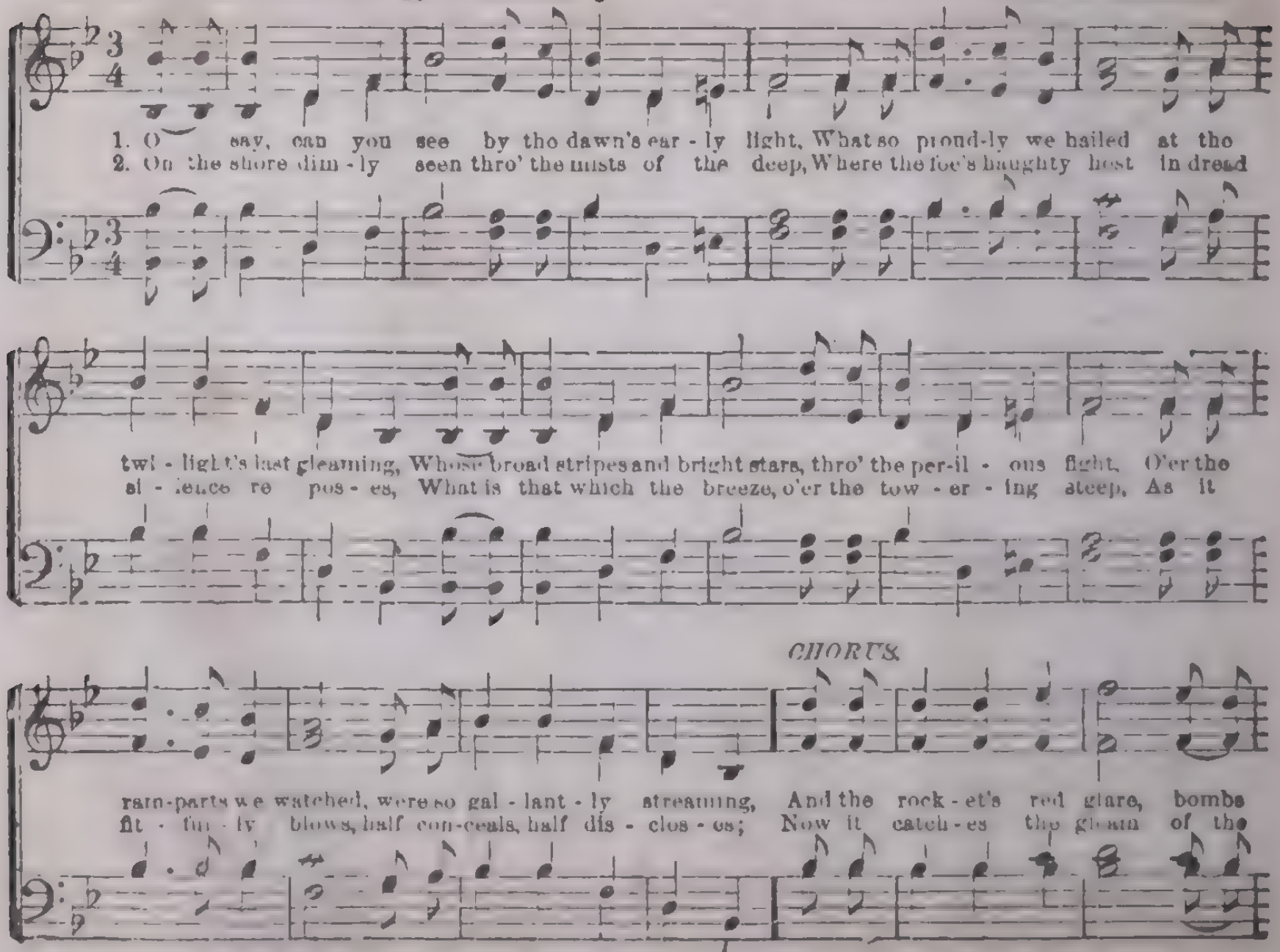
DOXOLOGY.

To thee be praise for ever
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

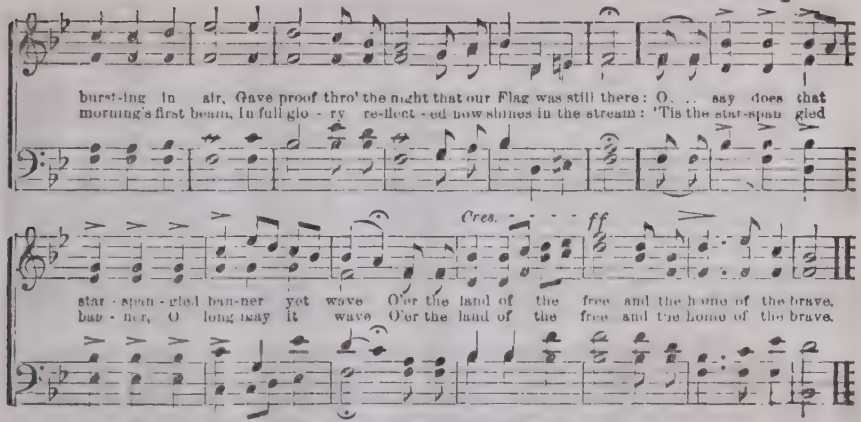
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Newly Arranged and brought within an easy compass for Chorus Singing, by

SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS. 10—*One to each* ♩ WM. B. BRADBURY



FULL CHORUS. *f*



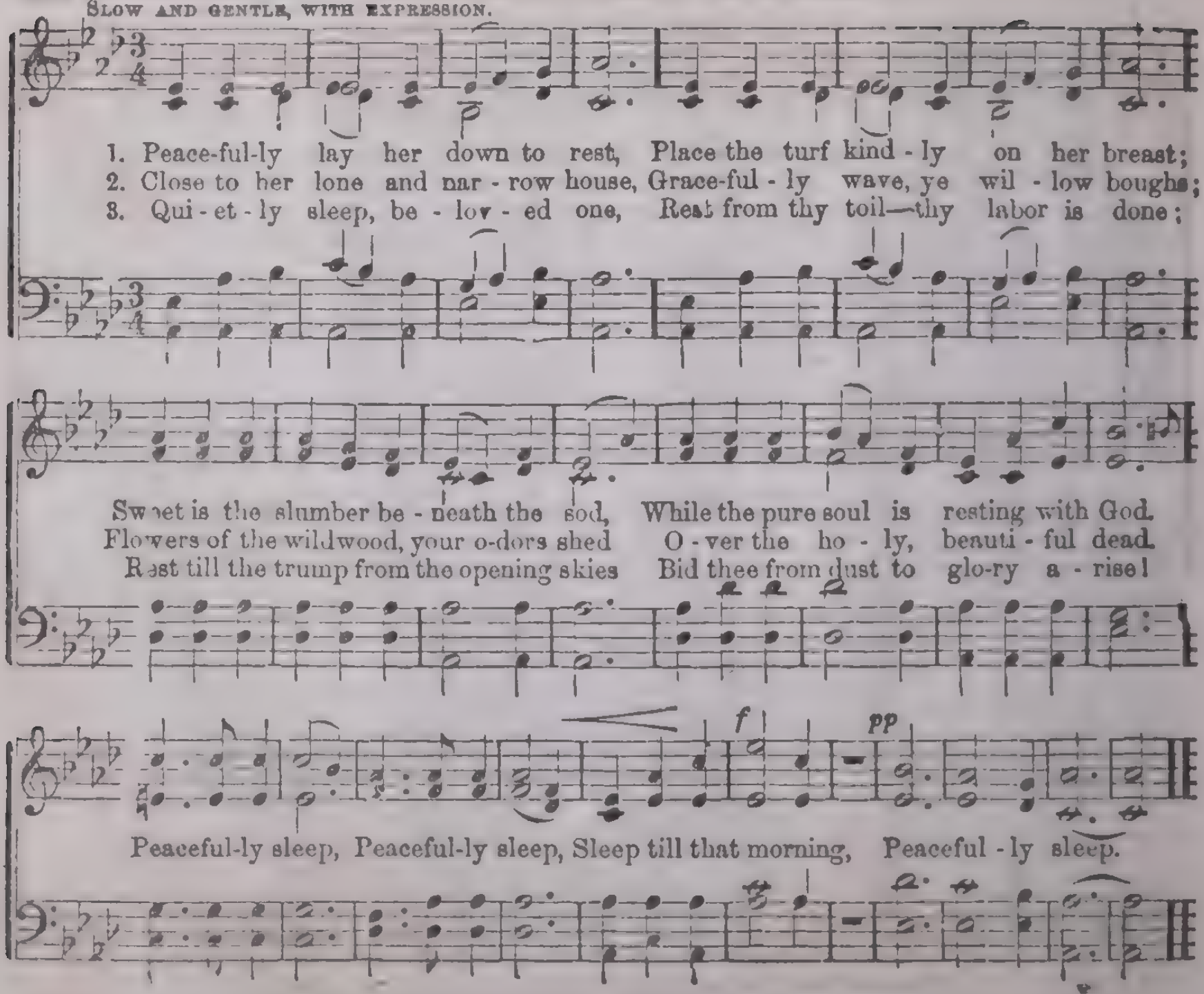
8. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
Chorus.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto - "In God is our trust!"
Chorus.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

See also hymn, The blest Gospel Banner, to this tune, on page 32.

35—*One to each* ♩ **PEACEFULLY SLEEP. Quartette.**

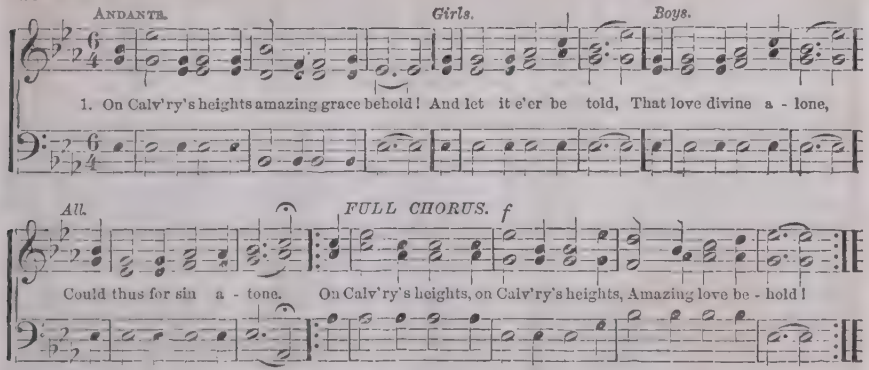
SLOW AND GENTLE, WITH EXPRESSION.



ON CALVARY'S HEIGHTS.

Words by A. A. Smith. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

26—*Two to the Measure.*



2. On Calv'ry's heights the one Redeemer dies!
The heavenly message flies
With pardon full to give—
That all who look may live.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

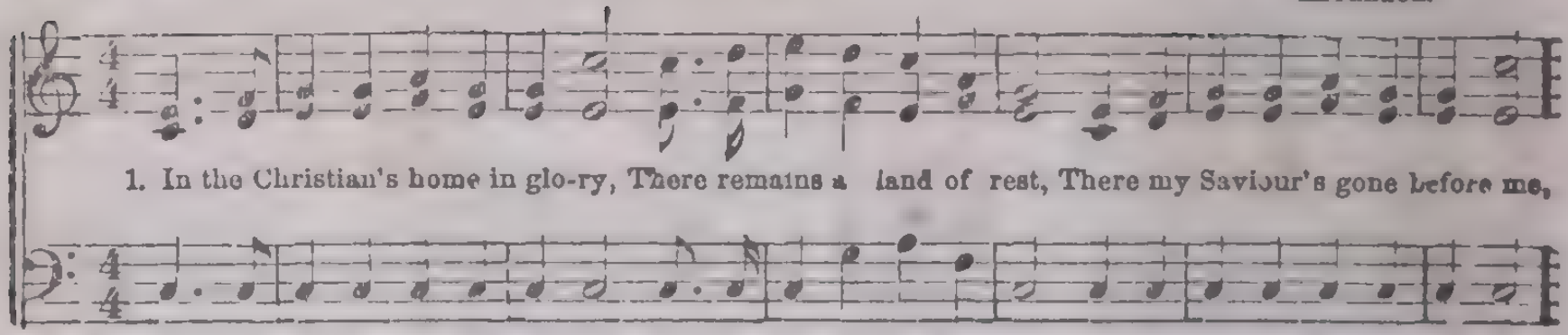
3. On Calv'ry's heights a dying Saviour pleads,
For rebels intercedes;
He sets the captive free,
A son and heir to be.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

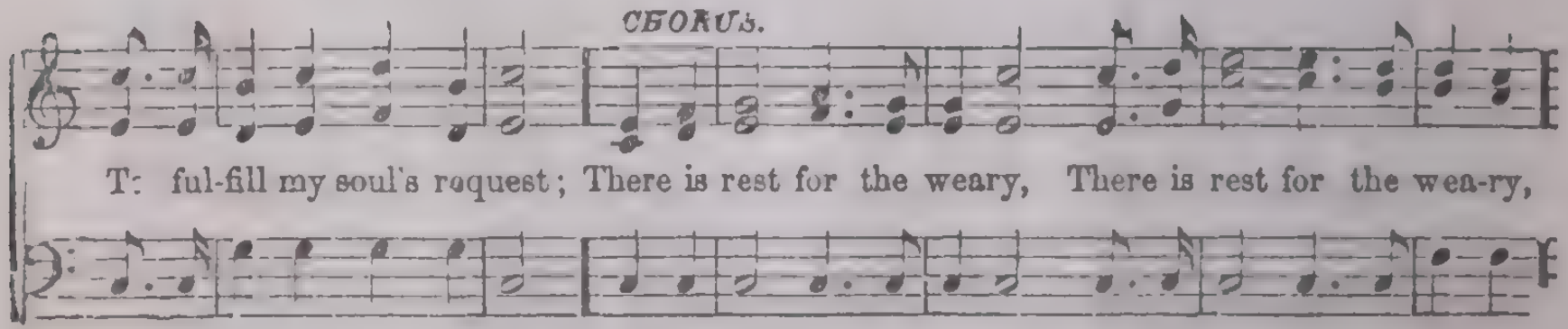
4. To Calv'ry's heights the little children bring;
Permit them there to cling,
Forbid them not, He cries,
Of such my kingdom is.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

5. On Calv'ry's heights Faith spreads her eager wings,
While hope exultant sings;
Love doth the conquest win,
Victor of death and sin.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Rev J. W. Dadmun
Arranged.





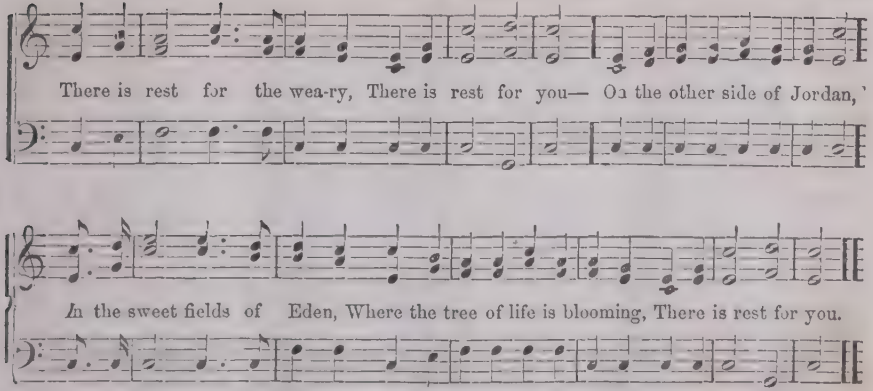
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest &c.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

End for Temperance Hymn.



TEMPERANCE HYMN.

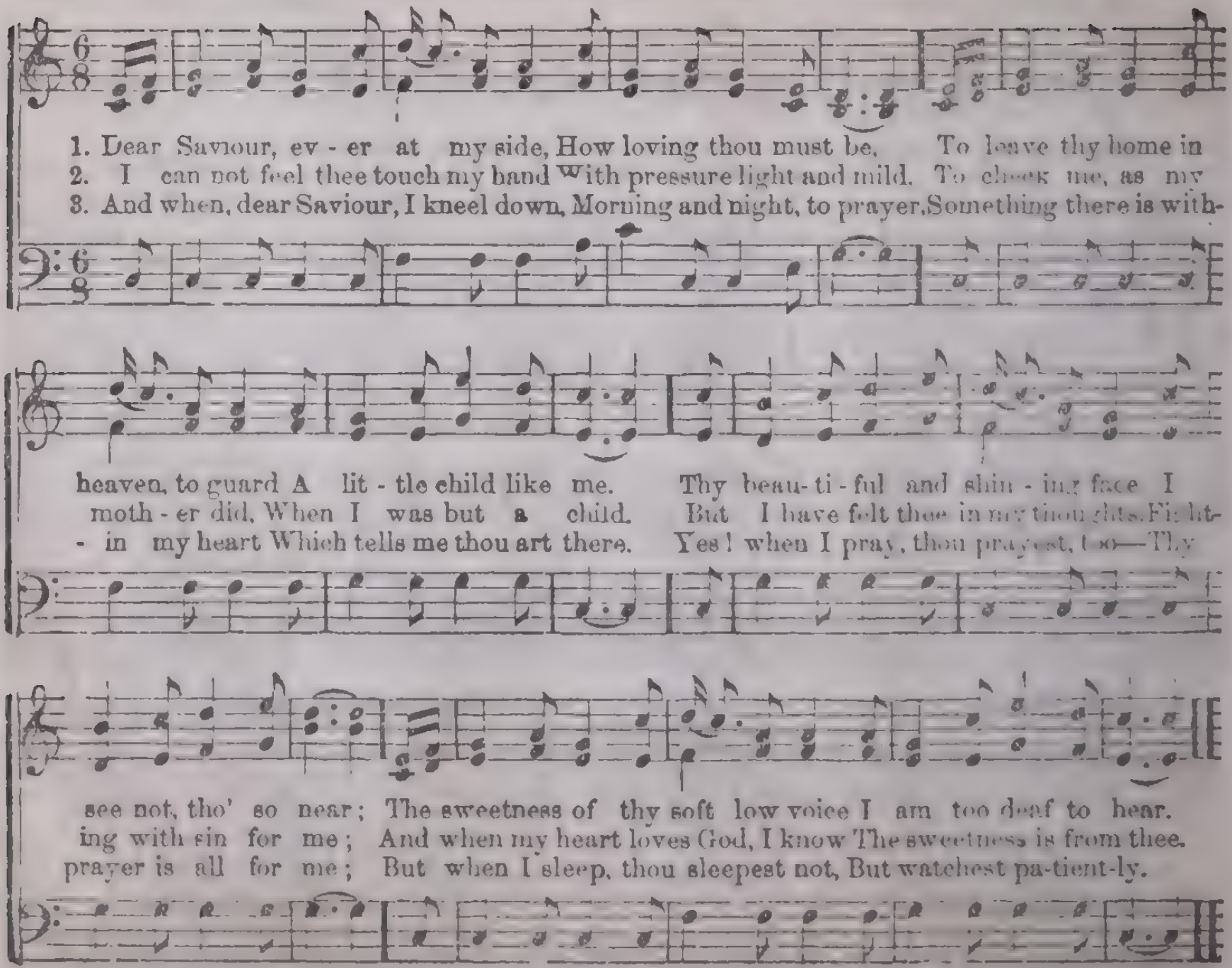
1. O'ER the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day.
Chorus.—There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.

2. Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;
See from eastern coast to western
Quickly fly the shades of night.

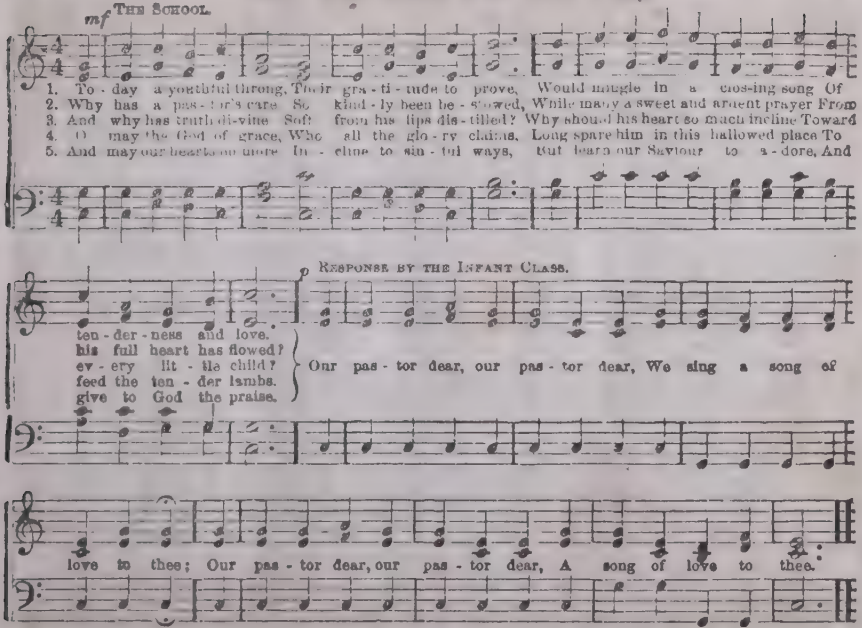
3. May the heart-reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.

4. Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

JESUS, EVER NEAR. C. M. Double.

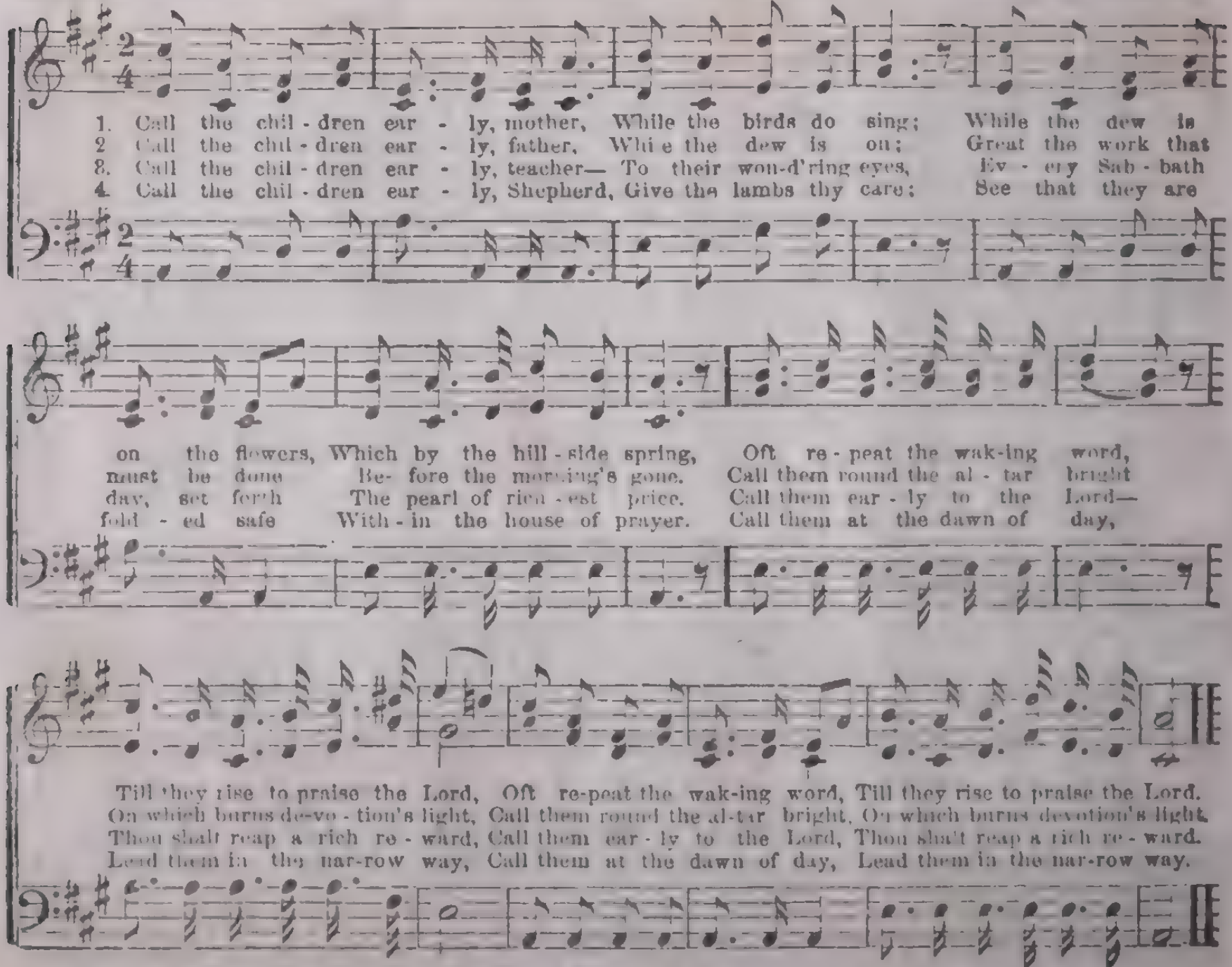


WITH A CHORUS RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS.



* *The words of this song (without the chorus) were originally written by Dr. Hastings for a S. S. Celebration at St. George's Church, New York, then under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Milnor. The response has been added as an appropriate "Refrain" for the little ones.*

3020—*Two to each Measure.* # CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY. HENRY TUCKER.



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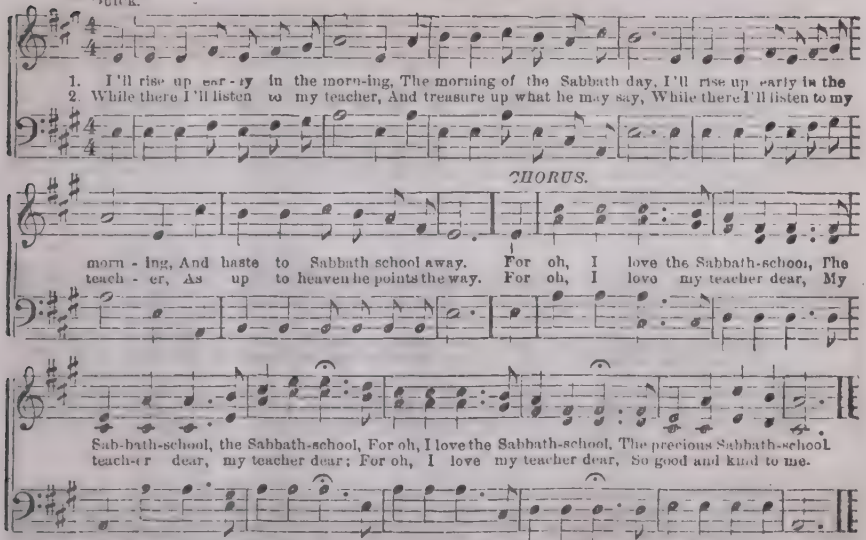
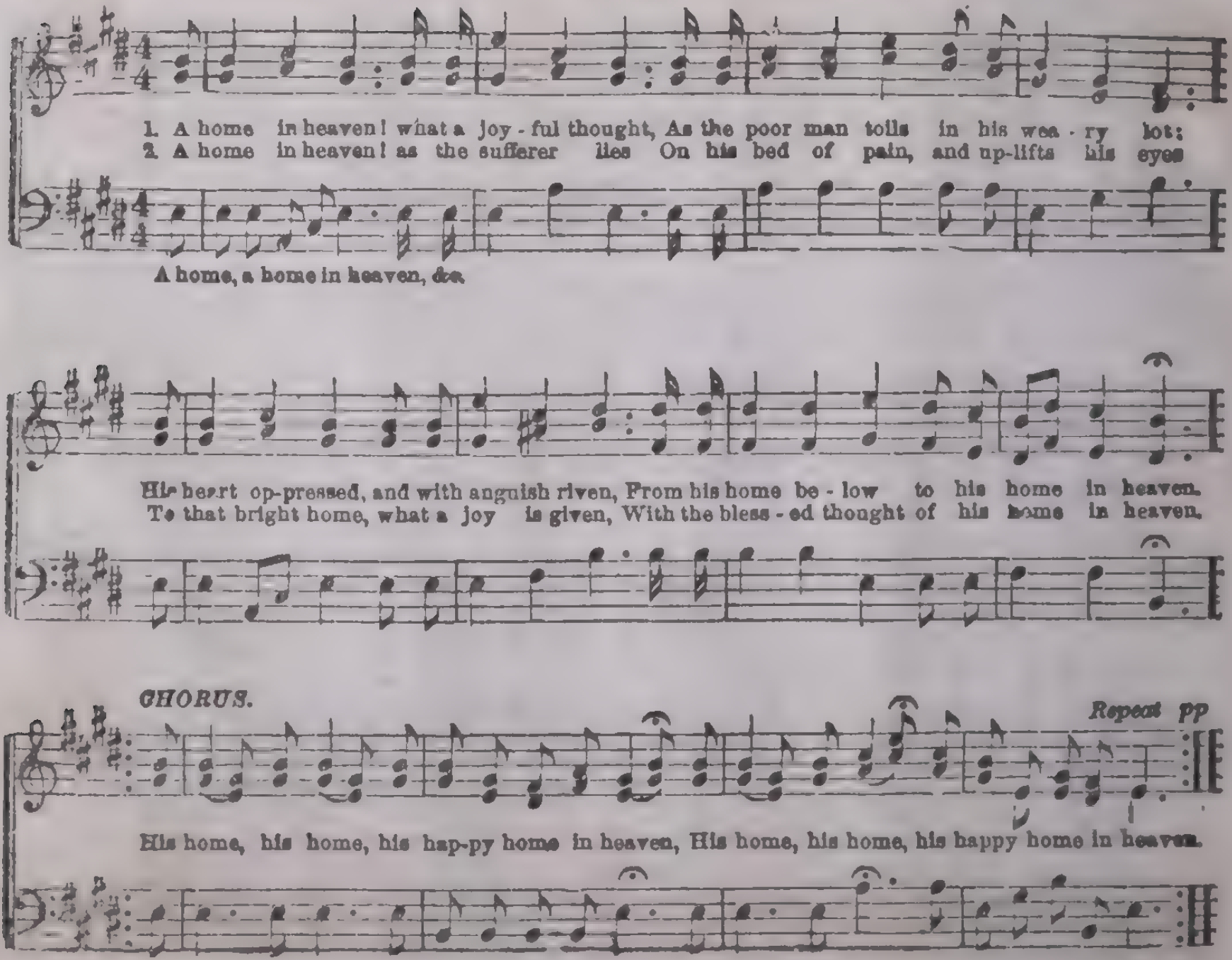


3. I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
And try to practice what I learn;
I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
And every sinful way will shun.
For oh, I love that blessed book,
That blessed book, that blessed book,
For oh, I love that blessed book,
So full of grace and truth.

4. Then I'll not trifle any longer,
Nor throw my precious hours away
Then I'll not trifle any longer,
But go to Christ without delay;
And dwell with him in heaven above,
In heaven above, in heaven above—
And dwell with him in heaven above,
A heaven of joy and love.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER, D. D.



3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.
Chorus.—Our home, &c.

4. A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.
Chorus.—A home, &c.

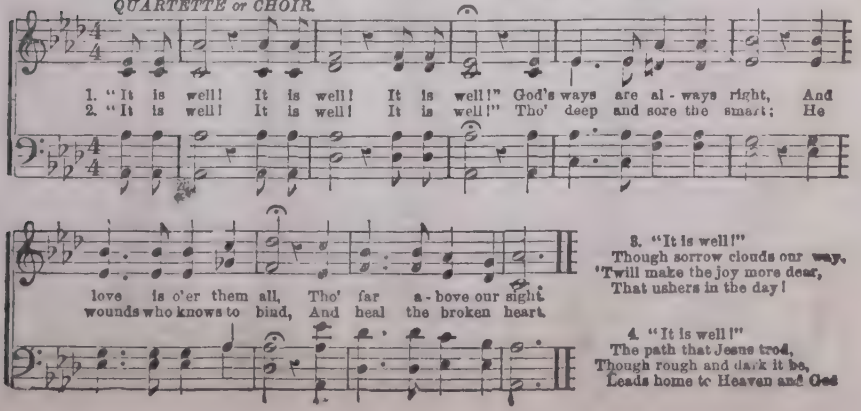
5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there, in our home in heaven.
Chorus.—Our home, &c.

6. Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!
And the Spirit joined with the Bride says, come;—
Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
Chorus.—Your home, &c.

"IT IS WELL."

Composed on hearing of the death of Mrs. Jeremiah Johnson, *of Brooklyn, N. Y*

QUARTETTE or CHOIR.

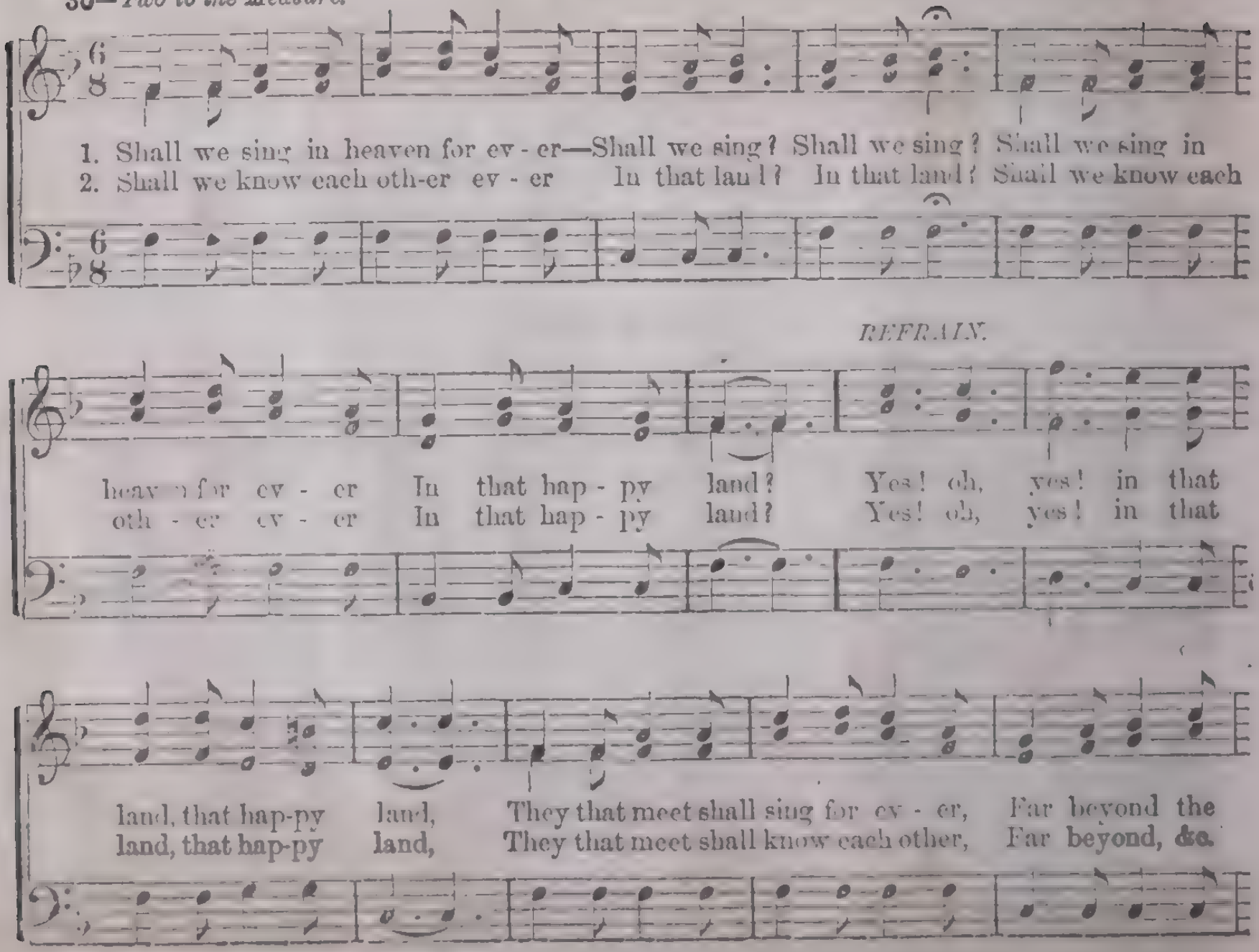


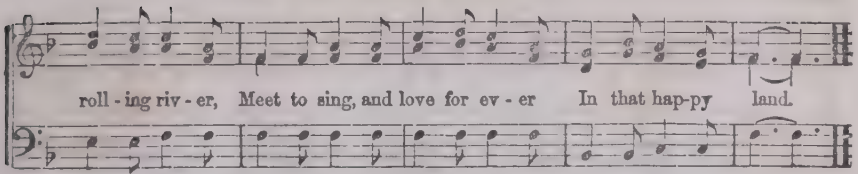
3. "It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear,
That ushers in the day!

4. "It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to Heaven and God

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

30—*Two to the Measure.*





3. Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing, and love for ever
In that happy land!

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5. Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

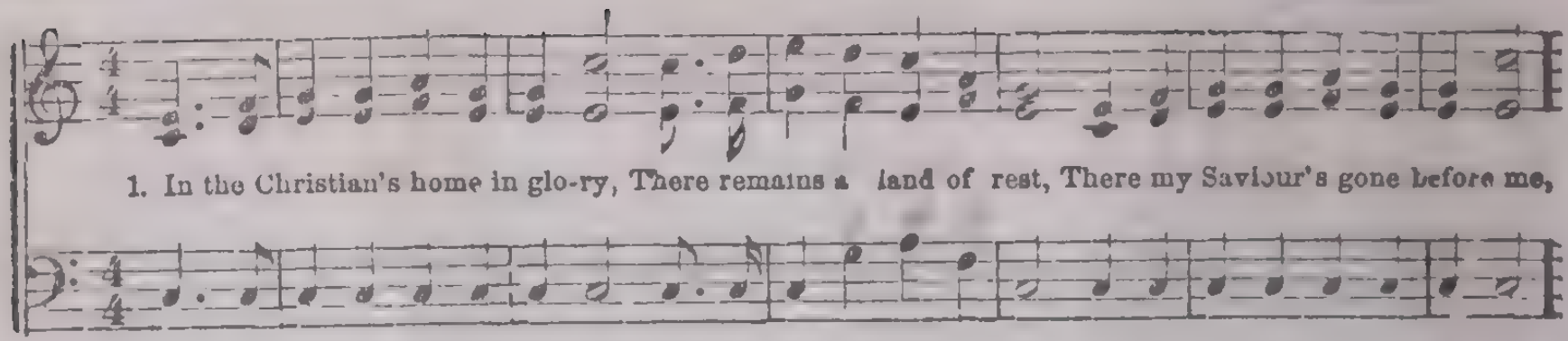
6. Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

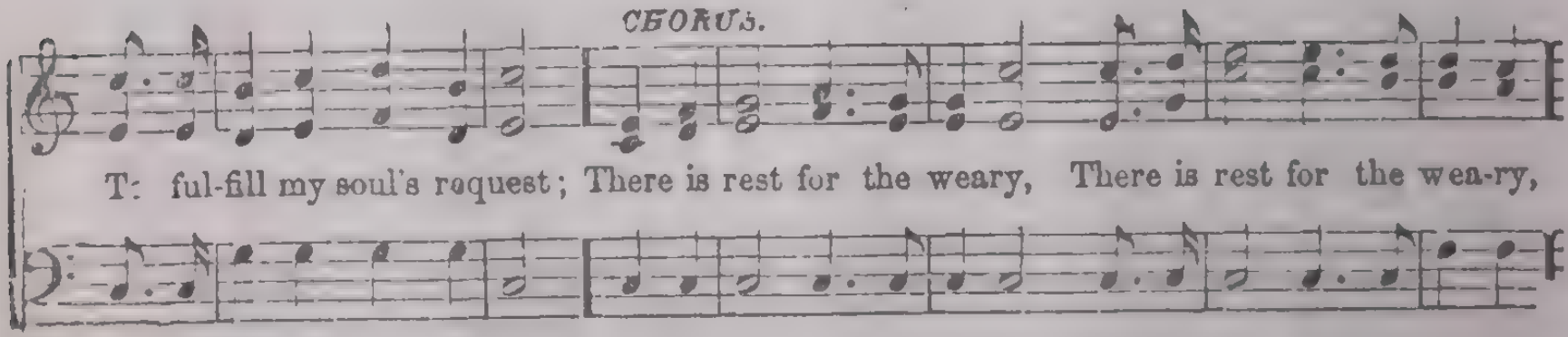
7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

8. Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
We shall know our blessed Saviour
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever
In that happy land!

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Rev J. W. Dadm[illegible]
Arrange[illegible]





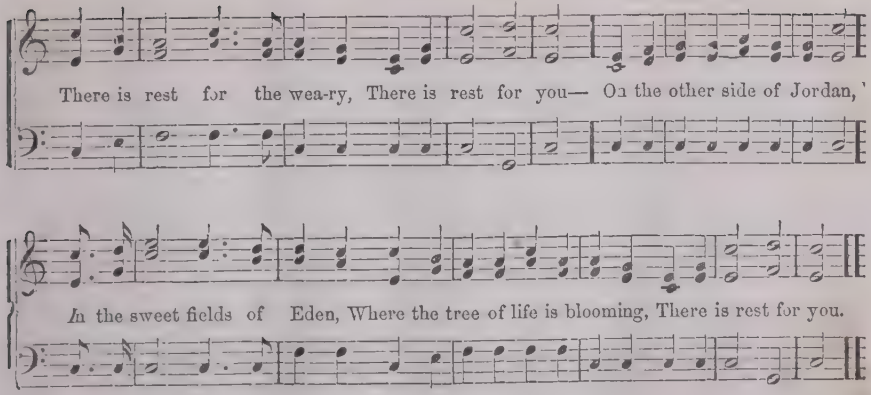
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest &c.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through
There is rest, &c.

End for Temperance Hymn.



TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. O'ER the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day.
Chorus.—There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.

2. Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;
See from eastern coast to western
Quickly fly the shades of night.

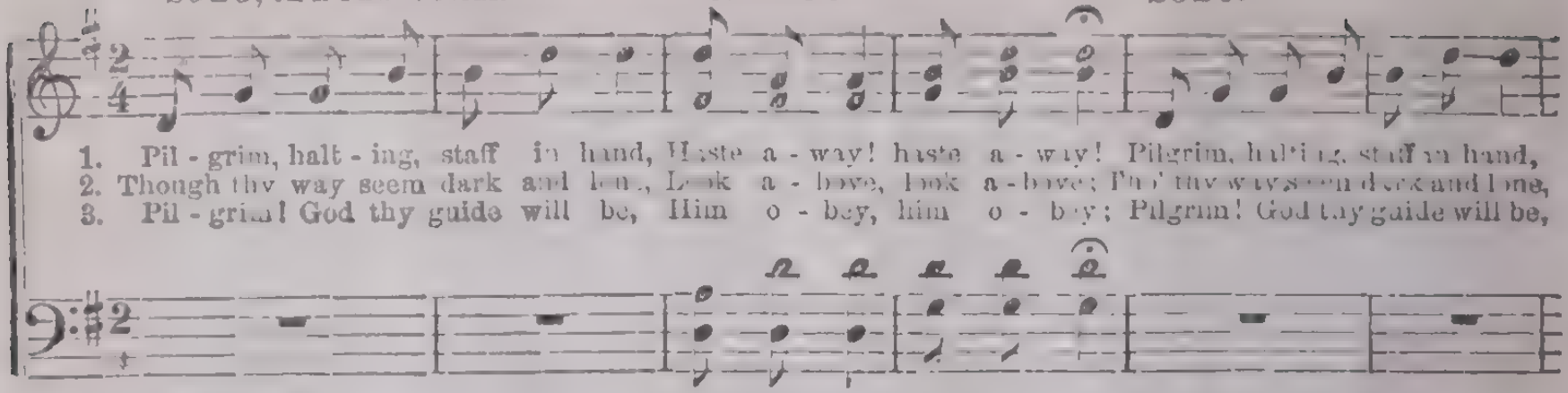
3. May the heart-reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.

4. Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

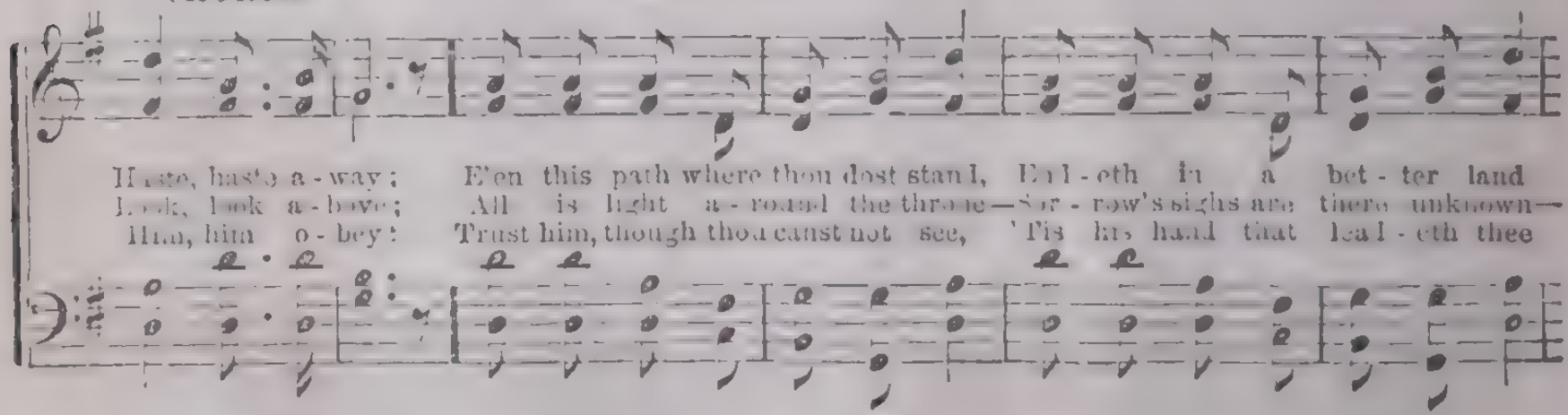
PILGRIM, HALTING, STAFF IN HAND.

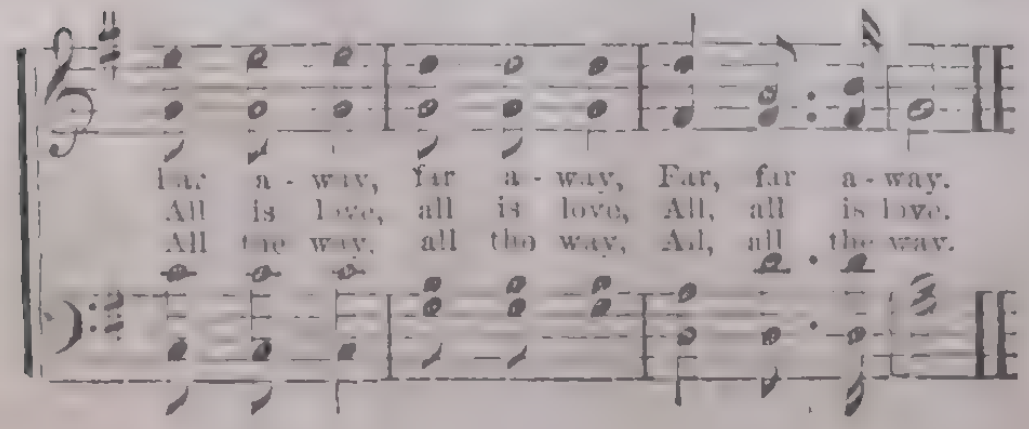
30—*Two to each Measure.*

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES. *CHORUS.* *SOLO.*



CHORUS.

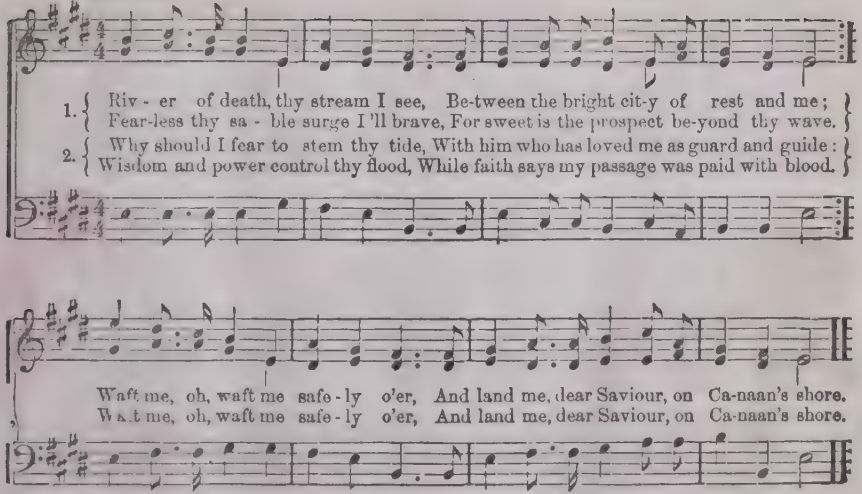




4.

Hark, a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim come! pilgrim come!"
Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim, come home!"
'Tis thy Father calleth thee,
Onward press, and soon thou'lt be
Safe at home, safe at home,
Safe, safe at home.

24—*One to each* ♩



3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam,
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me, &c.

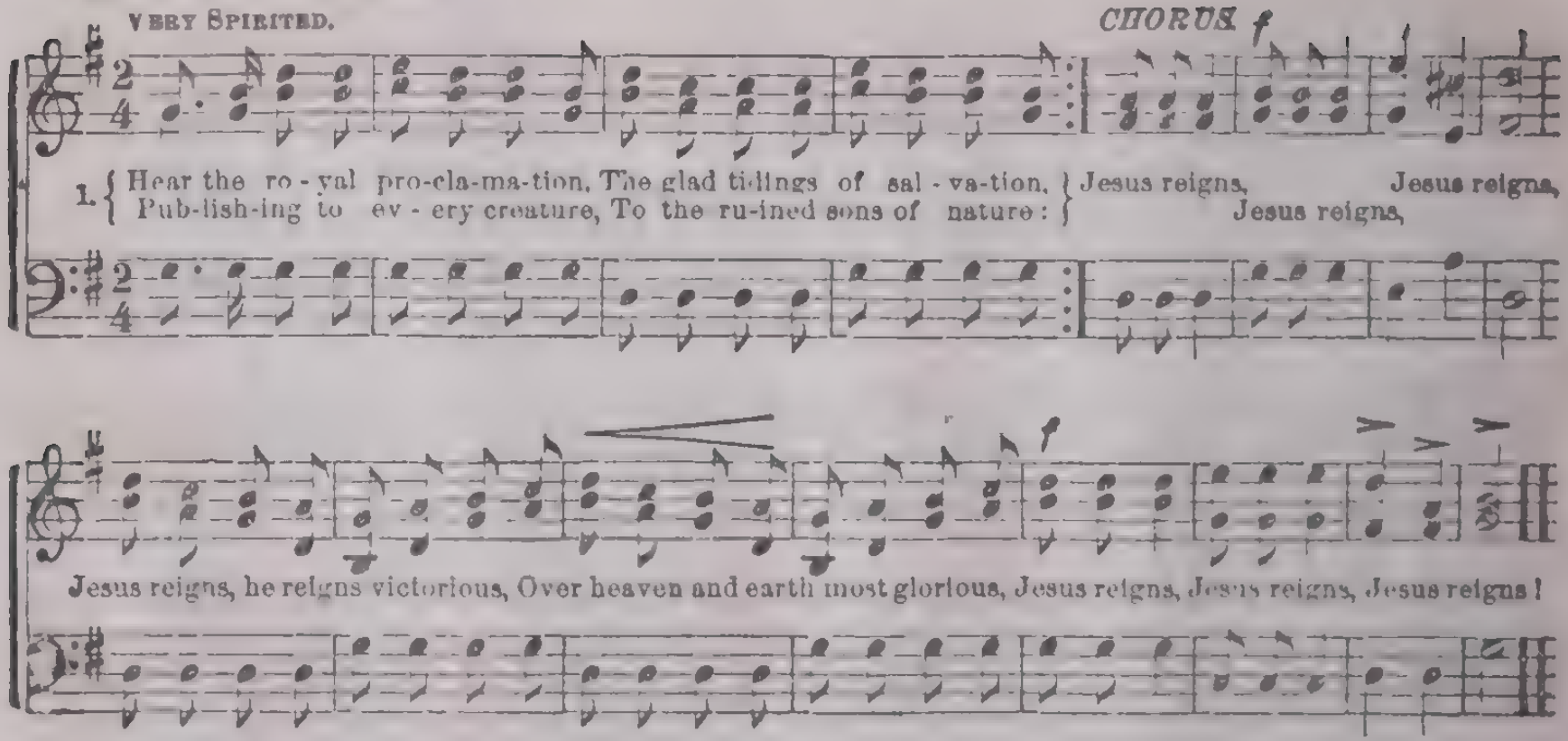
4. Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, &c

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

20—*Two to each Measure.*

VERY SPIRITED.

CHORUS. *f*



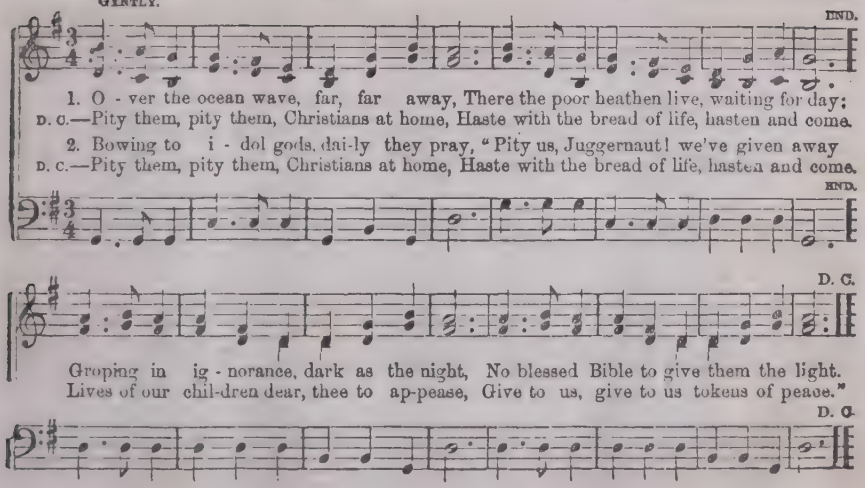
2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

3. "Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing from a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain."
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c

4. Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

5. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption,
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

GENTLY.



3.

Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?

Chorus.—Pity them, &c.

4.

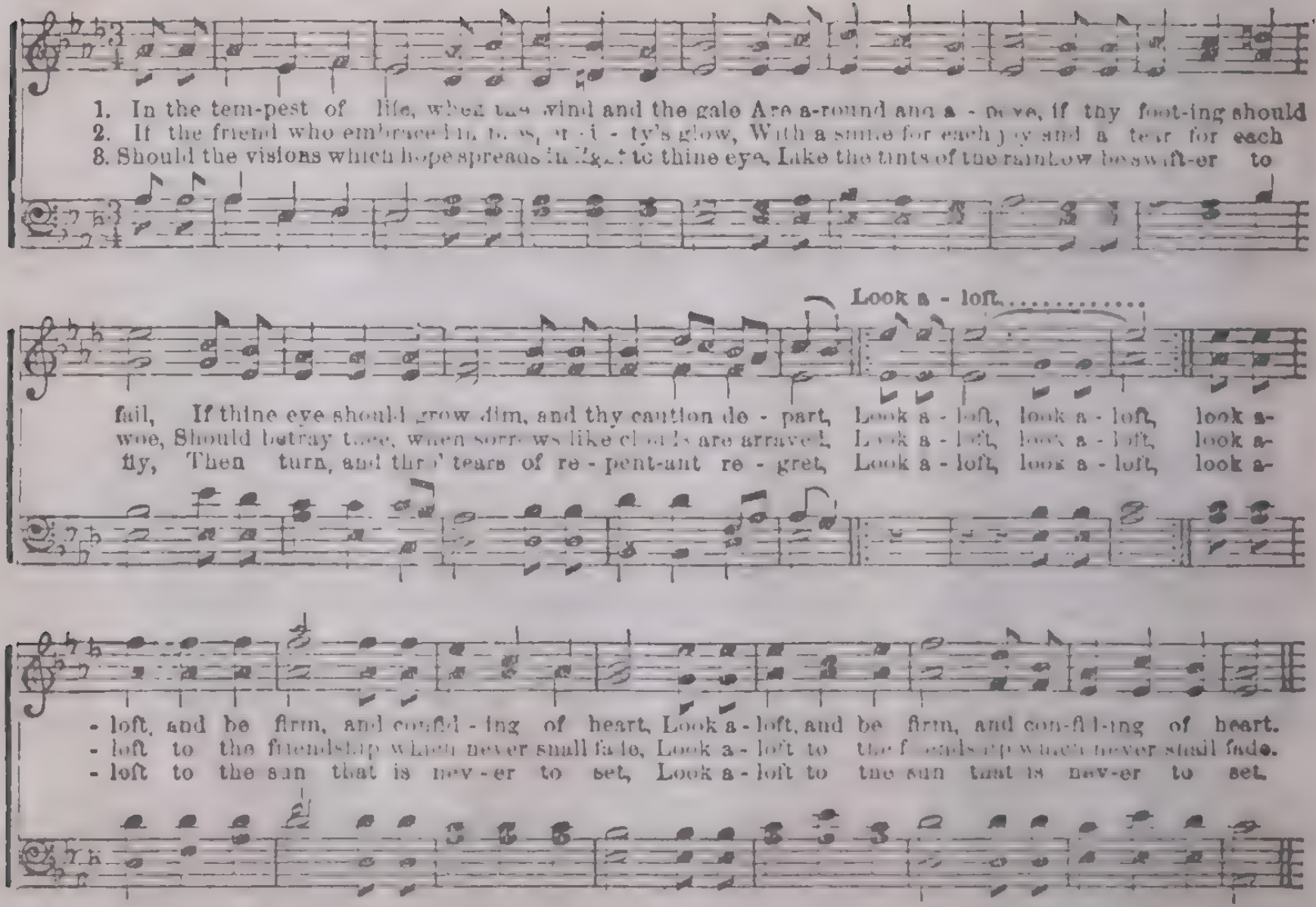
Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

Chorus.—Pity them &c.

14—*One to each ♩.*

LOOK ALOFT.

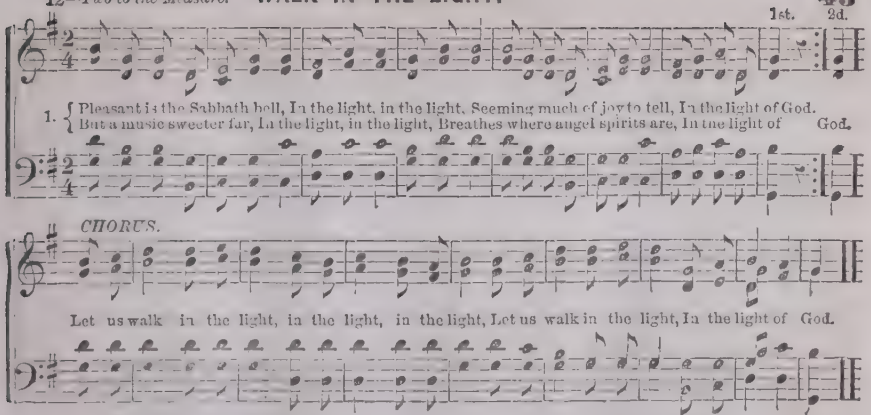
WM. B. BRADBURY.



4. Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy heart—
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5. And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast,
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.



2. Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God;
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God.

Chorus.—Let us walk in the light, &c.

3. Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God;
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

CALL TO PRAISE.

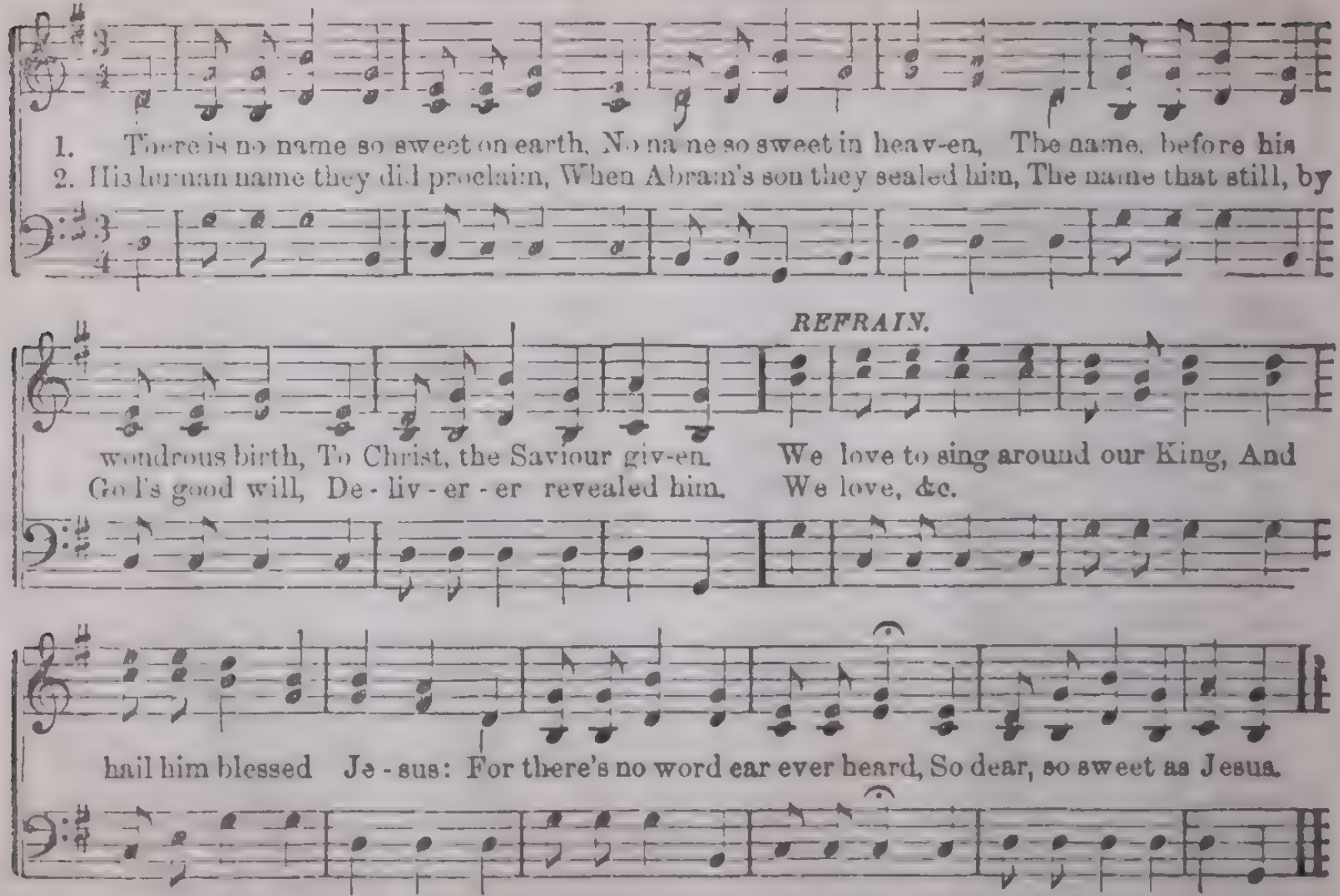
1. Children of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey, sweetly sing,
In the light of God;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
In the light, in the light,
Glorious in his works and ways,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

2. We are travelling home to God,
In the light, in the light,
In the way our fathers trod,
In the light of God;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

One to every quarter note.

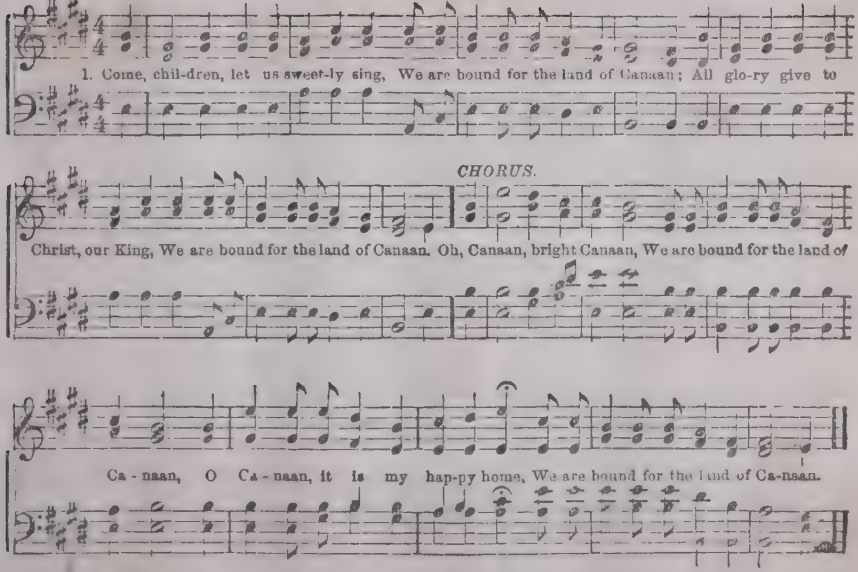
THE SWEETEST NAME.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME," &c.



3. And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For ever more must love him.—*Cho.*

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—*Cho.*



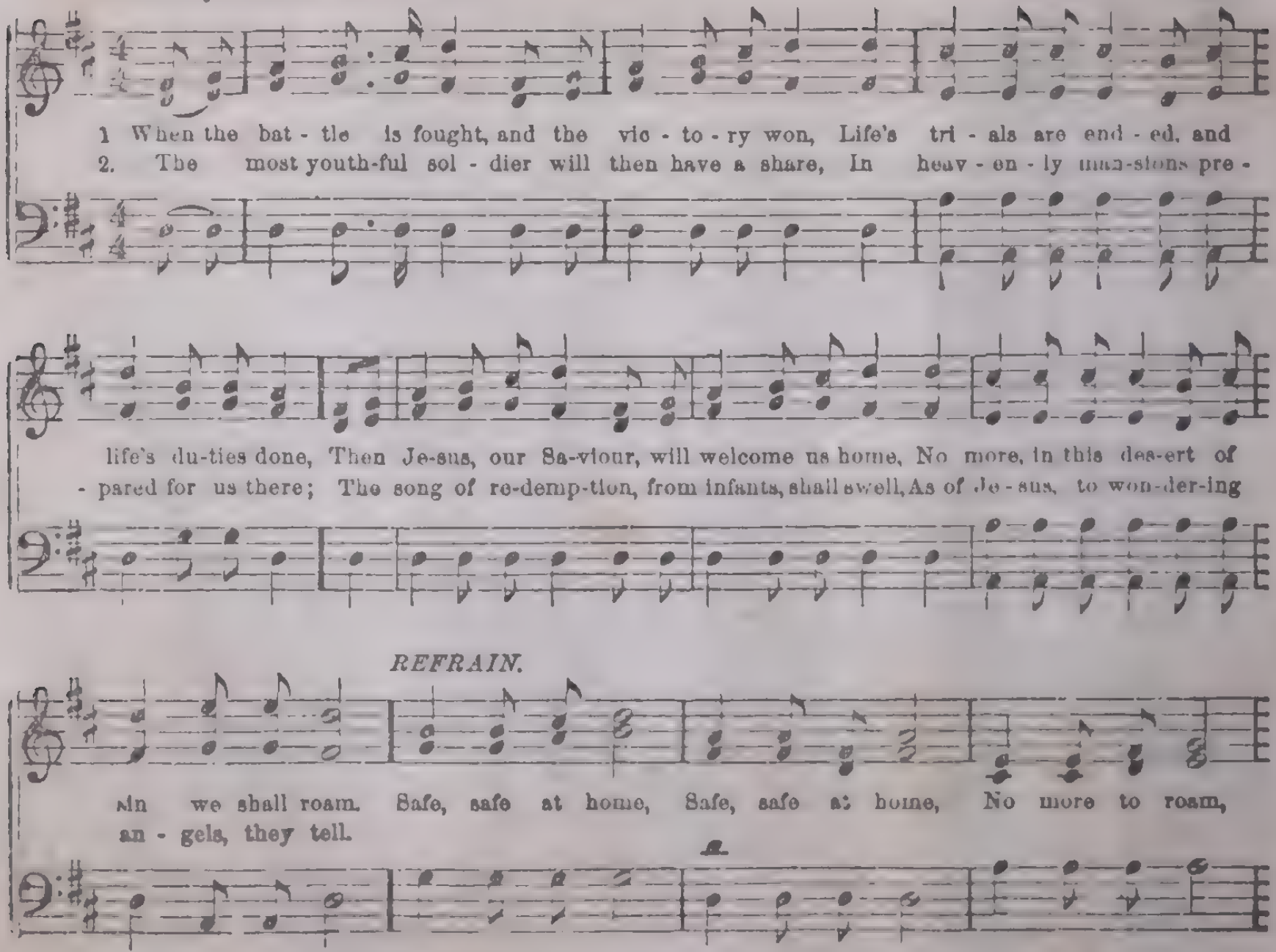
2. Come then and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

3. Then louder still our songs shall rise—
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
When we are far beyond the skies—
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

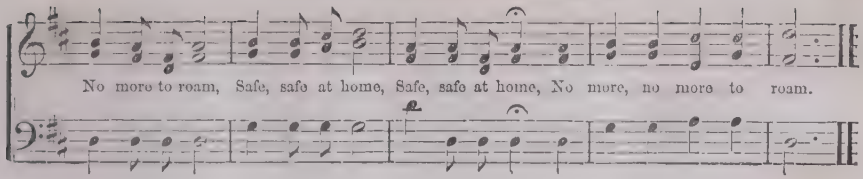
SAFE AT HOME.

Words by Hon. Robt. H. Pruyn.*

Music by W. B. B.



* *The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.*

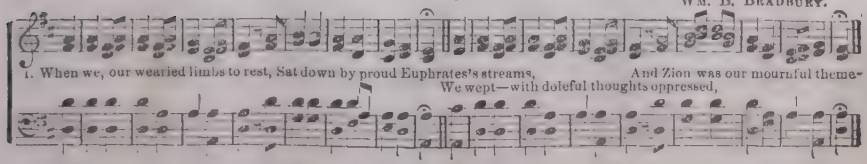


3. Though taken, from earth, in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour, we 'll ever adorn.
More bright than the stars, will thy ransomed ones shine,
For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.

4. Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds, with the riches of wisdom, be stored,
For God will be known and for ever adored.

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

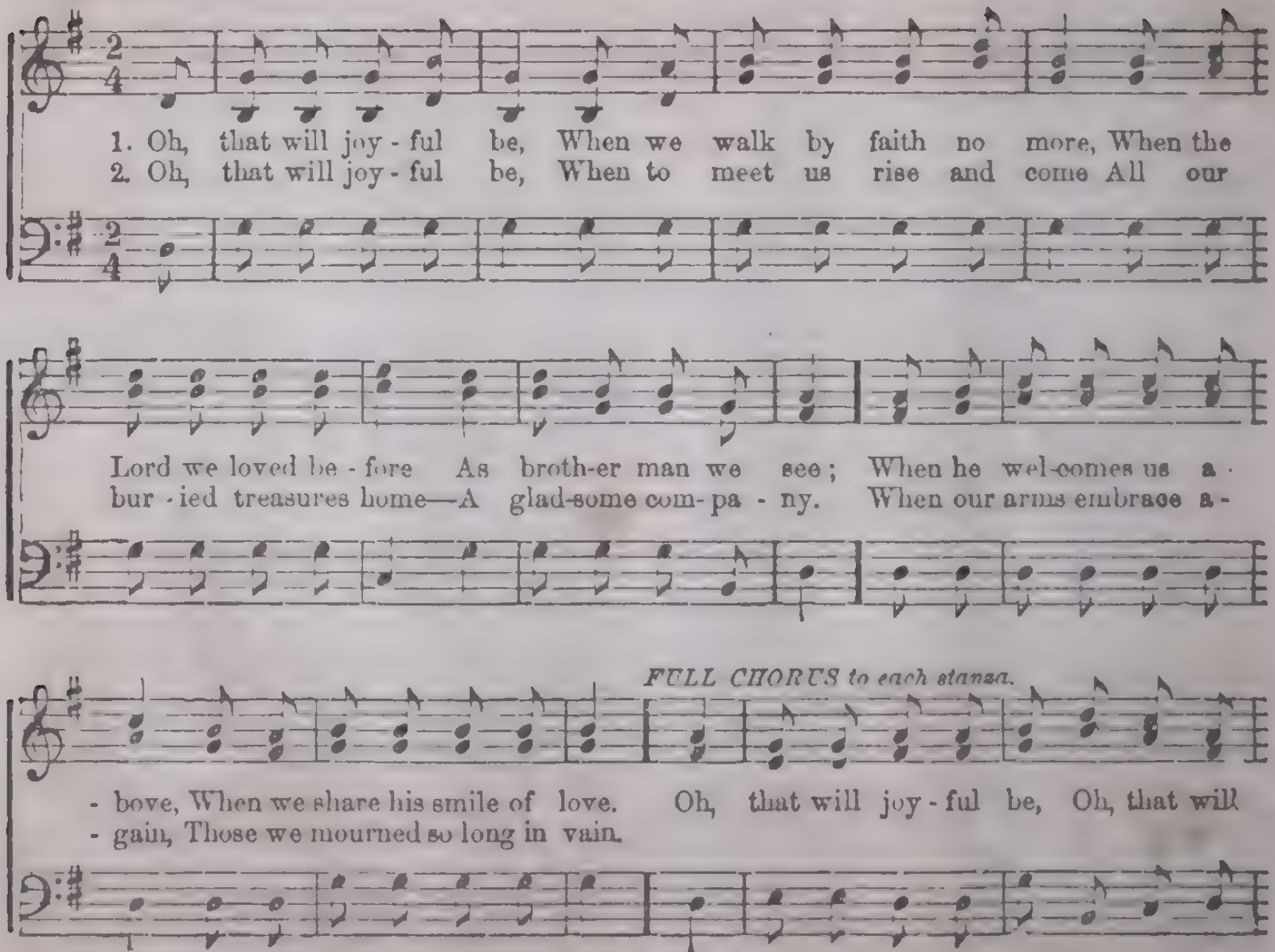


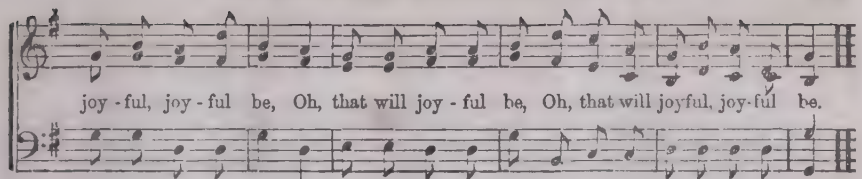
2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent string, neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

OH, THAT WILL JOYFUL BE.

16—*One to each* ♩



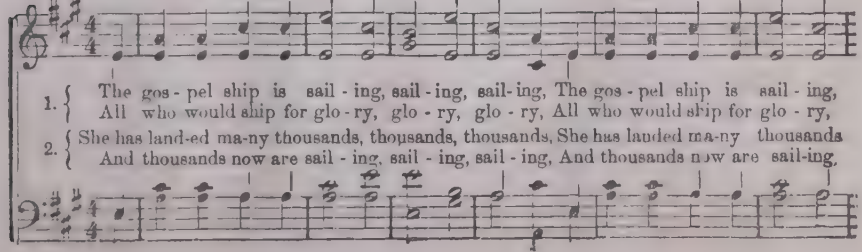


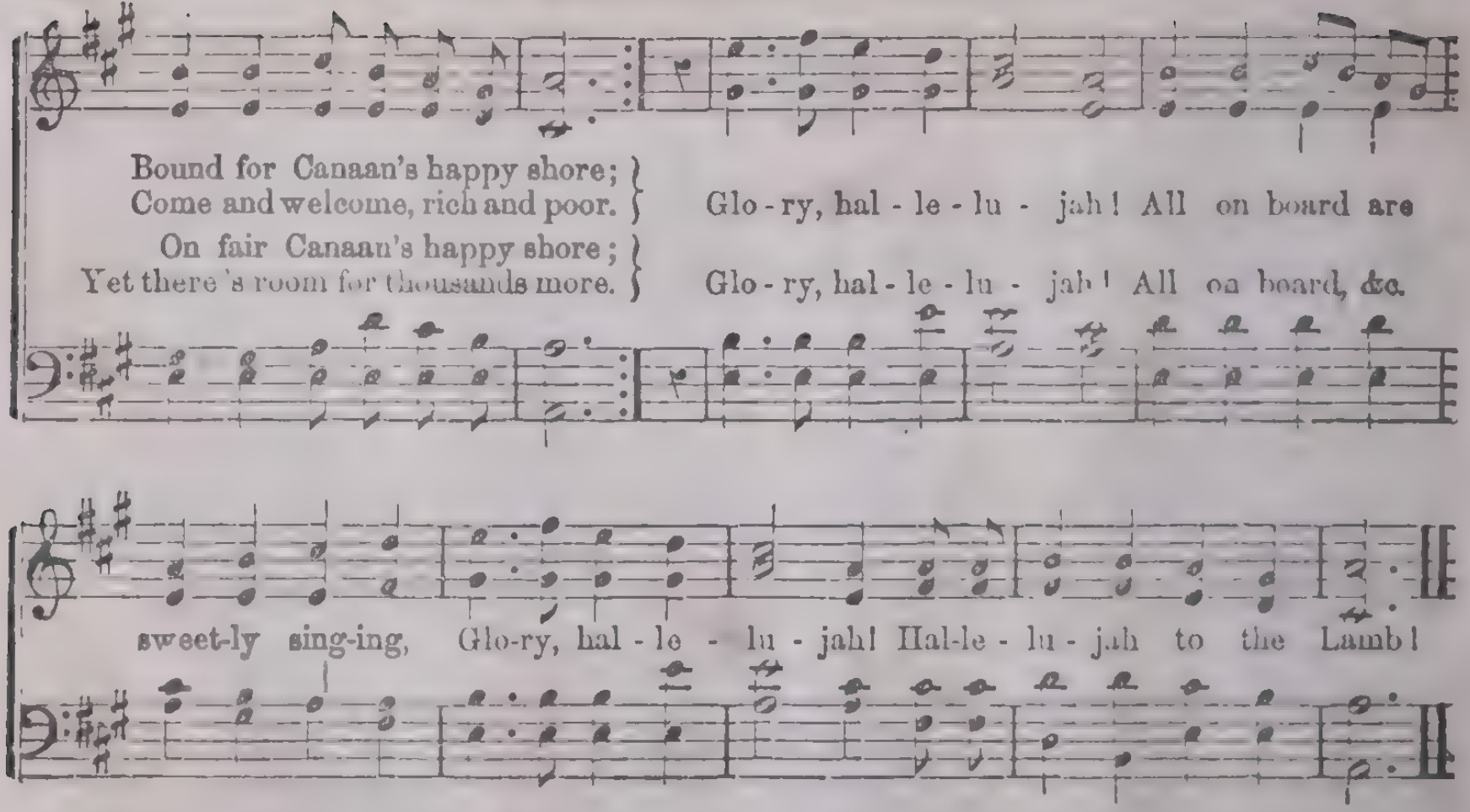
3. Oh, that will joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly.
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe.
Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

4. Oh, that will joyful be,
When we hear what none can tell,
And the ringing chorus swell
Of angels' melody.
When we join their songs of praise,
Hallelujahs with them raise—
Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

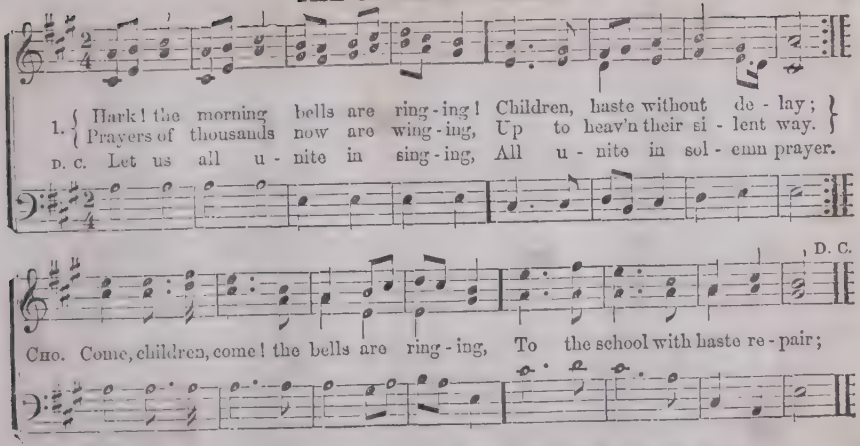
25—*Two to each Measure.*





3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
Her company are singing,
Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.



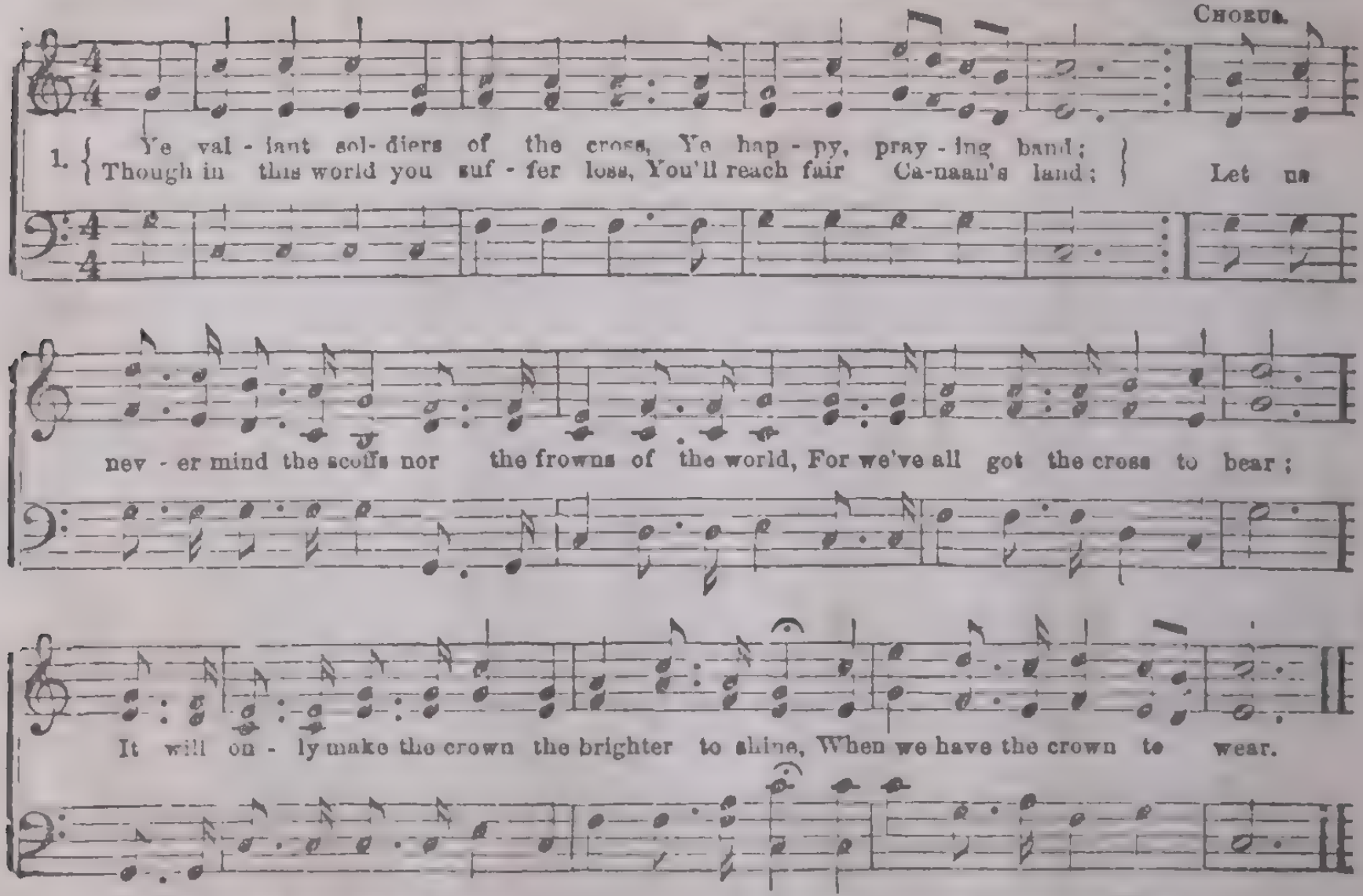
2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

THE BRIGHT CROWN.

From "Oriola." By permission of Wm. B. Bradbury.



2. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Chorus. Let us never, &c.

3. O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Chorus. Let us never, &c.

HEAVENLY CANAAN.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

2. O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3. No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

4. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN.

1. There is a clime where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
Of his redeeming love.

Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

2. And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.

3. Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace;
Now, though he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.

4. He says to all "Come unto me,
And I will give you rest."
Oh! linger not, but haste to be
With his salvation blest.

THE BLEST GOSPEL BANNER.

Music,—"*The Star Spangled Banner.*" p. 22.

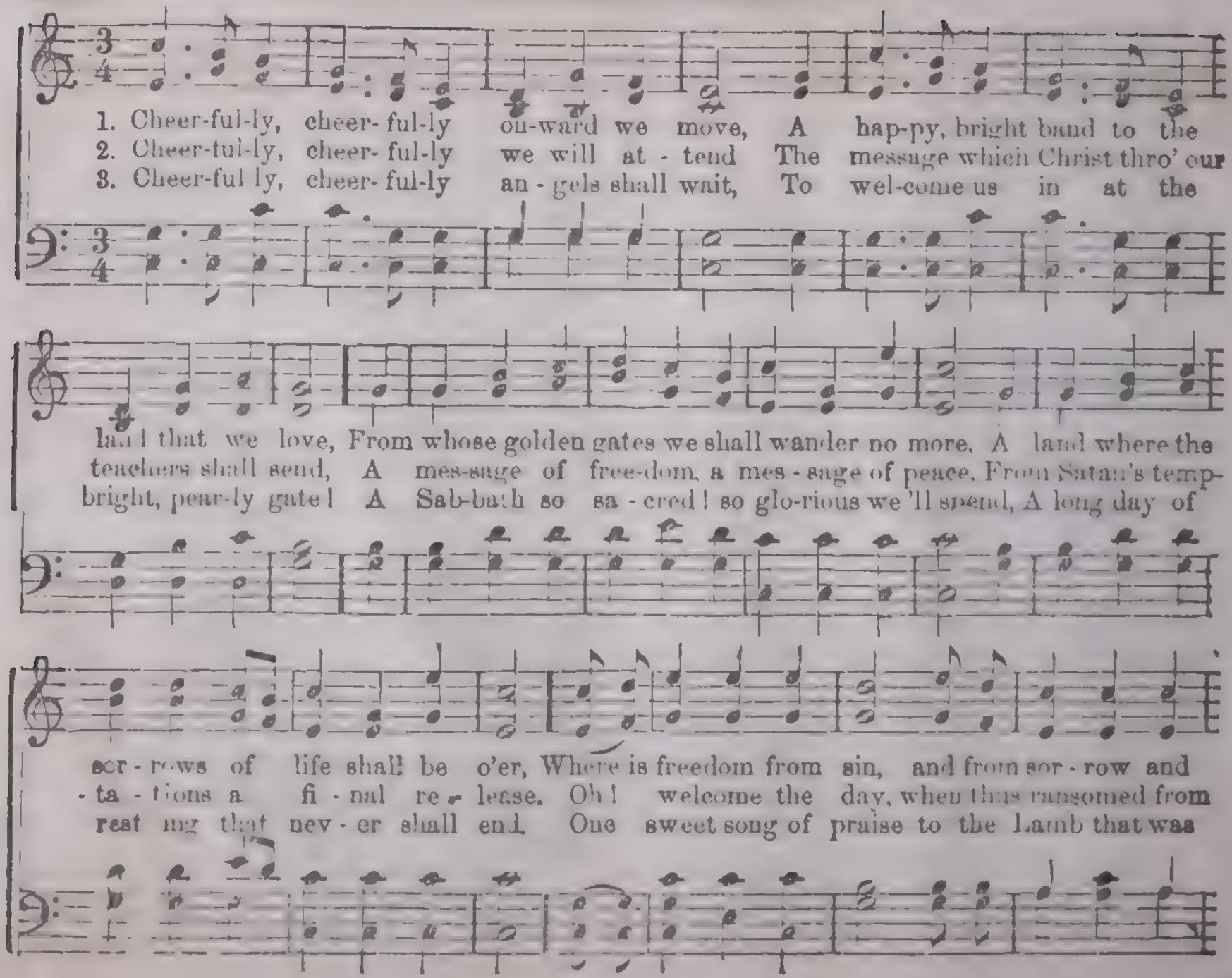
1. It first was unfurled upon Bethlehem's plain,
Where shepherds their lone starry night-watch were keeping:
And Judea's hills echoed back the refrain,
While God's chosen race all unconscious were sleeping,
As angelic bands lifted high in their hands
The standard which yet was to conquer all lands,
O say, does the blest gospel banner yet wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave?

2. Yes! from dark lonely watch-towers it floated for years,
When dim mists and black shadows enveloped the ages,
At first crimsoned with blood, and then darkened with tears,
With which martyrs recorded their names on earth's pages.
Now hath vanished the night, and we hail the glad light,
Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our sight.
'Tis the blest gospel banner—long may it wave
Over altars, and homes, and the path to the grave.

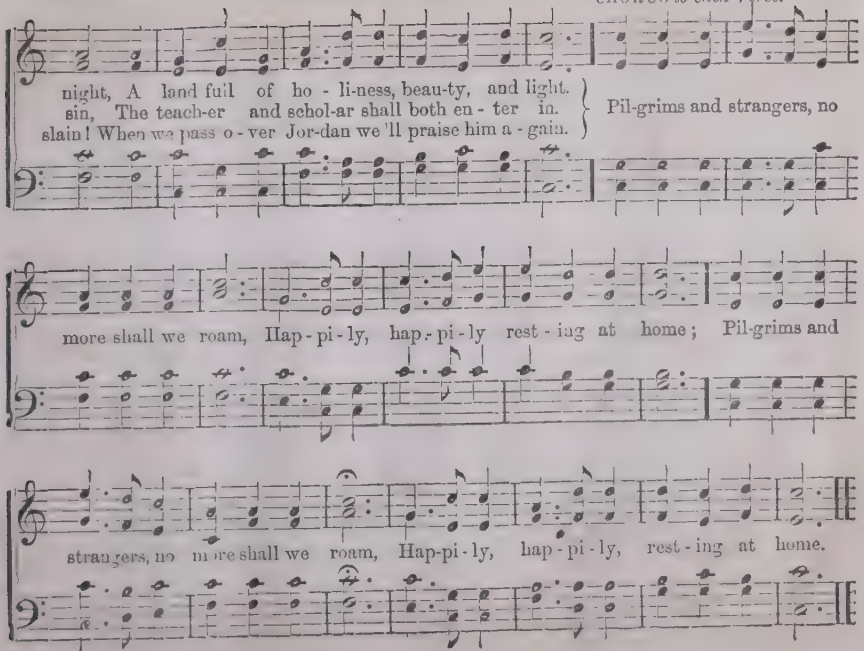
3. And thus be it ever with the foes of the right,
Who hurl on our cause their fierce imprecations,
For God helps to triumph in his holy might,
The men who will serve him through all generations,
And when dust to dust shall return, as it must,
May we praise him forever, who now is our trust,
And the blest gospel banner in glory shall wave,
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave!

KATE CAMERON.

RESTING AT HOME.



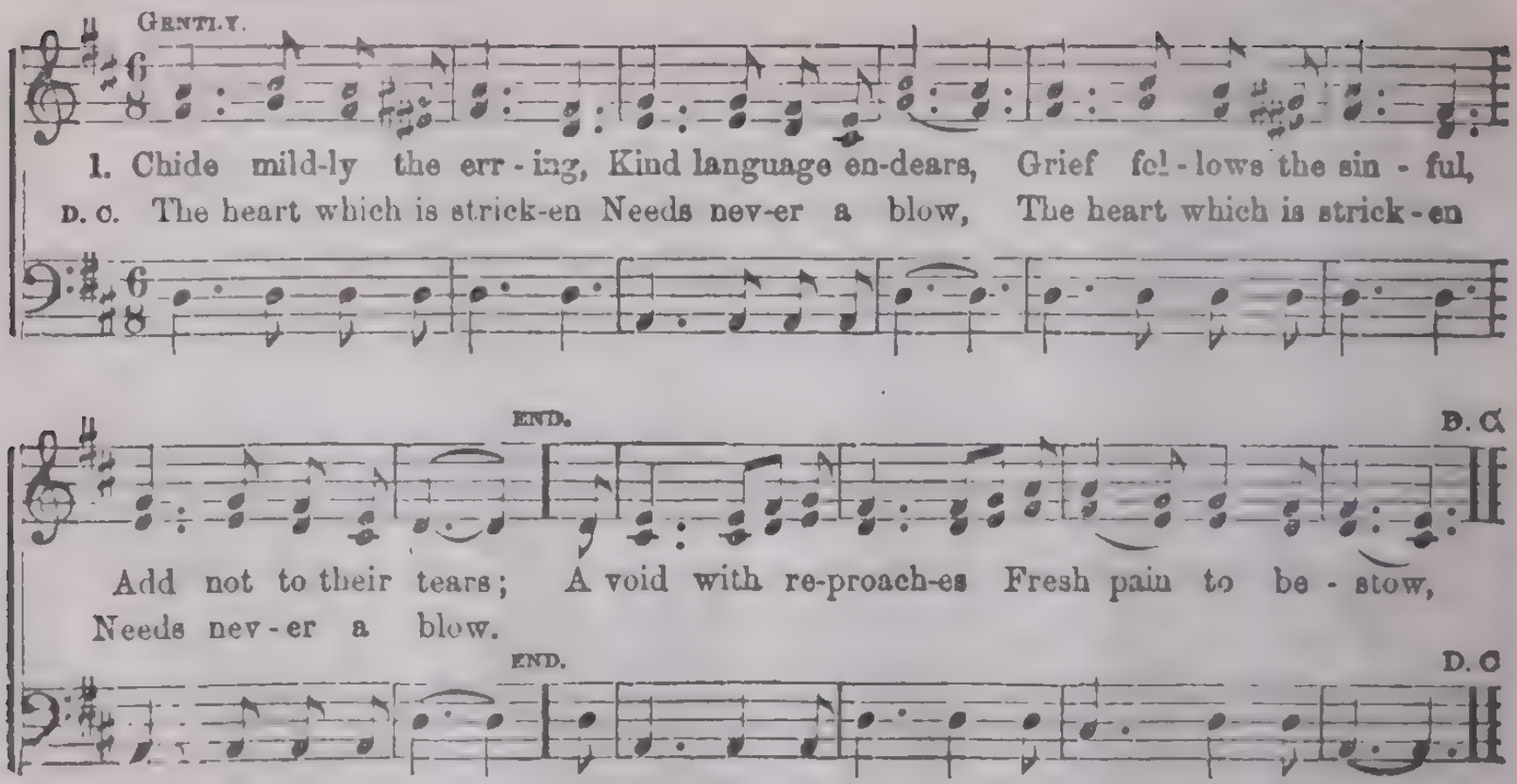
CHORUS to each Verse.



CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

36.—*Two to each Measure.*

W. R. B.



2.

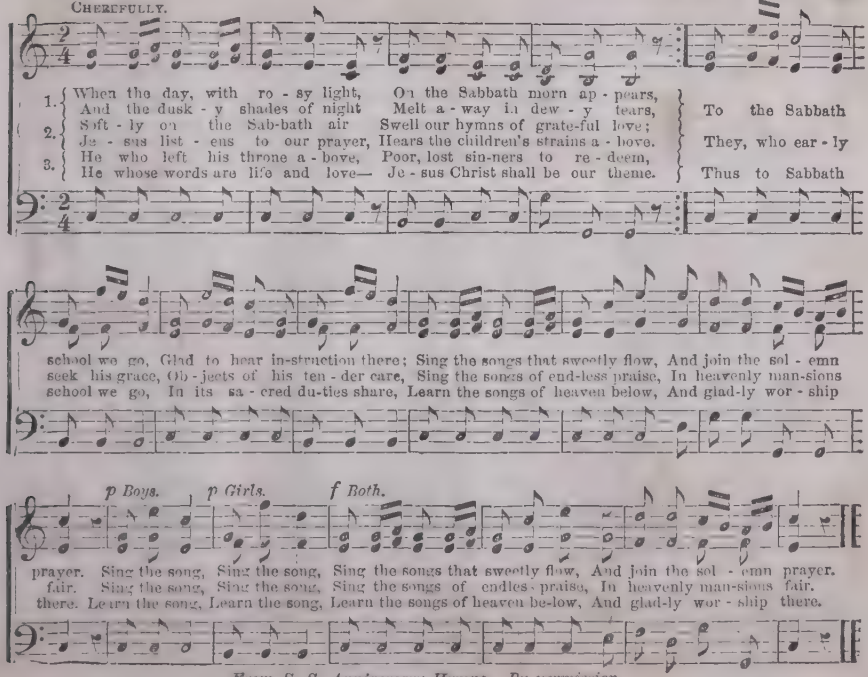
Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

3.

Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

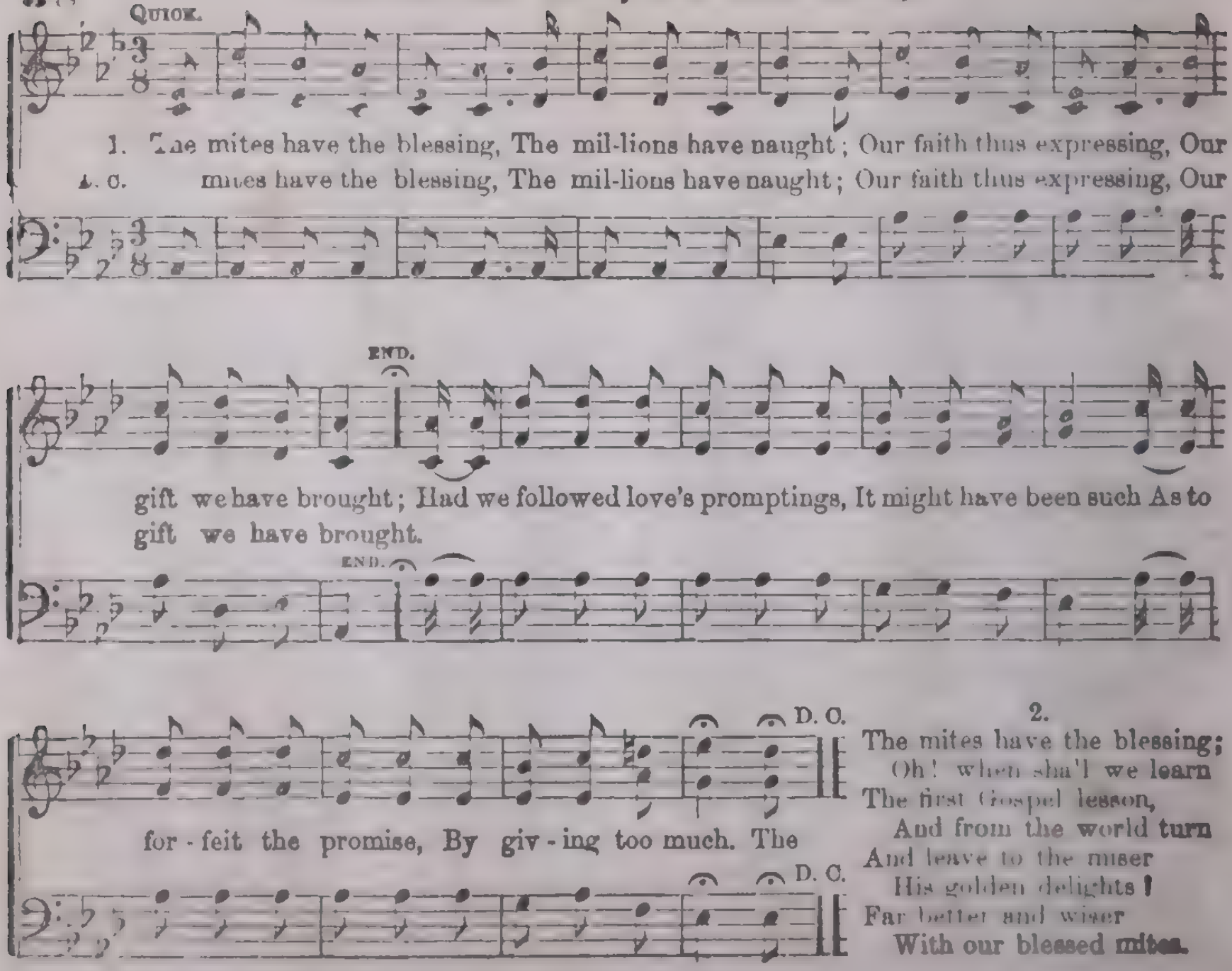
22—*Two to each Measure.*

Words contributed by Lucius Hart, Esq.



From S. S. Anniversary Hymns. By permission.

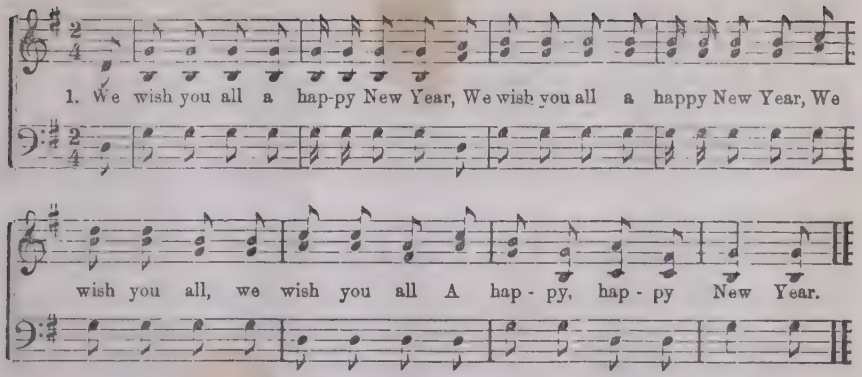
THE MITES. Penny Contribution Song.



2.

The mites have the blessing;
Oh! when sha'l we learn
The first Gospel lesson,
And from the world turn
And leave to the miser
His golden delights!
Far better and wiser
With our blessed mites.

17—*One to each ♩.*



2.

We wish our teachers a happy New Year,
We wish our teachers, wish our teachers
A happy, happy New Year.

For third stanza.

3.

We wish our superintendent a happy New Year,
We wish our superintendent, wish our superin-
A happy, happy New Year. [tendent,

4.

We wish our pastor a happy New Year,
We wish our pastor, wish our pastor
A happy, happy New Year.

5.

We wish our country a happy New Year,
We wish our country, wish our country
A happy, happy New Year.

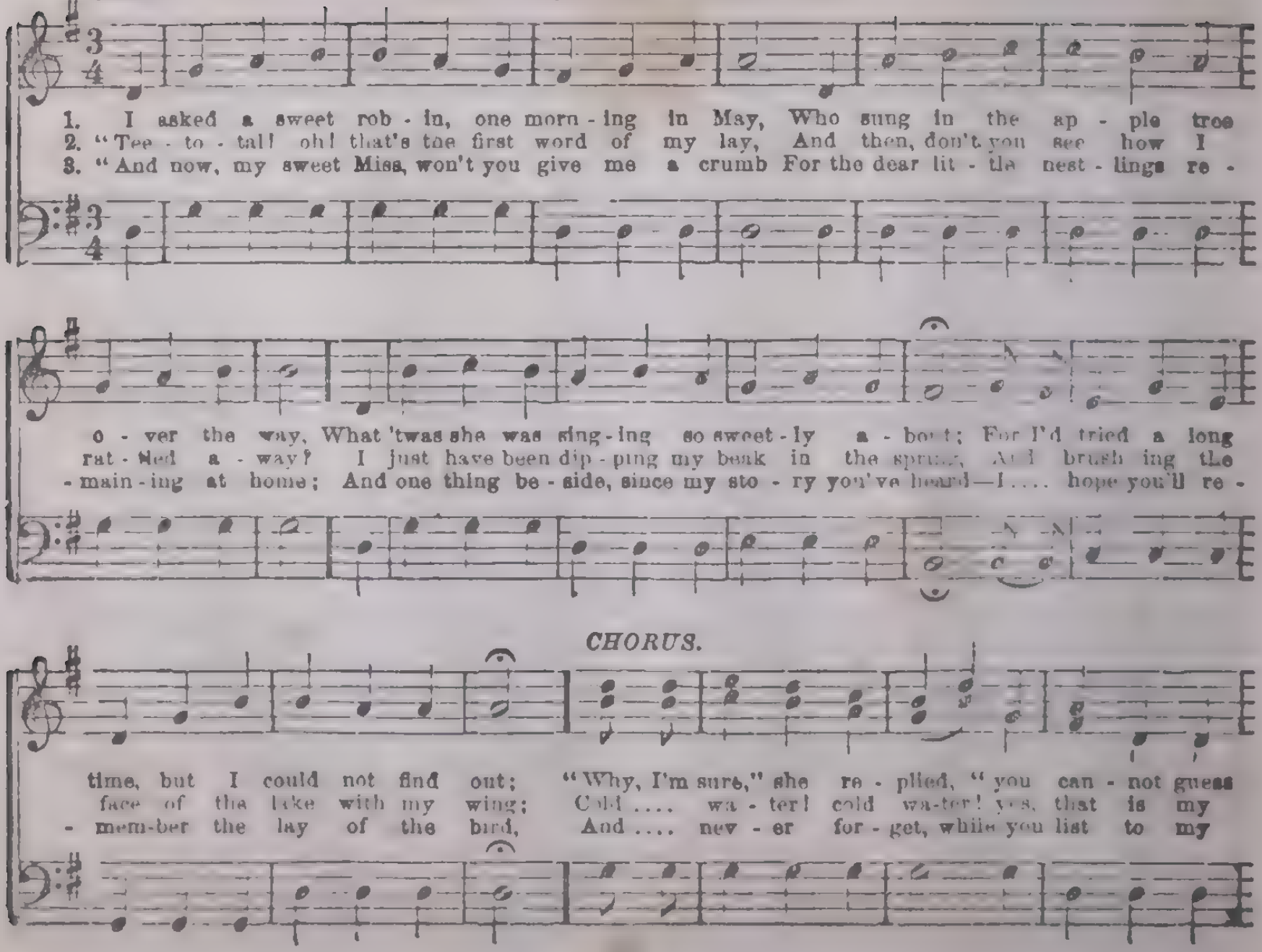
6.

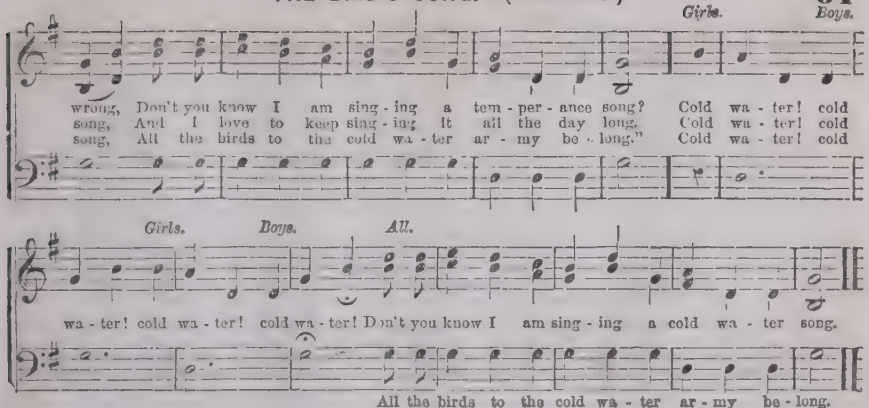
God bless our land this happy New Year,
God bless our land. God bless our land,
This happy, happy New Year.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

May be sung as a Solo or Semi-Chorus.

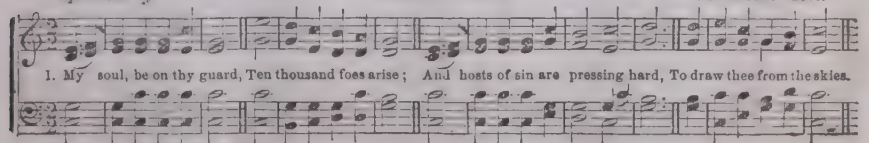
VOICE.





LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON. 1830.

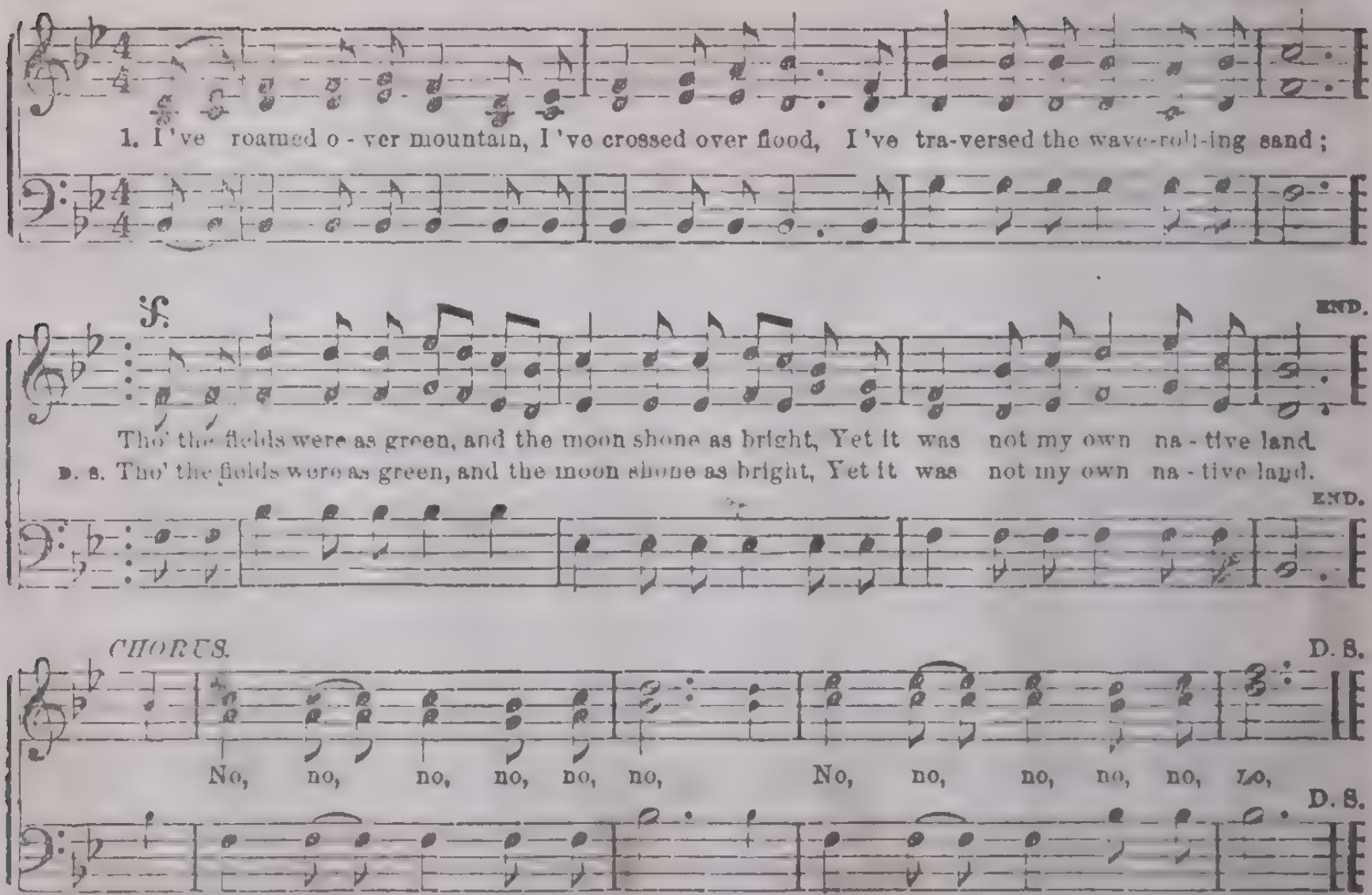


2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland;
Yet happier far were two hours that I passed
In the west—in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
Yet happier far were the hours, &c.

3. Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
'T is the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'T is the land, 't is the land of the free
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
'T is the birth-place of Freedom &c.

THE BIBLE.

1. Thank God for the Bible! 't is there that we find
The story of Christ and his love—
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above.

2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls *us* to come,
He 's prepared us a home.
For he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we 'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

4. Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth
We 'll scatter with a bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we 'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven—that beautiful land.

MY DEAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasures of sin,
Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best.
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

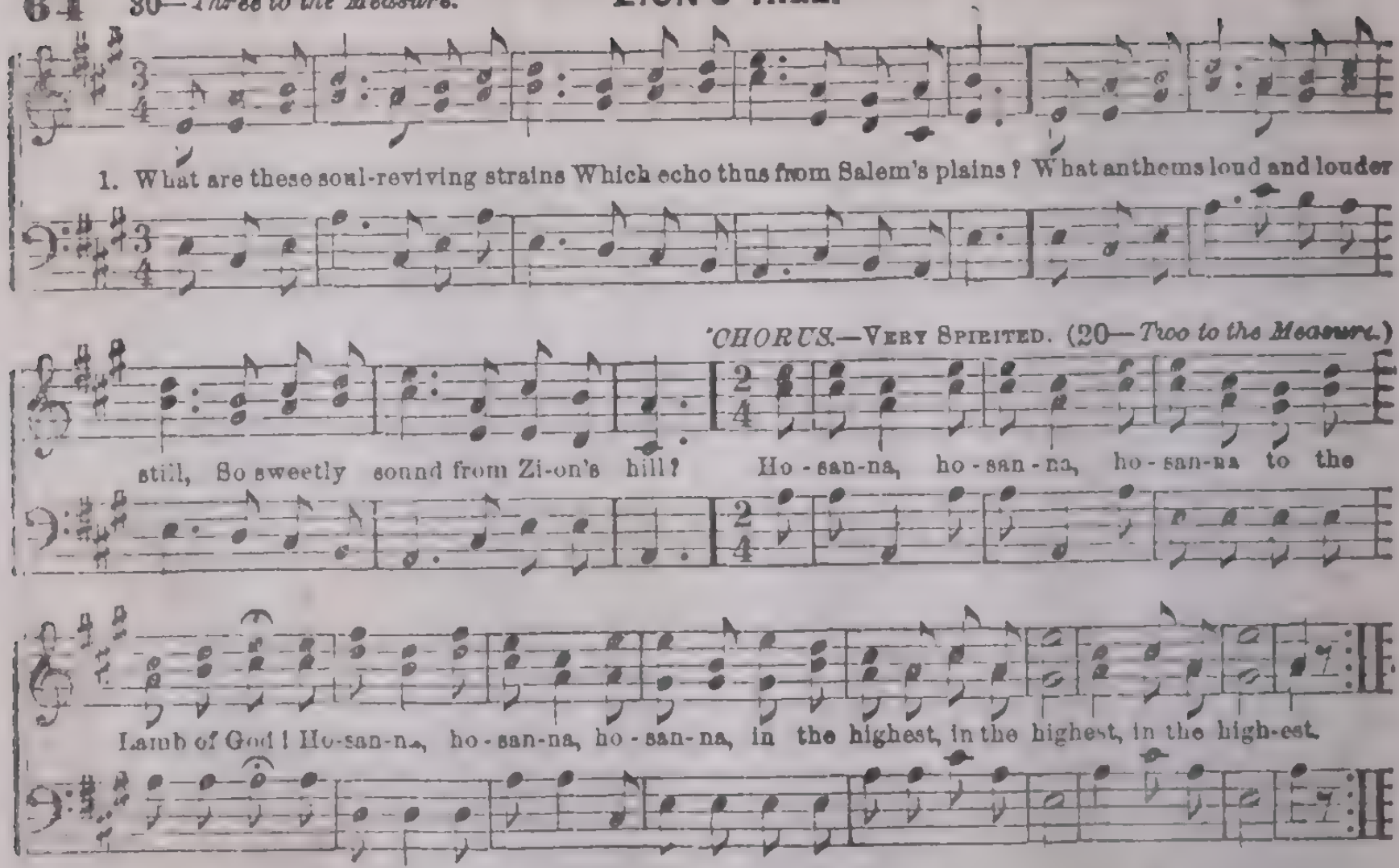
2. I love my companions, I love youth's gay scenes,
With brightness and purity blest;
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best.
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

3. I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers,
In beauty so charmingly dressed;
But there 's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
But there 's purer delight in the still sacred hours
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

4. Then I 'll sing of my school, and the Sabbath I love,
Bright emblems of heavenly rest;
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
Oh, bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest.
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
Oh, bring me to share in that rest.

30—*Three to the Measure.*

ZION'S HILL.*



2.

Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosannas to the King of kings,
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3.

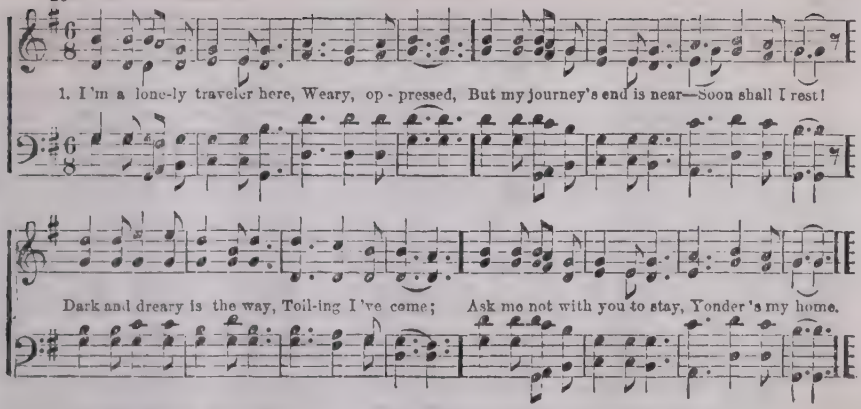
Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

4

Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

* *The first movement may appropriately be sung by the Teachers or Choir, with the response* (Hosanna) *by the Scholars. For a Concert, a pleasing effect may be produced by having a Semi-chorus out of sight, repeat the "Hosannas" so softly as to give the impression of a Choir at a great distance.*

40—*Two to the Measure.*



2. I'm a weary traveler here,
I must go on,
For my journey 's end is near,
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that for ever live—
I can not stay.

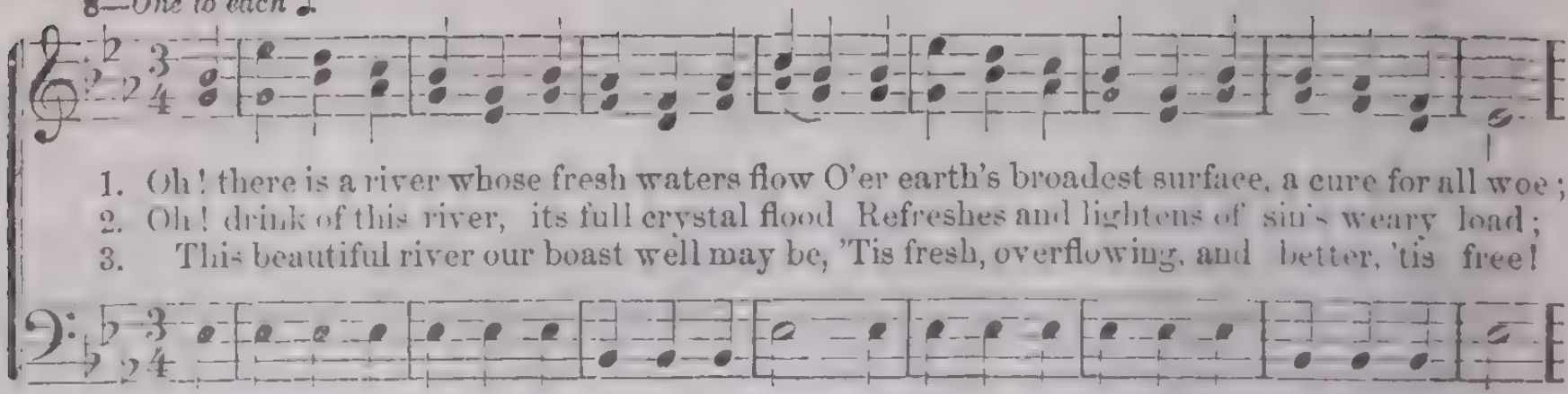
3. I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

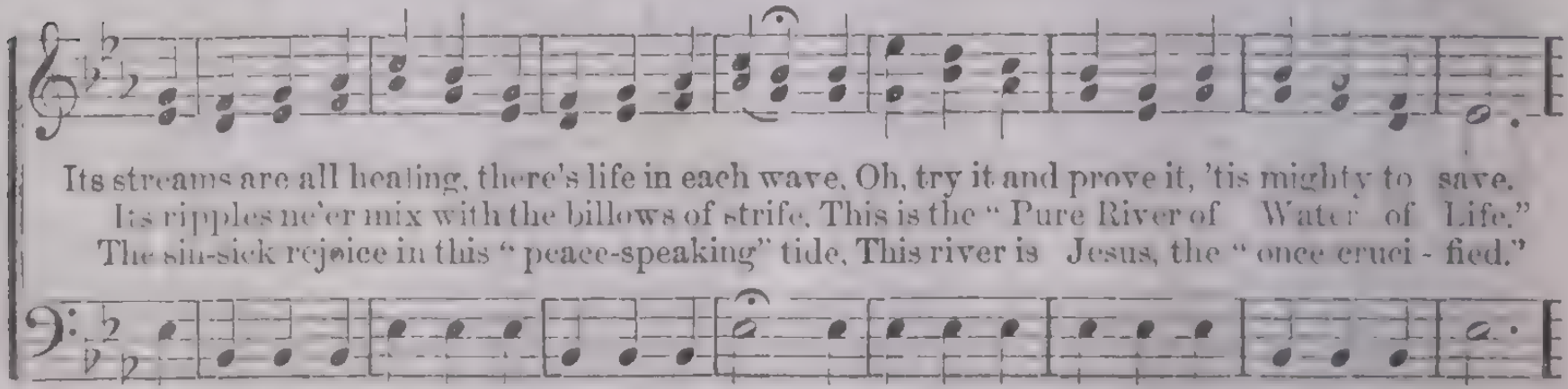
4. I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I 'll roam;
Call me not—in vain you call
Yonder 's my home.

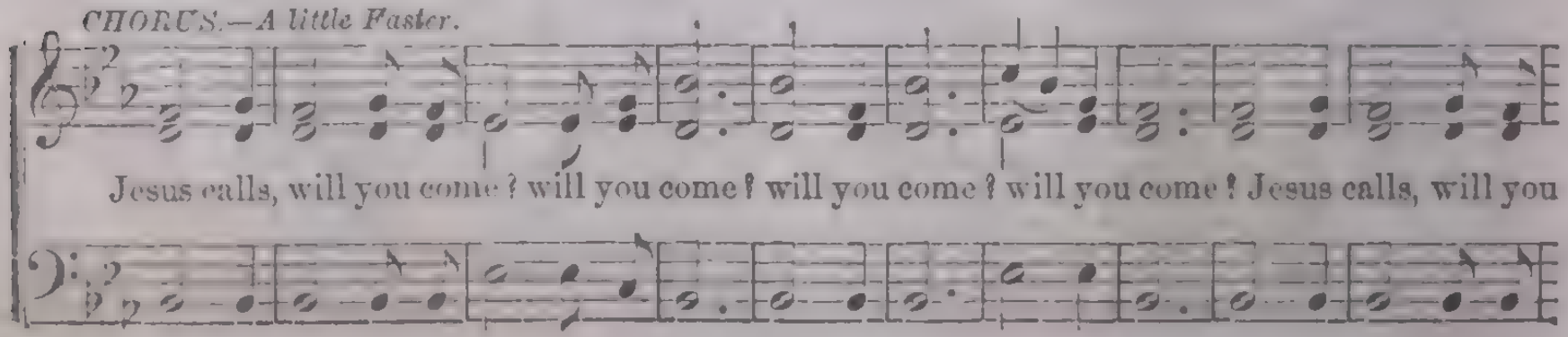
THE RIVER OF LIFE.

8—*One to each ♩.*

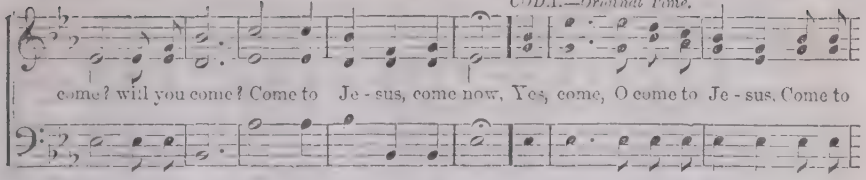




CHORUS.—A little Faster.

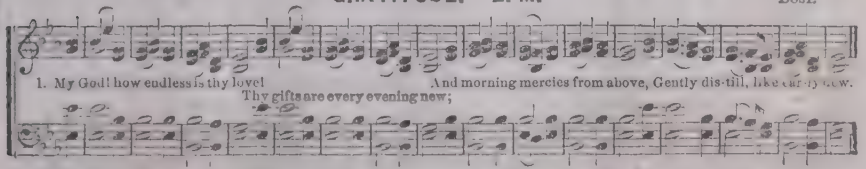


CODA.—*Original Time.*



GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.



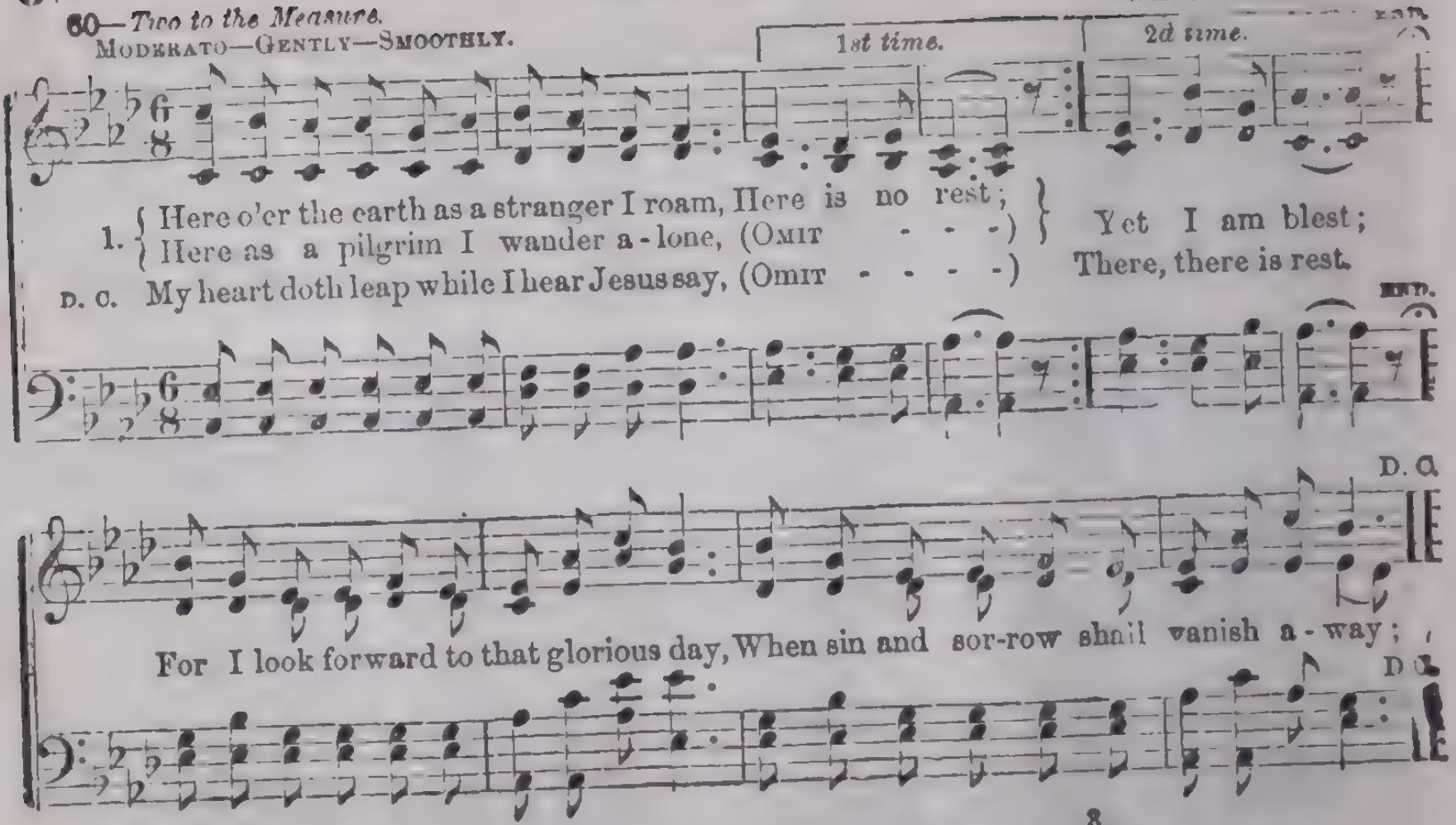
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HERE IS NO REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY

60—*Two to the Measure.*
MODERATO—GENTLY—SMOOTHLY.

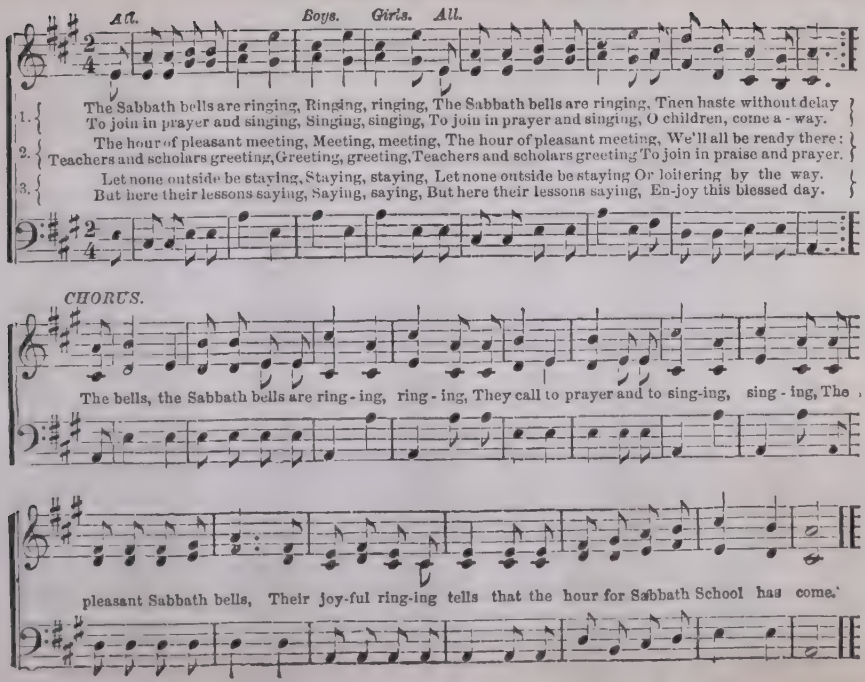


2.

Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward.
There, there is rest.

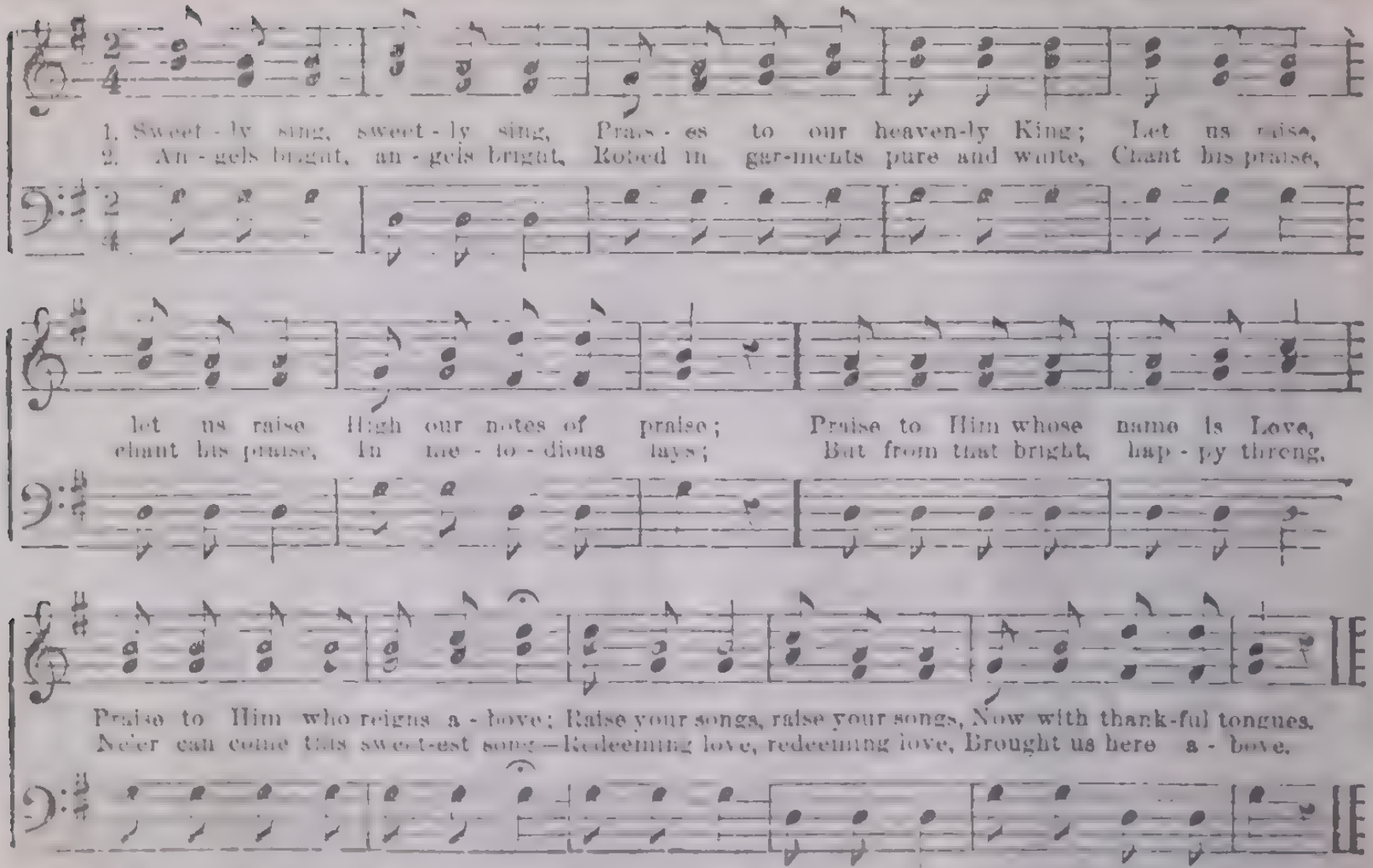
3.

This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest;
Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast—
There, there is rest.


All.
Boys. Girls. All.
1. The Sabbath bells are ringing, Ringing, ringing, The Sabbath bells are ringing, Then haste without delay
To join in prayer and singing, Singing, singing, To join in prayer and singing, O children, come a - way.
2. The hour of pleasant meeting, Meeting, meeting, The hour of pleasant meeting, We'll all be ready there:
Teachers and scholars greeting, Greeting, greeting, Teachers and scholars greeting To join in praise and prayer.
3. Let none outside be staying, Staying, staying, Let none outside be staying Or loitering by the way.
But here their lessons saying, Saying, saying, But here their lessons saying, En-joy this blessed day.
CHORUS.
The bells, the Sabbath bells are ring - ing, ring - ing, They call to prayer and to sing-ing, sing - ing, The
pleasant Sabbath bells, Their joy-ful ring-ing tells that the hour for Sabbath School has come.

SWEETLY SING, SWEETLY SING.

Words by Miss J. W. Sampson.



3. Far away, far away,
We [illegible] shiv'ring lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be his name!
He redeemed us by his grace,
Then prepared [illegible] a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

4. Now we know—now we know
We to heaven must shortly go;
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Saviour! when *our* time shall **come,**
Take us to our heaven'ly home,
There we'll raise notes of **praise,**
Through unending days.

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL

EARLY rise, early rise,
As the Sabbath school you prize;
Haste away, haste away,
'Tis the Sabbath day.
We must neither work nor play;
Nor from Sabbath school must stay;
This the rule, this the rule,
Go to Sabbath school.

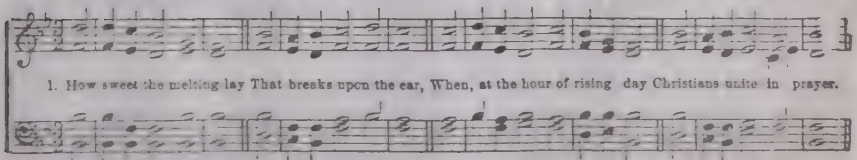
4. Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
How I love the Sabbath school!
Let us go, let us go,
Wiser still to grow.
Here we read, and sing, and pray,
Talk of heaven, and learn the way;
Hie away, hie away,
On this holy day.

3. Children here, children here,
Come to learn, obey, and fear;
Fear the Lord, fear the Lord,
Read his holy word.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with devotion here,
Pressing on, pressing on,
Youth will soon be gone.

4. We, in youth, we, in youth,
Will obey and love the truth;
Walk therein, walk therein,
Turning from all sin.
Then, when age and death come on,
We may safely lean upon
Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast,
Die, and be at rest.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

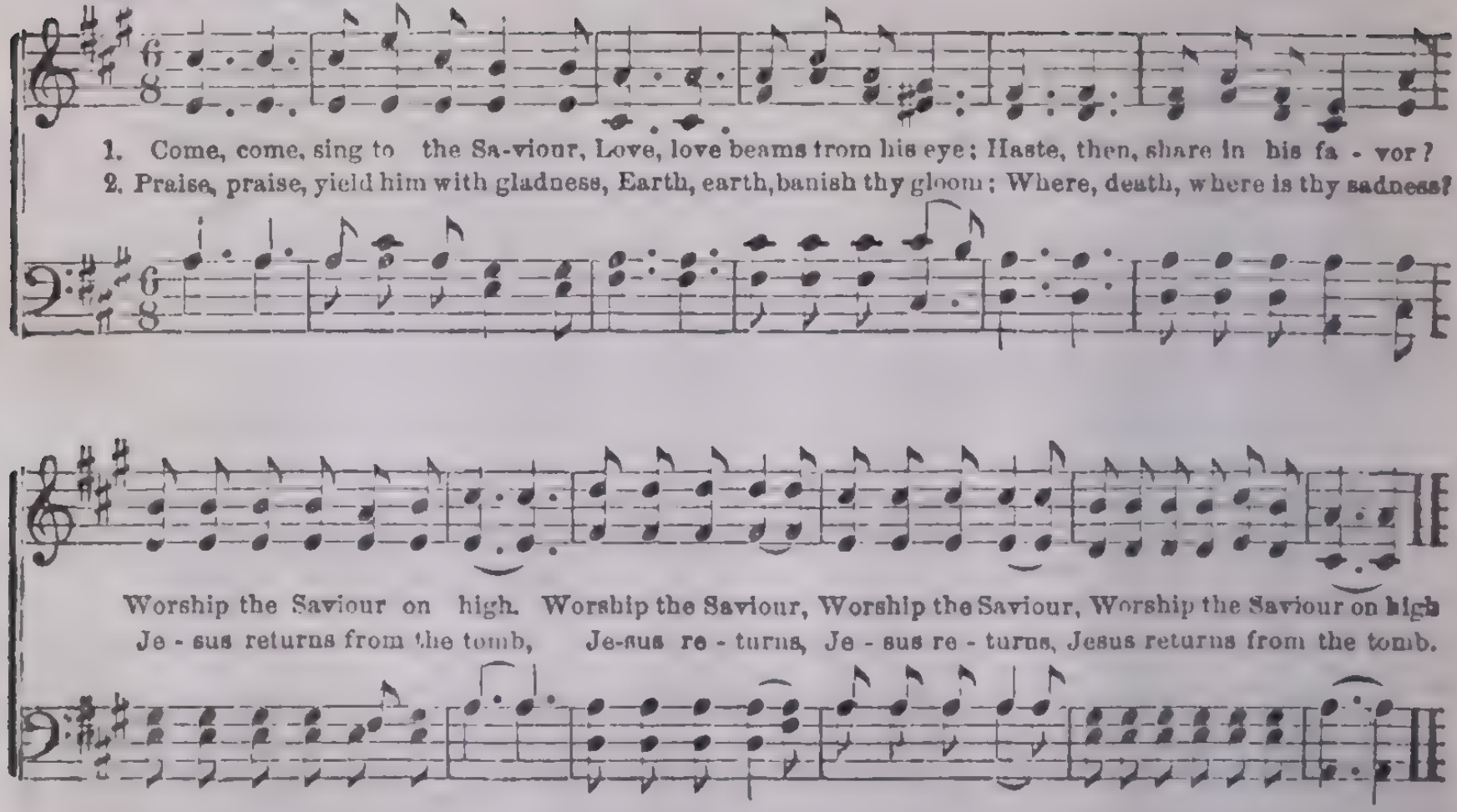


2. The breezes waft their cries,
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

SING TO THE SAVIOUR.

25—*Two to each Measure.*



3

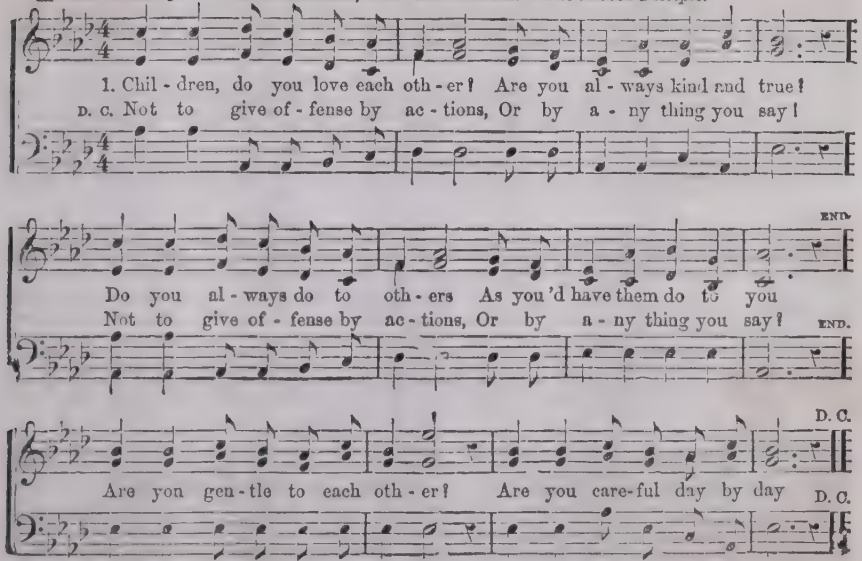
Rise, rise, free from thy mourning,
Light, light, spreads from the sky,
See, see, bright the day dawning,
Jesus is risen on high;
Jesus is risen,
Jesus is risen on high.

4.

Hail, hail, children adore him,
Here, here, anthems should ring,
There, there, dwelling before him,
Loudest hosannas we 'll sing;
Loudest hosannas,
Loudest hosannas we 'll sing.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. 8s & 7s.

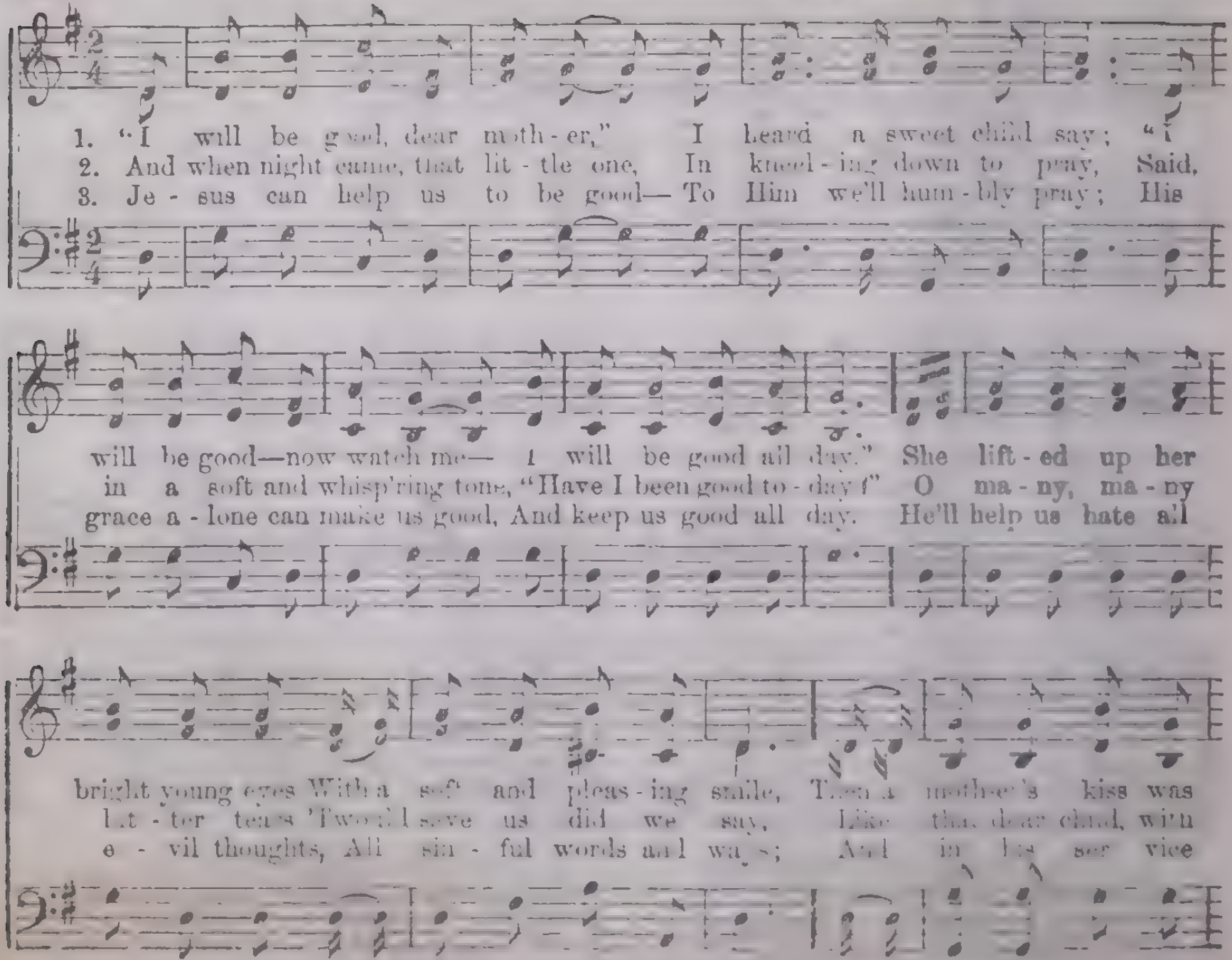
12—*One to each* ♩ "LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."—*The beloved Disciple.*



2. Little children, love each other—
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

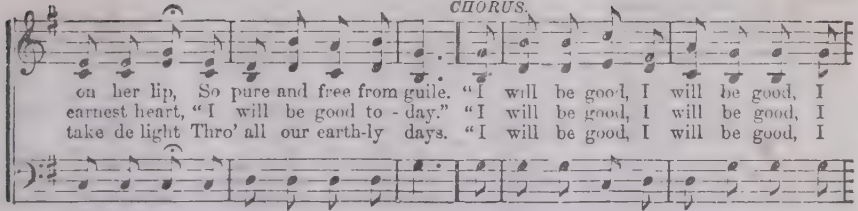
Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
‖: Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest. :‖

26—*Two to each Measure.* **I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER.***



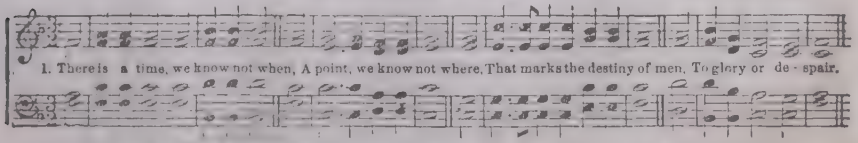
* *May be sung as a Song, with Chorus.*

CHORUS.



ALEXANDER. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury



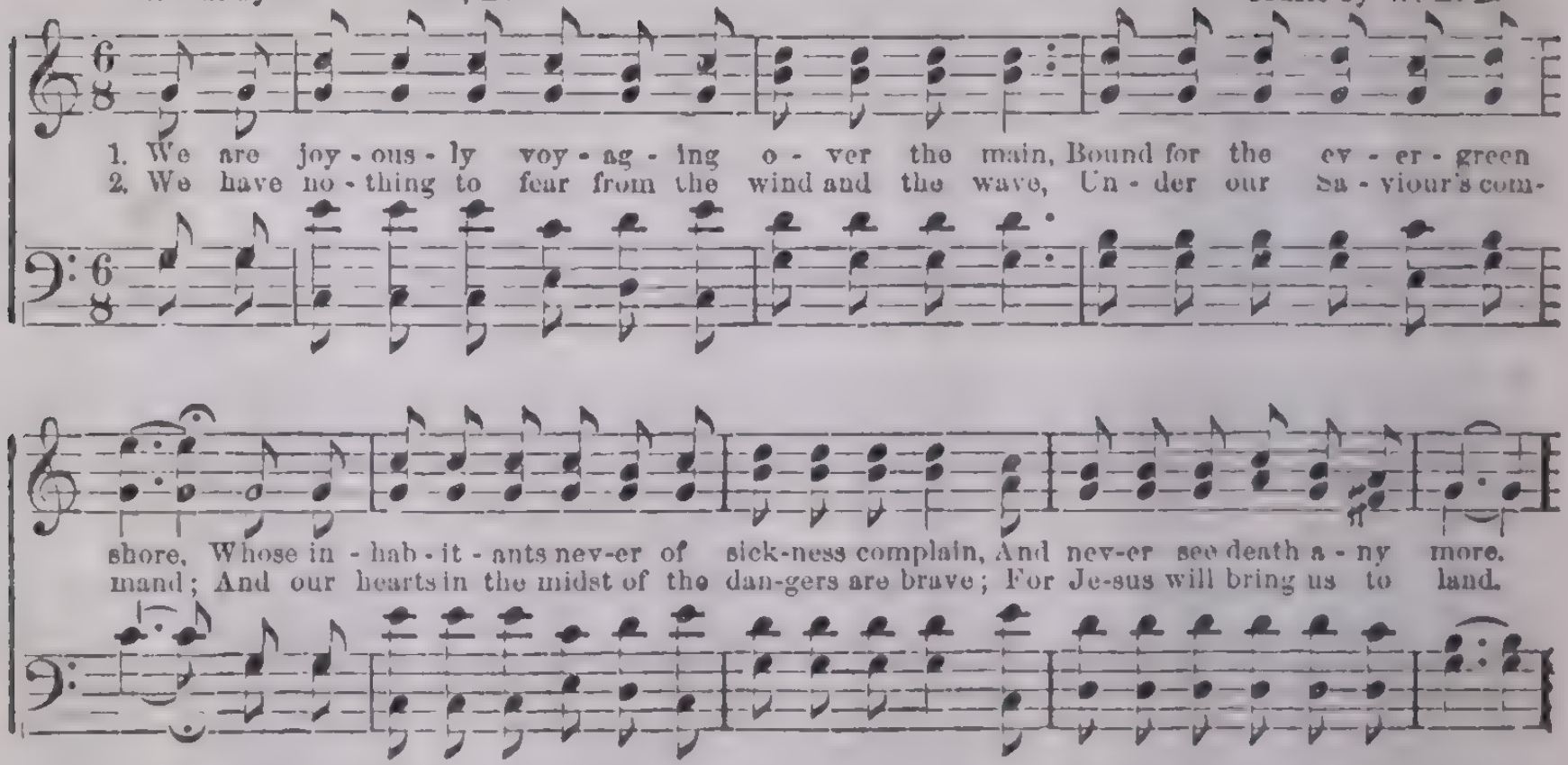
2 There is a time, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3. How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

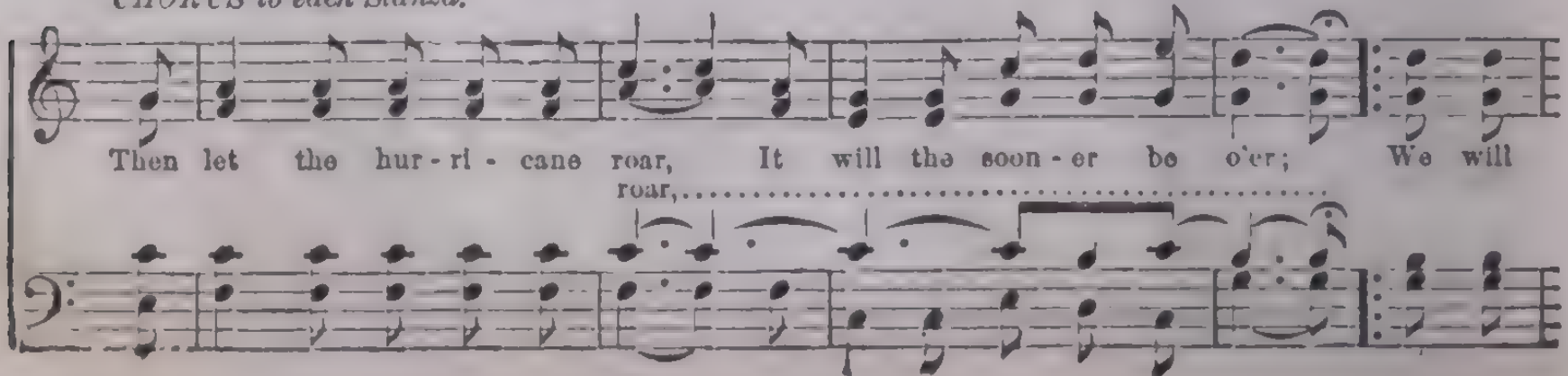
THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

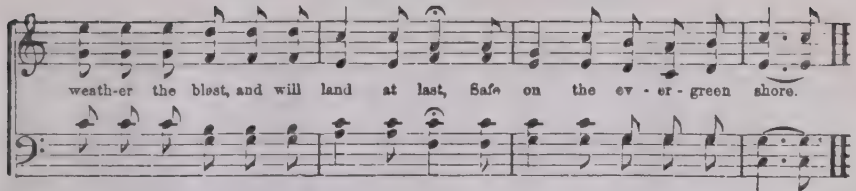
25—*Two to each Measure*

Words by Wm. Hunter, D. D. Music by W. B. B.



CHORUS to each Stanza.





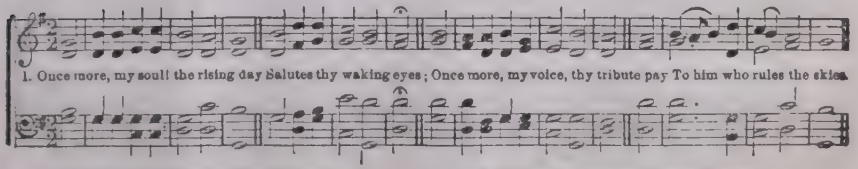
3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill:
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.—*Chorus.*

4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.—*Chorus.*

5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—
There 's one who will never forsake.—*Chorus.*

6. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more;
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—*Chorus.*

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



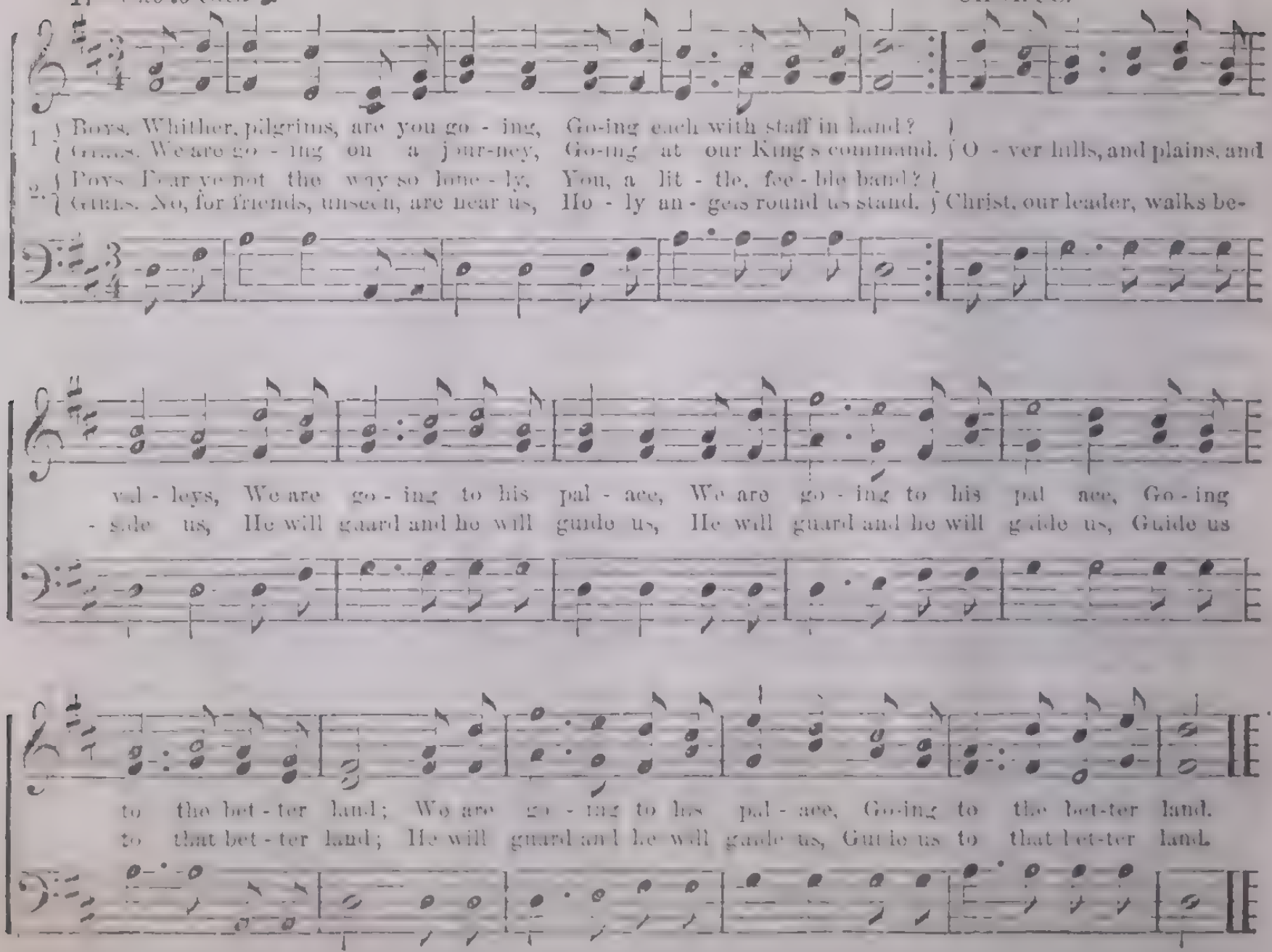
2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

THE BETTER LAND.

"BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY."—*Paul.*

17—*One to each* ♩ CHORUS.



3.

Boys. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.
All. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

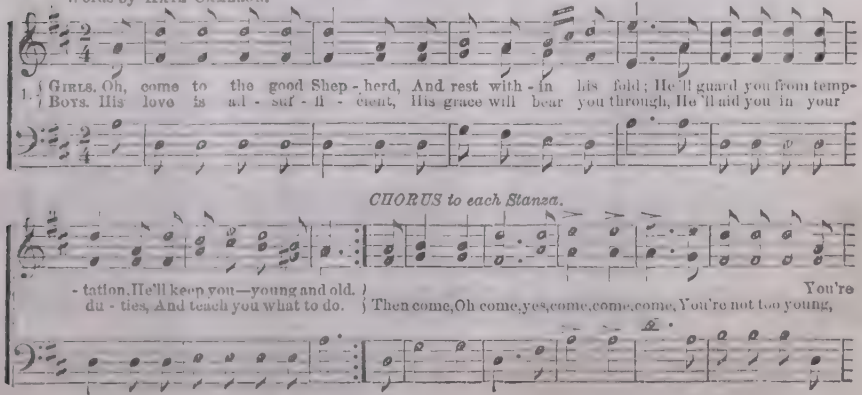
4.

Boys. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
All. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

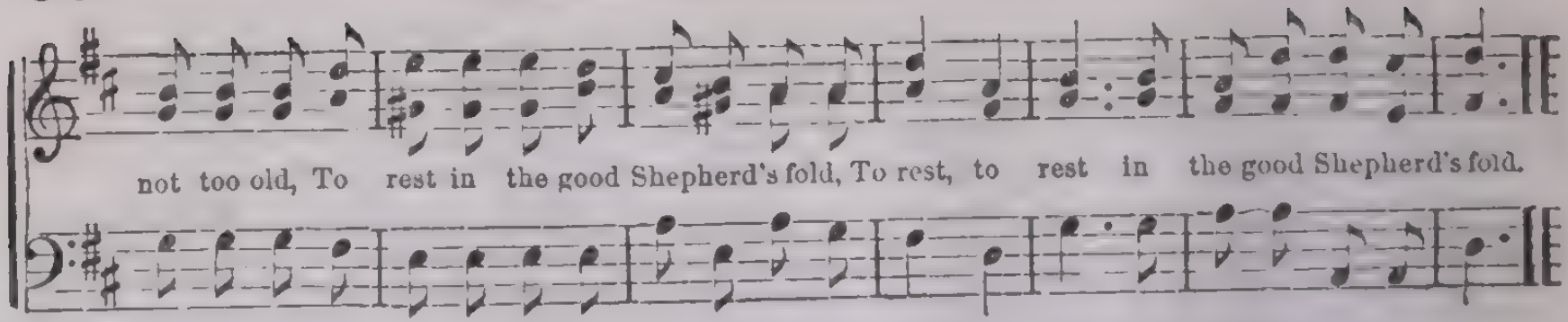
THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

25—*Two to each Measure.* "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—*Jesus.*

Words by Kate Cameron.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD. (Concluded.)



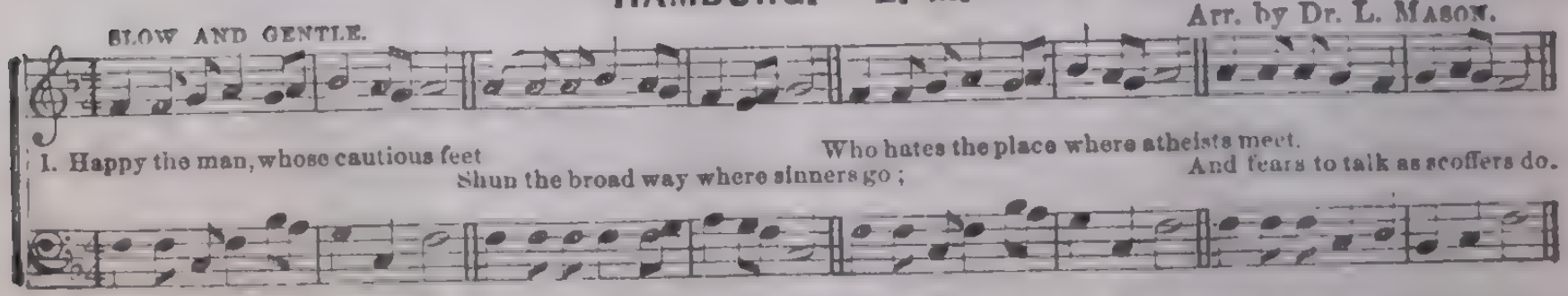
2.

Girls. Oh, who would wish to wander
From such a fold as this?
Without is gloomy terror,
Within is perfect bliss.
Boys. Though rough the path, and thorny,
You will be safe from harm,
From all your foes defended,
By the good Shepherd's arm.
Chorus.—Then come, &c.

3.

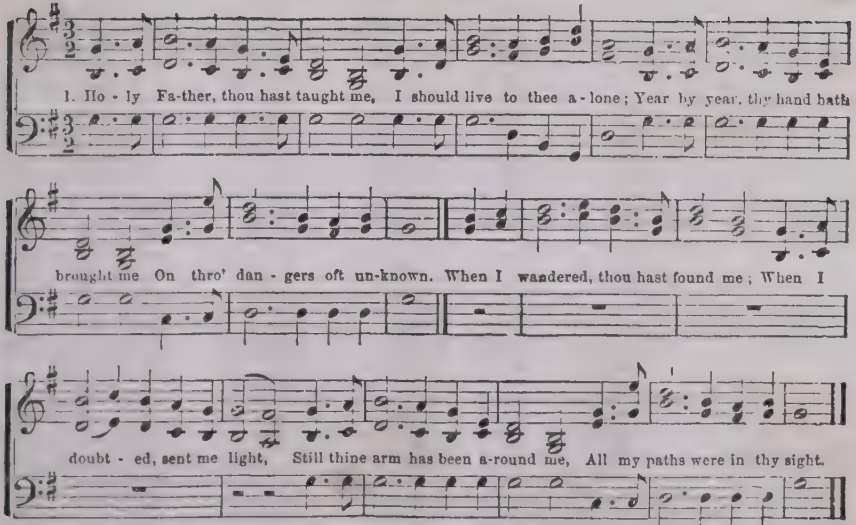
Girls. The world is full of trials,
And sorrow comes to all;
But happy those who listen
To the good Shepherd's call.
Boys. For every grief that darkens,
And all the tears that dim,
Are sent to us in mercy,
To draw us nearer him.
Chorus.—Then come, &c.

HAMBURG. L. M.



2. He loves t' employ his morning light,
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3. He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.



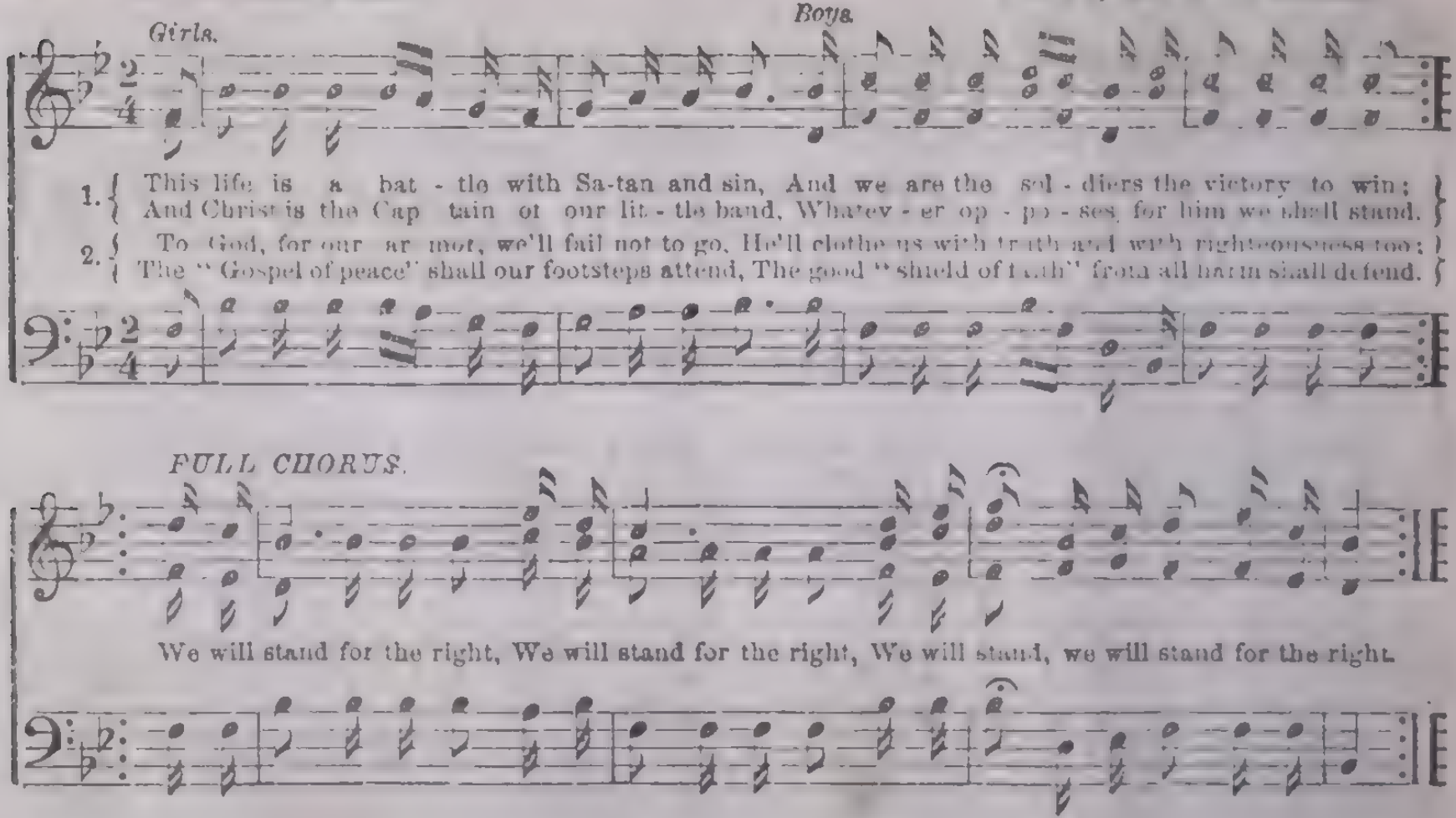
2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT, or LIFE'S BATTLE.

10—*Two to the Measure.*

Words by Mrs. J. W. Sampson.*



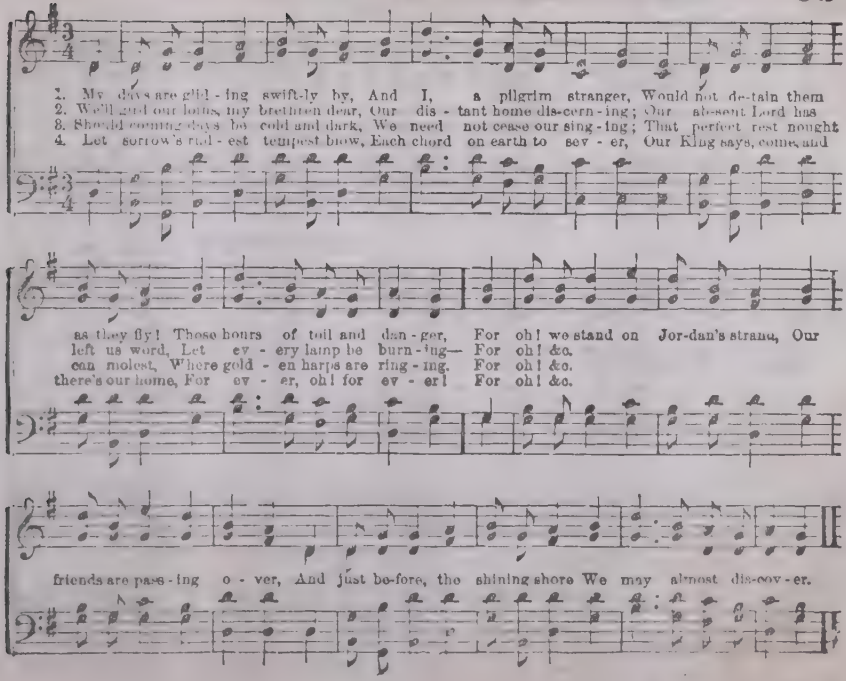
3.

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.
Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

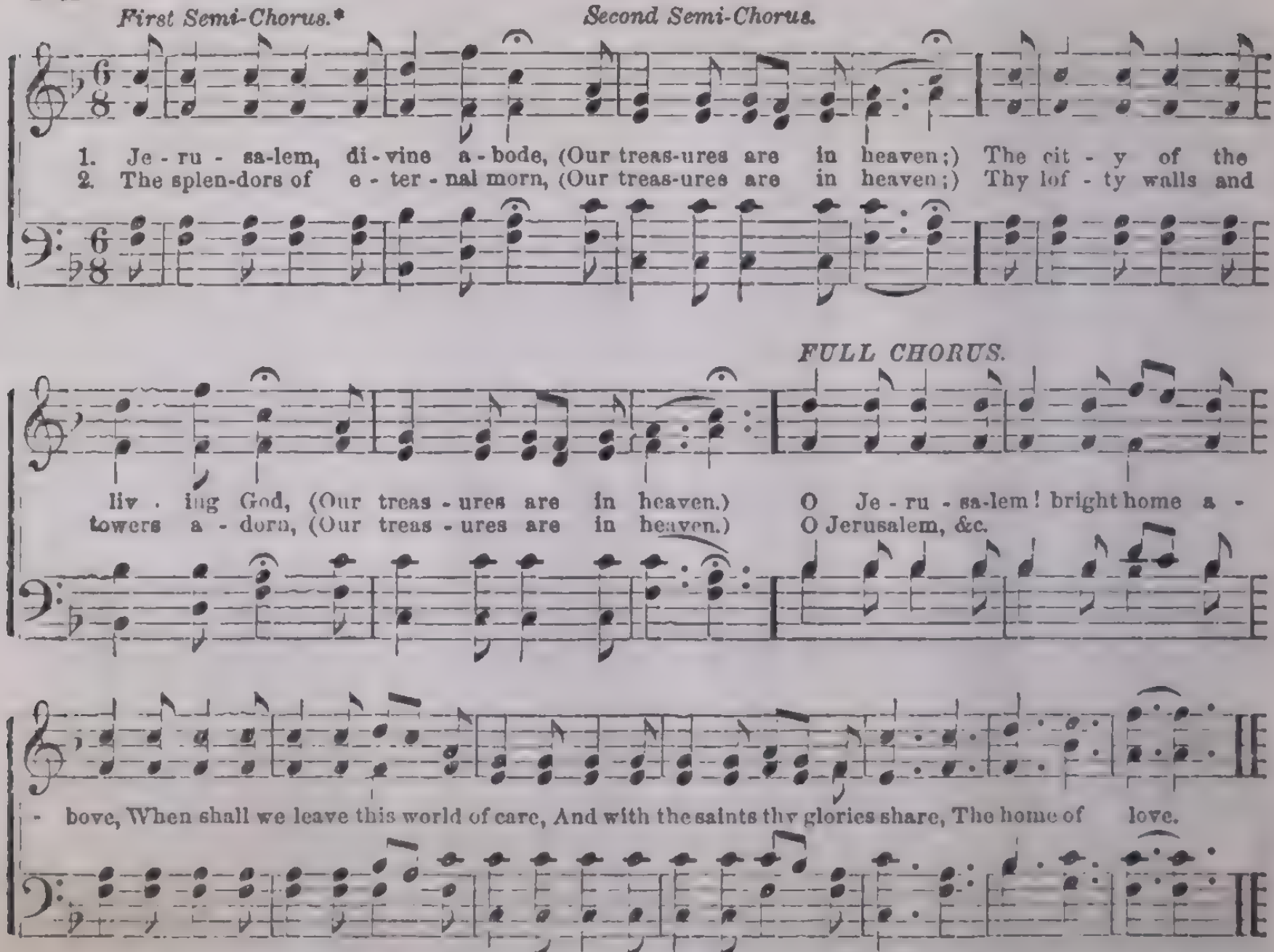
4.

Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us, to make us to fall;
We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.
Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

* From "*Sabbath Chimes.*"


1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them
2. We'll greet our home, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis-cern - ing; Our ab-sent Lord has
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That perfect rest nought
4. Let sorrow's rud - est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says, come, and
as they fly! These hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our
left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing— For oh! &c.
can molest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing. For oh! &c.
there's our home, For ev - er, oh! for ev - er! For oh! &c.
friends are pass - ing o - ver, And just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis-cov - er.

84 26—*Two to each Measure.* TREASURES IN HEAVEN. C. M. With Chorus.



* Or, the choir may sing the first part, and the children respond "Our treasures, &c." Or Sabbath schools and infant classes may sing it in like manner.

3. There angel forms in fadeless youth,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Obey the God of love and truth,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

4. There saints, in life's fair book enrolled,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Walk joyous through the streets of gold,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

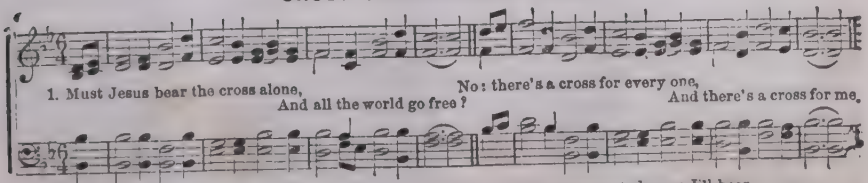
5. There white-robed throngs, with waving palms,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Triumphant chant their holy psalms,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

6. And roll the anthem of their joy,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Like mighty thunders through the sky,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

7. Our palace there already waits,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

8. We come through Jesus' blood to claim,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Our mansions in Jerusalem,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



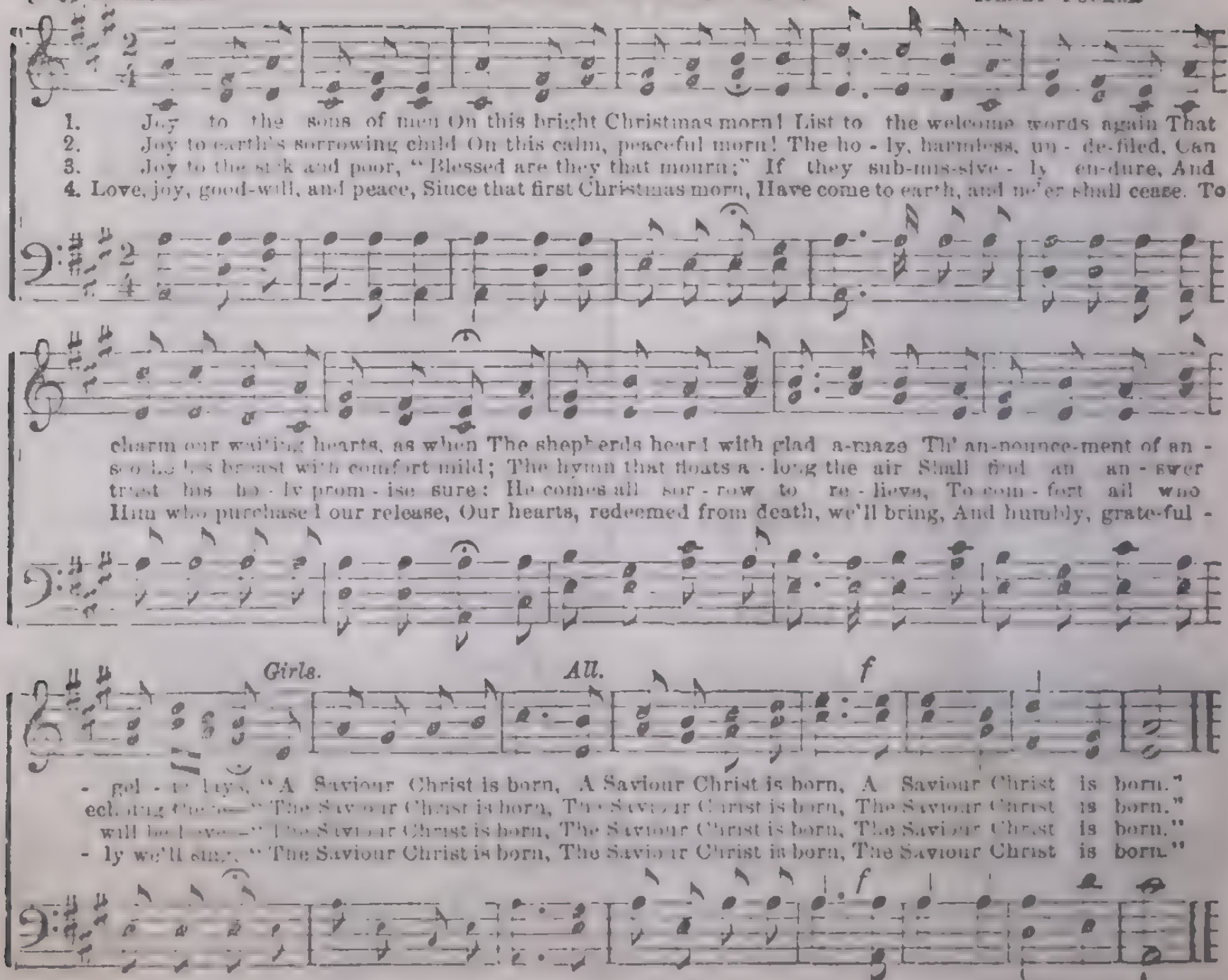
2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

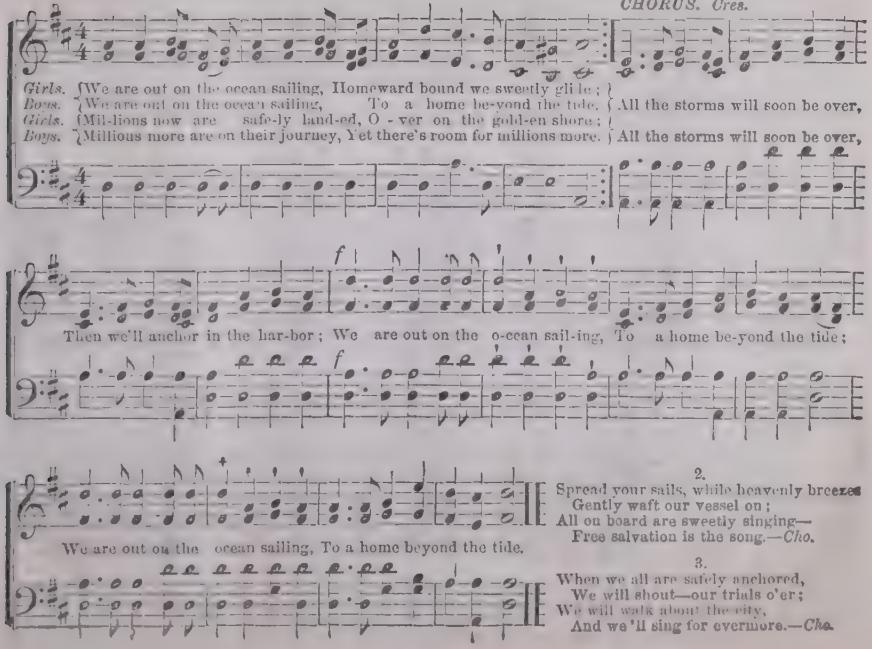
ALLEGRETTO.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HENRY TUCKER.



WM. B. BRADBURY. From "ORIOLA."



2.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—*Cho.*

3.

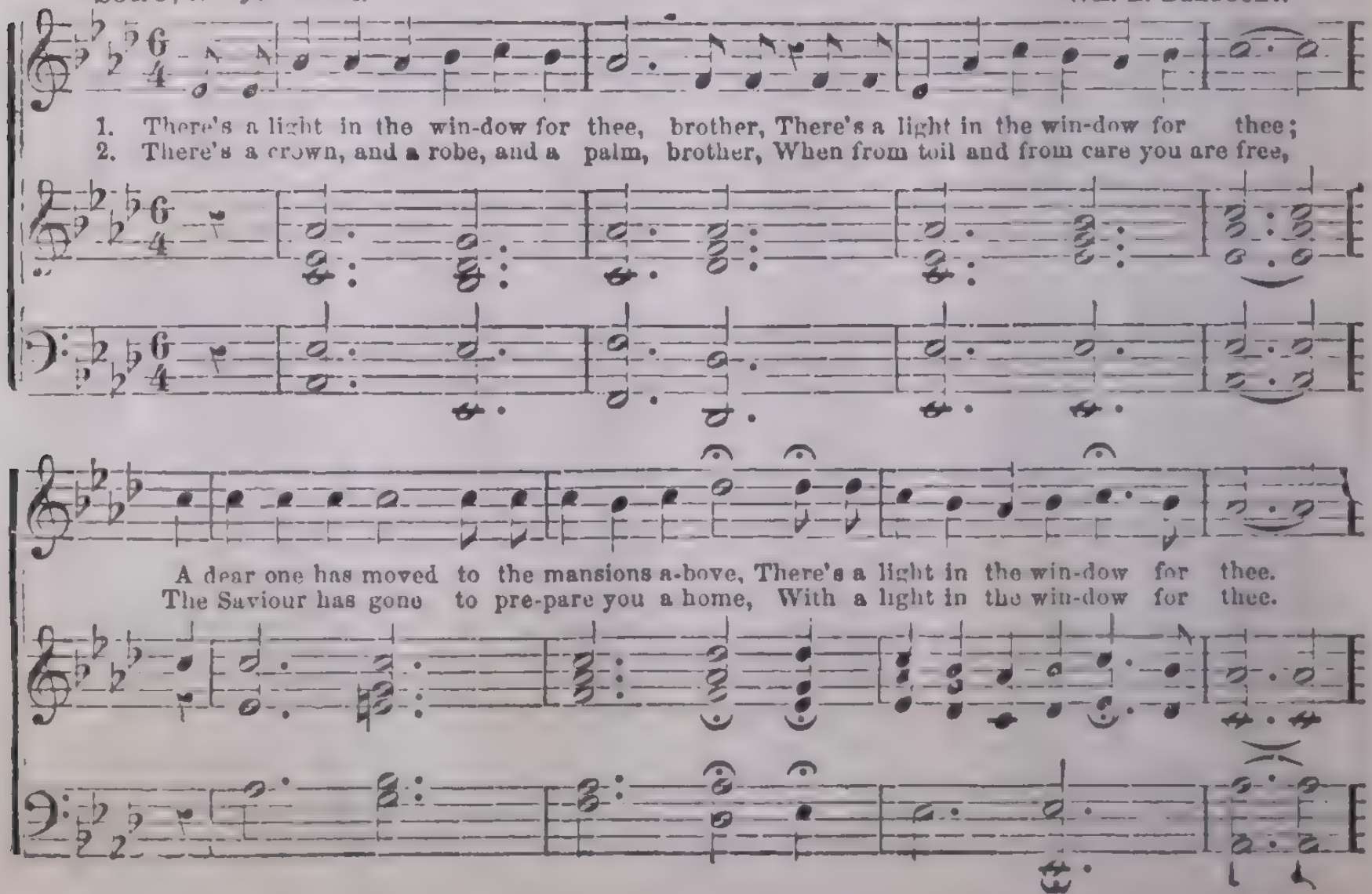
When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.—*Cho.*

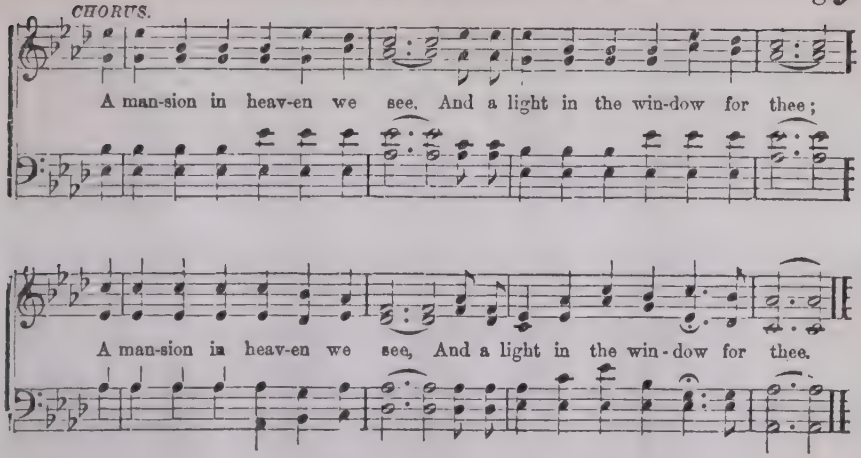
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. Song and Chorus.

The following interesting incident has given rise to the beautiful song, "A Light in the Window."

A boy, at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a widowed mother, carrying home his earnings at night. "One night," he says, "it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home until late; my mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but she quickly aroused when she heard my voice, and soon met me at the door, with a warm kiss, and warmer tears, and a 'God bless you, my dear boy.' As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, 'After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you,' and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and Oh! how it cheered my heart, ever after for years. Hearth failing me, I left home, (after my brothers could help mother), and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"

SOLO, or a few voices. WM. B. BRADBURY.



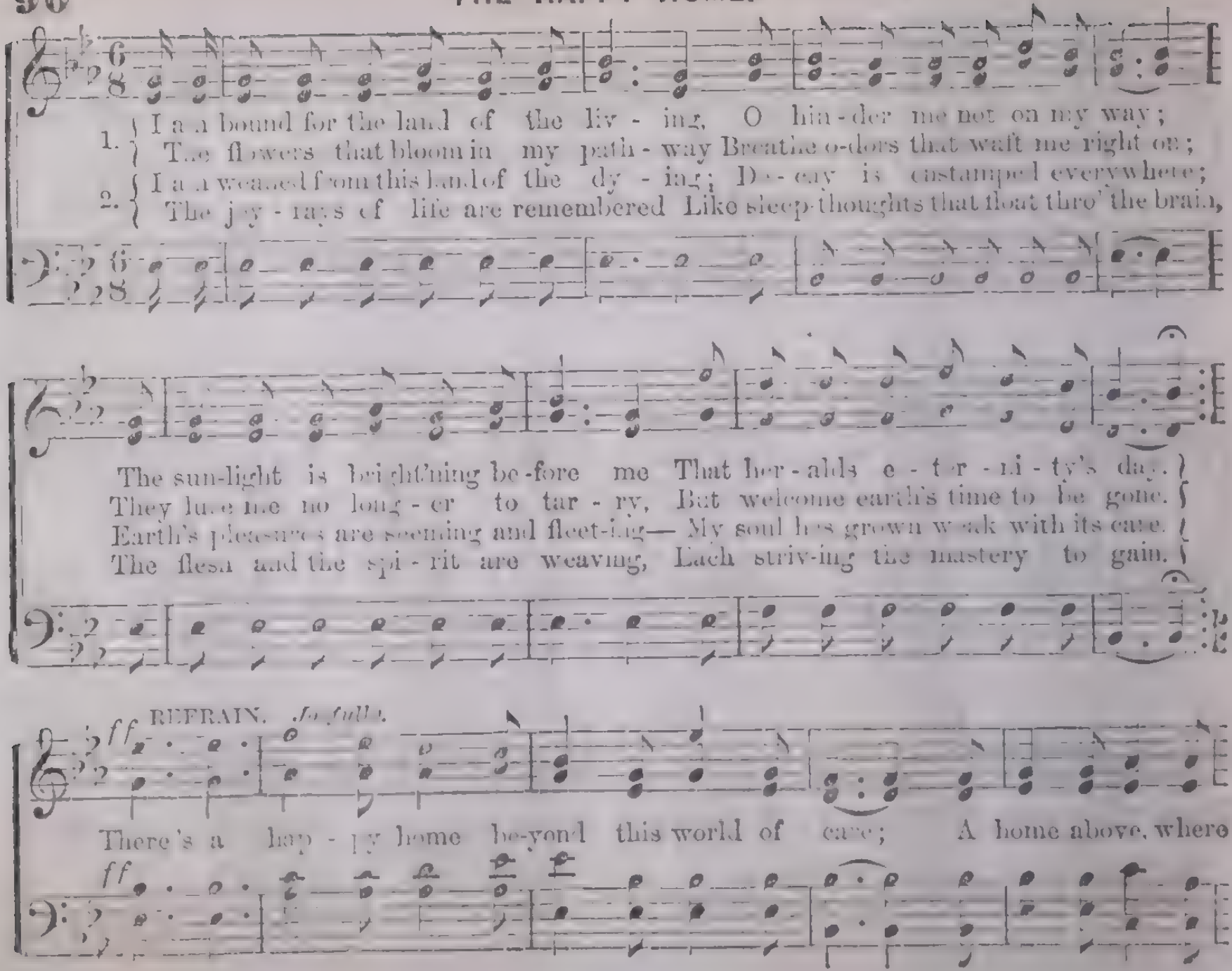


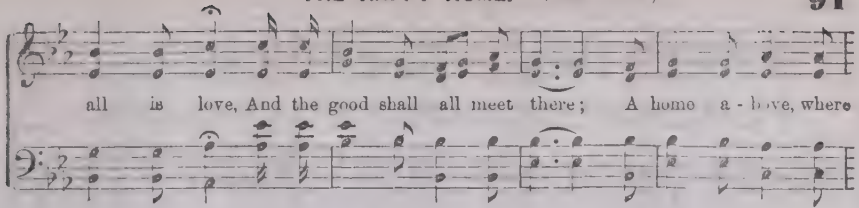
3.

O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

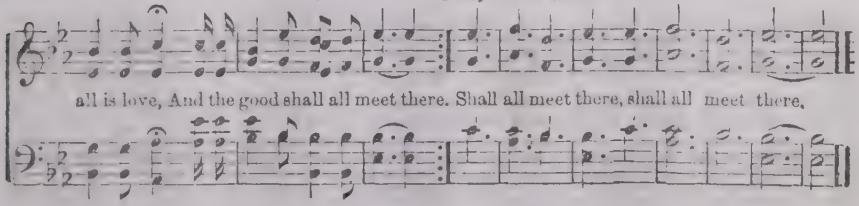
4.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see &c.


1. I am bound for the land of the liv - ing, O hin - der me not on my way;
The flowers that bloom in my path - way Breathe o-dors that waft me right on;
2. I am weaned from this land of the dy - ing; De - cay is enstamped everywhere;
The joy - rays of life are remembered Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me That her - alds e - ter - ni - ty's day.
They lure me no long - er to tar - ry, But welcome earth's time to be gone.
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleet-ing— My soul has grown weak with its care.
The flesh and the spi - rit are weaving, Each striv-ing the mastery to gain.
REFRAIN. Jo full.
There's a hap - py home be-yond this world of care; A home above, where



Coda for Last Stanza.

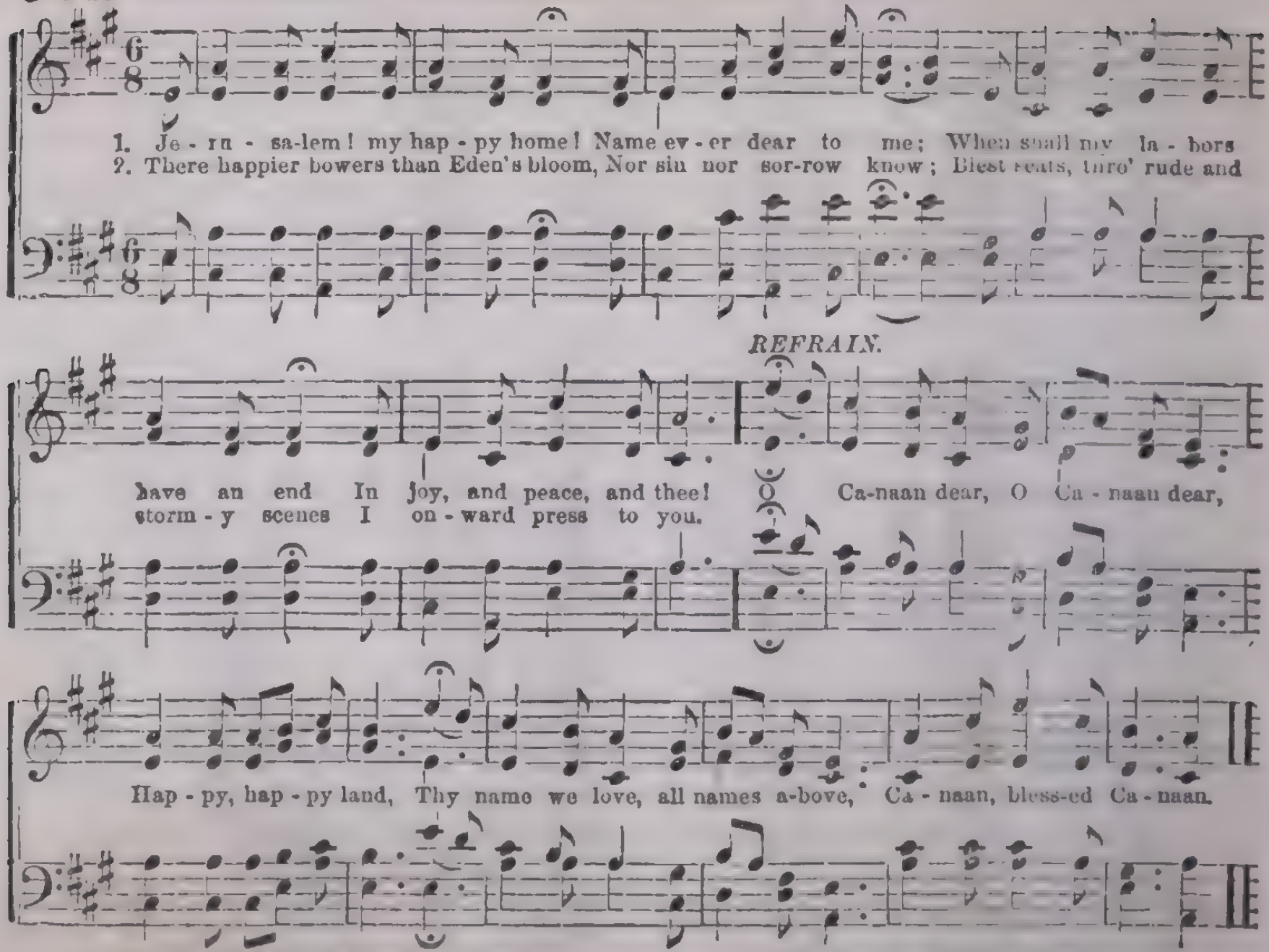


3. I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.
The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
And the Master is calling for me.

4. The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted
By a holy, harmonious band;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land?

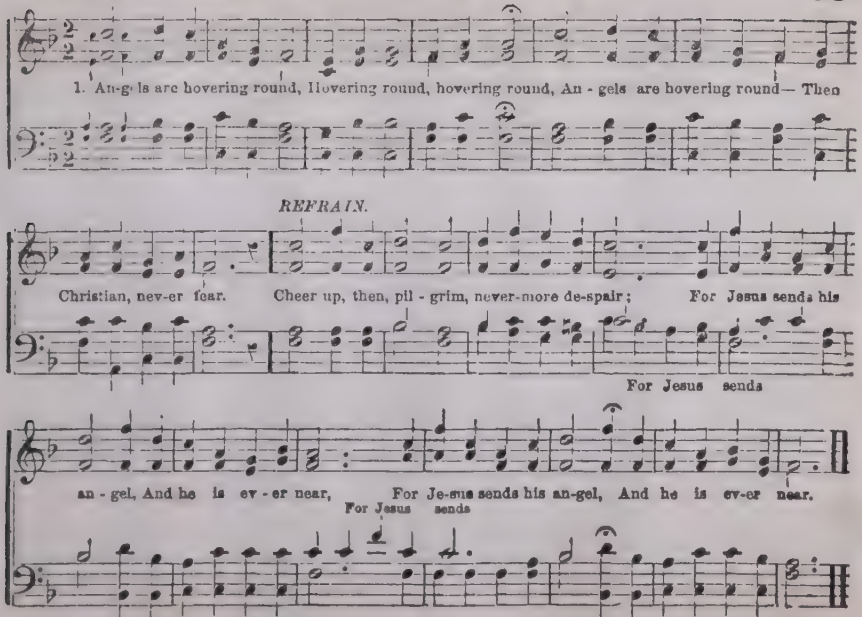
23—*Two to the Measure.*

JERUSALEM! MY HAPPY HOME.



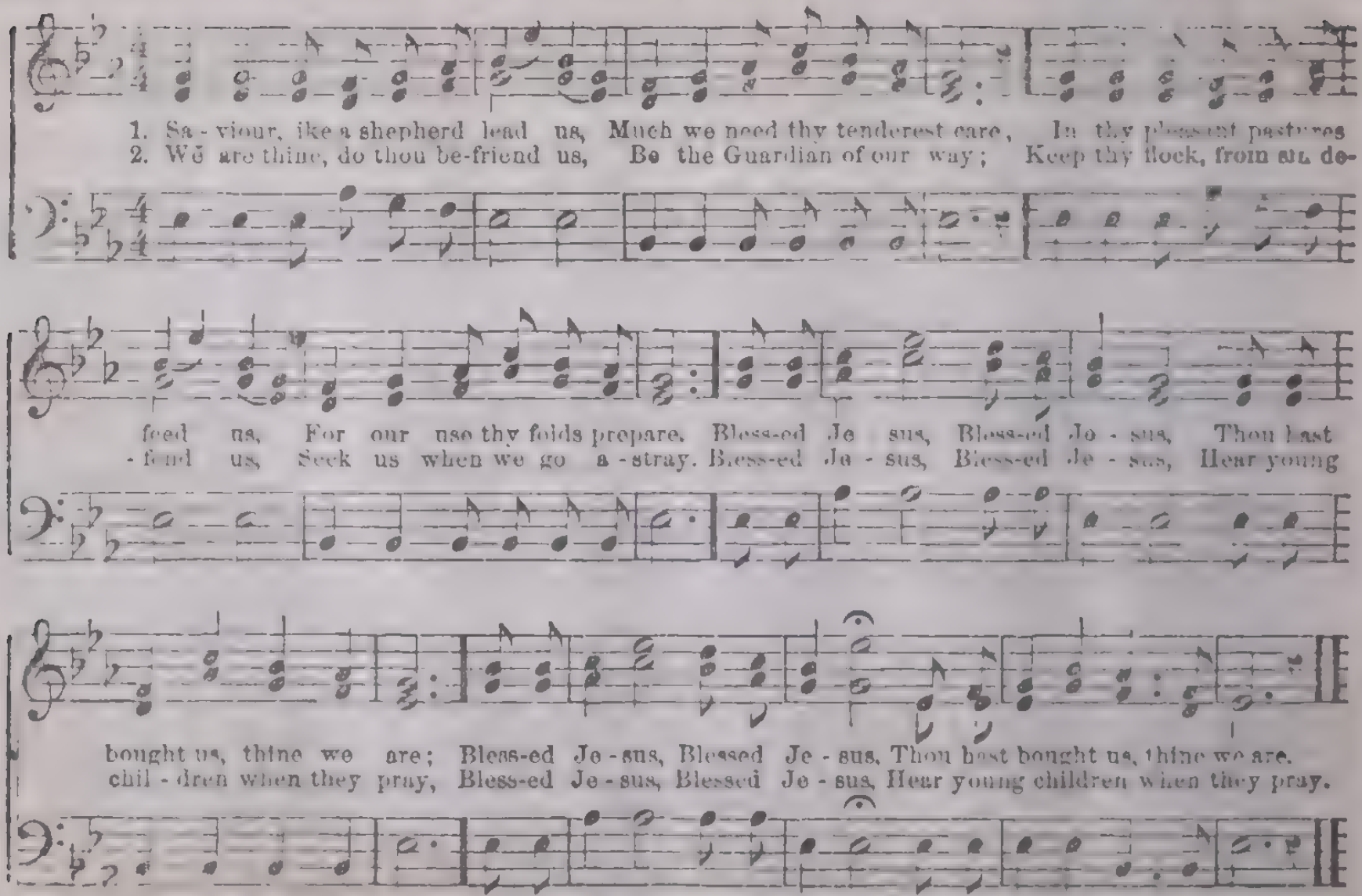
3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.—

4. Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.—*Refrain.*



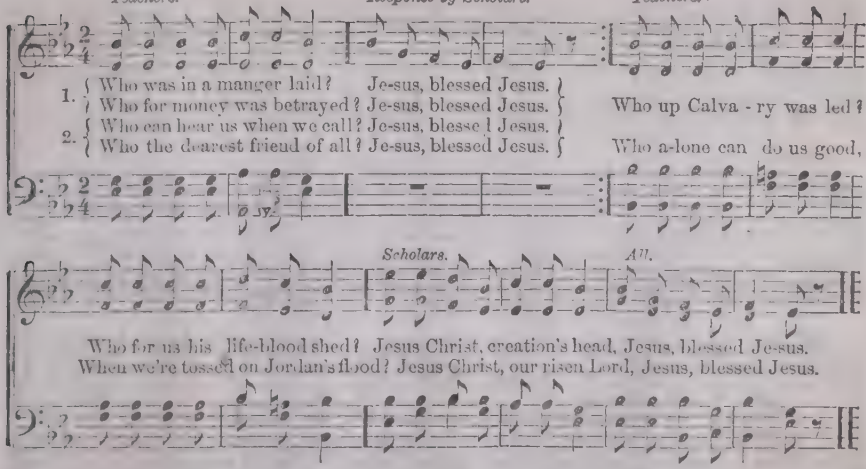
2. Spirits blest are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Spirits blest are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*

3. Dear friends are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Dear friends are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*



3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
early turn we thee.

4. Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.



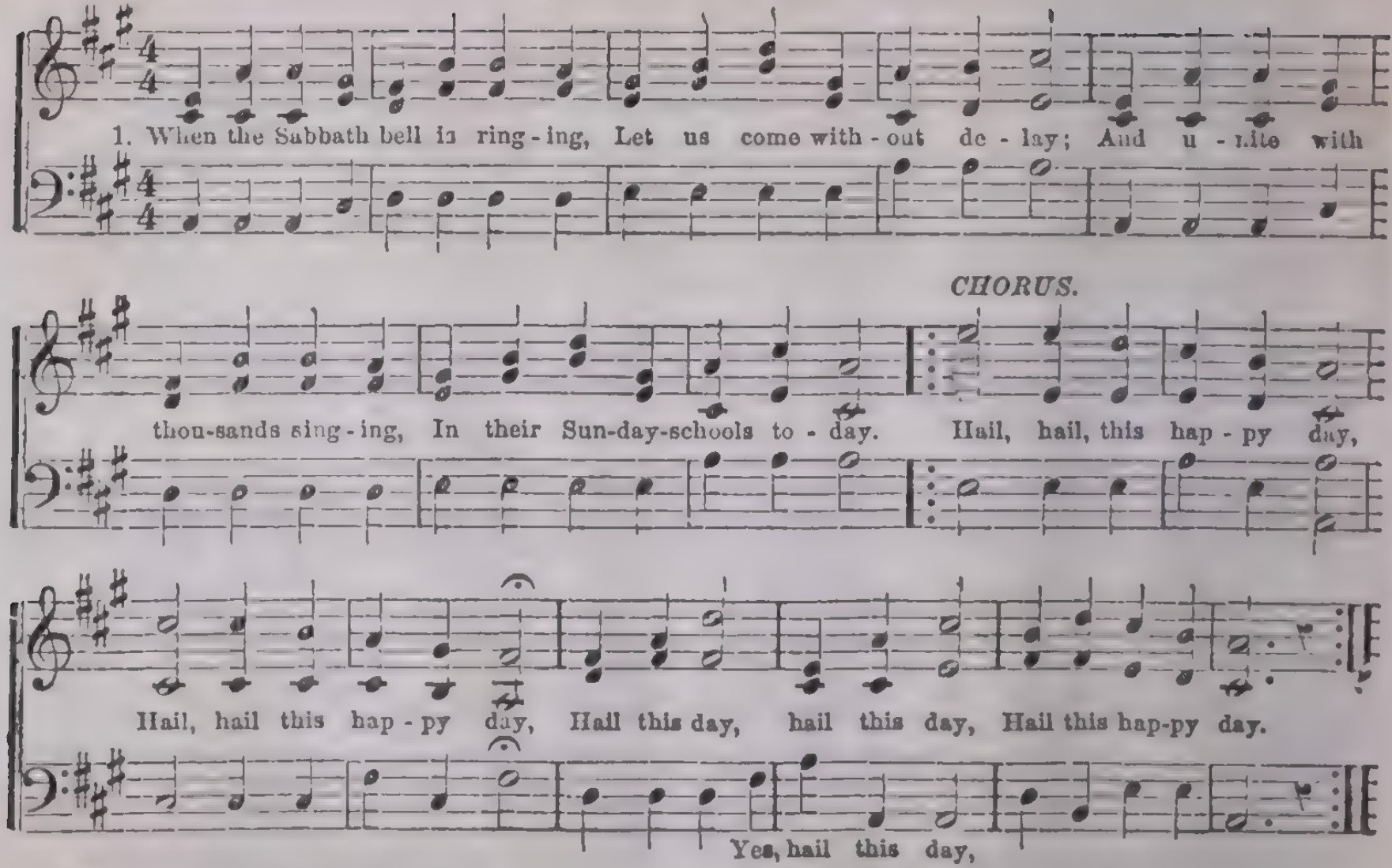
3.

Teach.—Who can rob the grave of gloom?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—Who can raise us from the tomb?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—When before the Judge we wait,
Who will open heaven's gate?
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Advocate;
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

4.

Teach.—Who will give us sweetest rest?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—Who in heaven shall we love best?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—At his feet our crowns we'll fling,
While with rapturous songs we sing,
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Saviour King,
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

96 6—*One to each ♩.* **HAIL, HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY.**

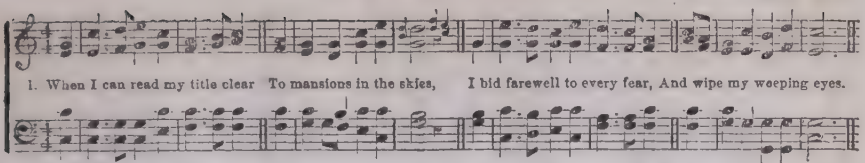


2. These are happy hours of meeting,
When we hear the voice of prayer;
But these hours are short and fleeting:
Let us then be early there.—*Chorus.*

3. We shall keep our teachers waiting,
If we tarry by the way;
Or disturb the school reciting,
On this holy Sabbath day.—*Chorus.*

4. Here the blessed gospel shows us
All its precious stores of truth;
And the Holy Spirit woos us
From transgression in our youth.—*Chorus.*

5. When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us to the school repair,
That we may unite in singing,
And together kneel in prayer.—*Chorus.*



2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Chorus.—I want to go.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
Chorus.—I want to go.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Chorus.—I want to go.

EVERLASTING LIFE.

1. THERE is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2. Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3. One narrow vale, one darksc we,
Divides that land from this
I have a Shepherd pledged to
And bear me home to bliss.

4. Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5. Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3. Oh! let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

HEAVENLY REST.

Arranged from WRIGHTON

1. The soul on earth is doom'd to pine For rest, sweet rest; 'Tis Heaven a - lone, in joys di - vine, Can give sweet rest.
2. Life is a sad and wea - ry day— It gives no rest; In care and pain it wears a - way, And brings no rest.
3. Then let us trust, 'mid good and ill, The prom - ised rest, Since tri - al here will sweet- en still, Our heaven - ly rest.

END.

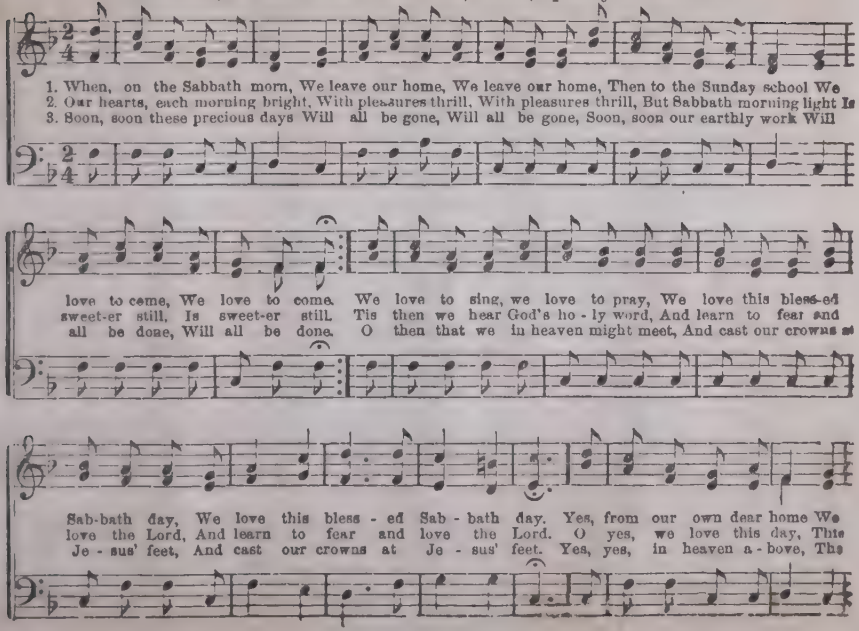
There, with bright-est an - gels glow-ing,
But earth's sor - rows have their meas-ure,
Joy from trou - ble we may bor - row,

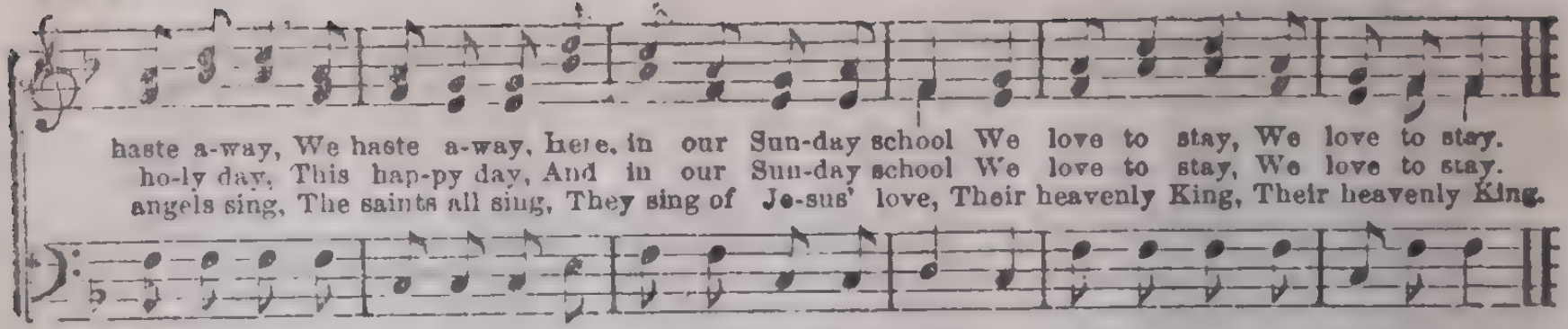
END.

Joy - ful an-thems ev - er flow-ing, Je - sus see - ing, lov-ing, knowing, Is rest, sweet rest.
End - ing in e - ter - nal pleas-ure, When in heaven we find the treasure Of rest, sweet rest.
Pleas-ure from our hours of sor-row, While we wait the dawning morrow Of heav'n's sweet rest.

30.—*Two to each Measure.*

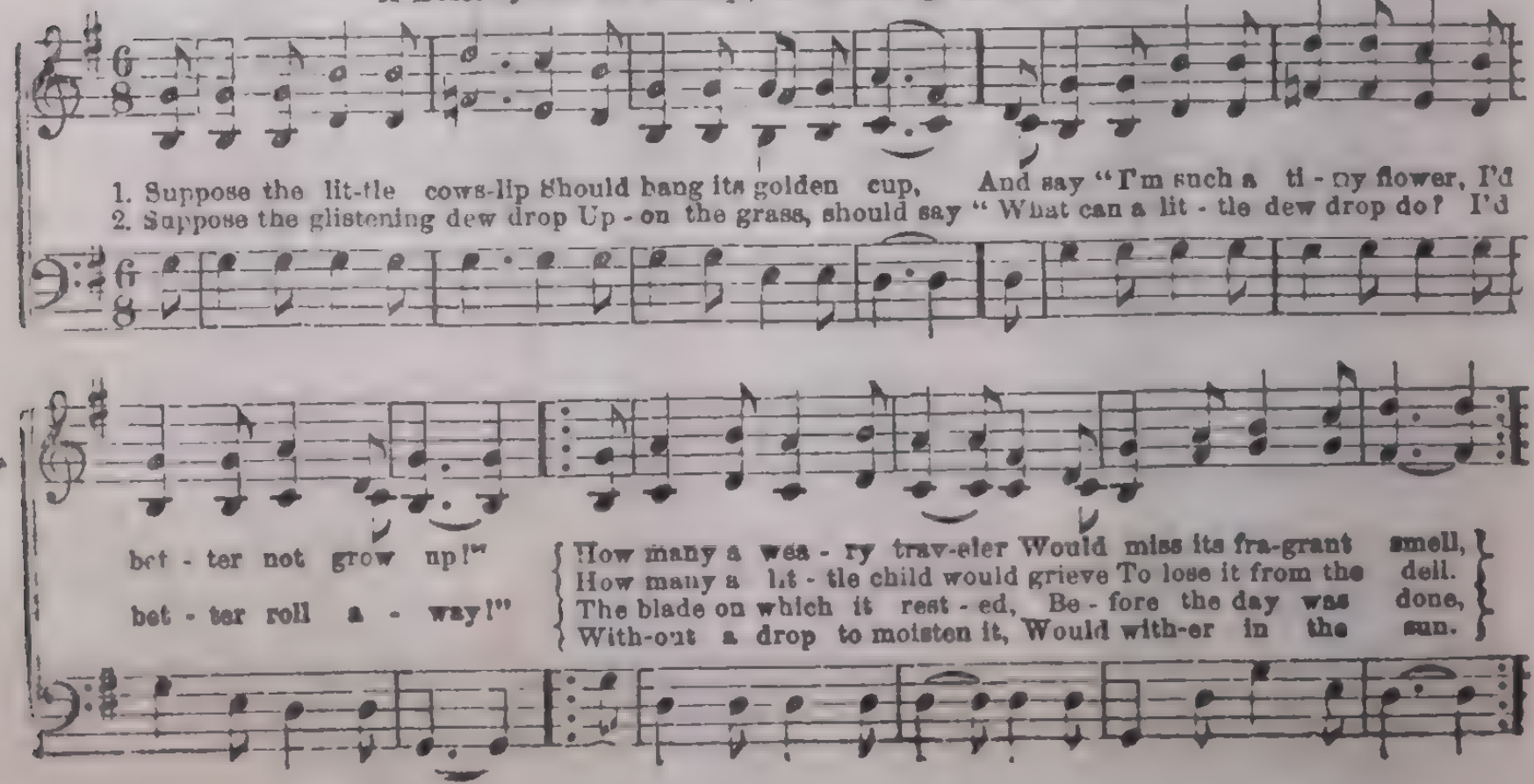
First time, 1st Semi-Chorus. Second time, 2d ditto, repeating the same words.

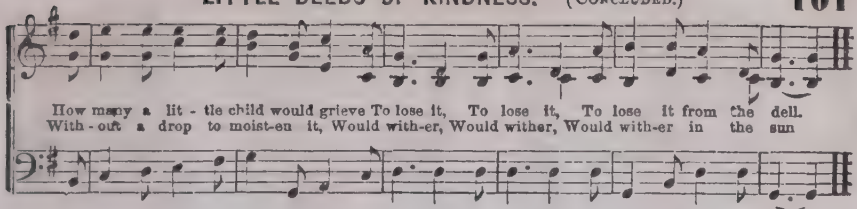




20.—*Two to each Measure.* **LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.** *

A Lesson from the Cowslip, the Dew-drop, and the Zephyr.





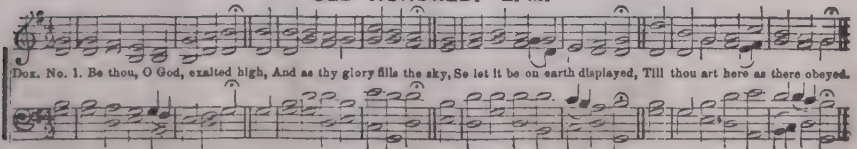
3.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
|:In talking:| ever so.

4.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do,
|:For others,:| by his love.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



DOXOLOGY. No. 2.

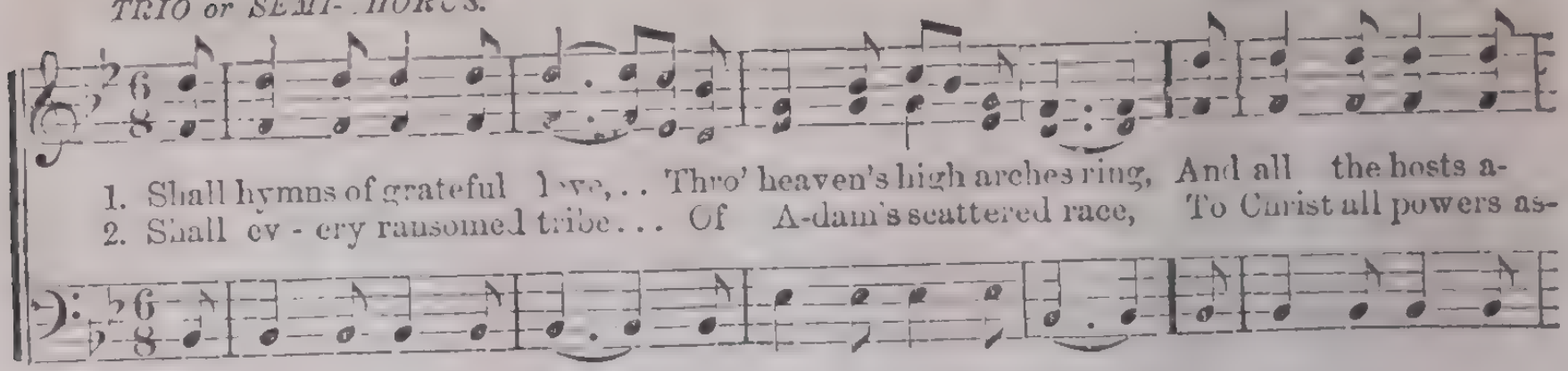
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY. No. 3.

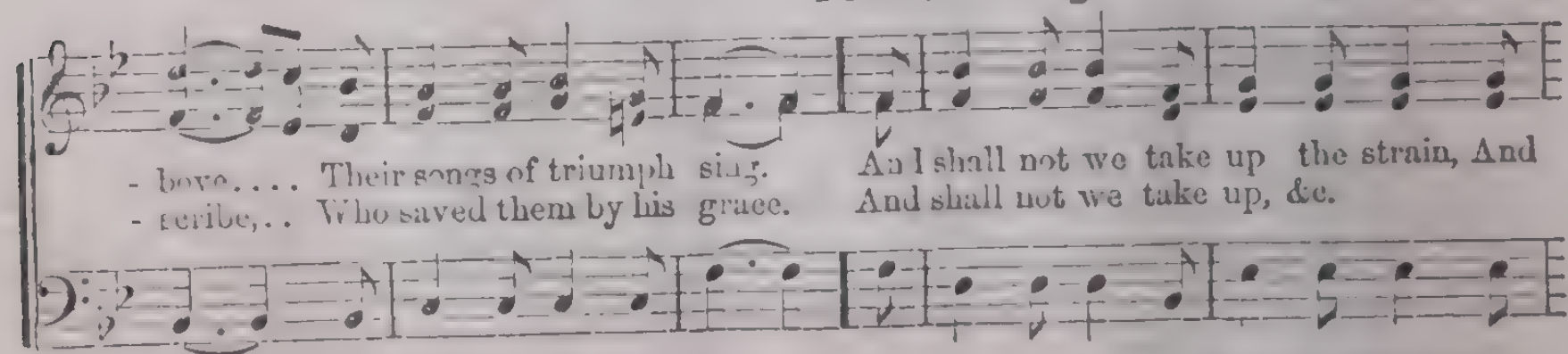
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

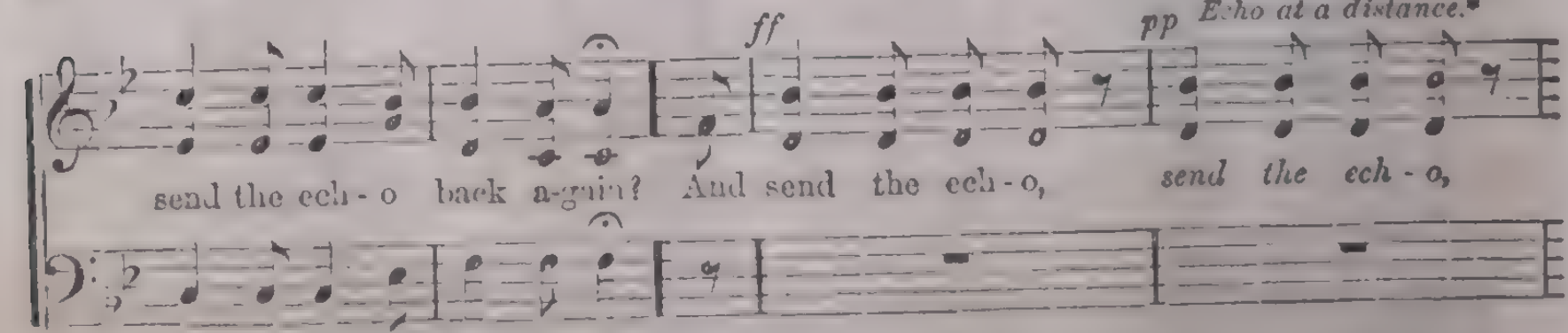
WM. B. BRADBURY.

TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS.

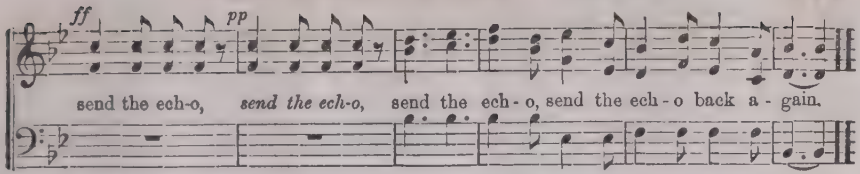


FULL CHORUS. ff





* The echo, for a concert, should be performed by two voices at a distance from the others, or in an adjoining room. If not intended for a concert, it may be sung with good effect by a semi-chorus, or by all the girls.



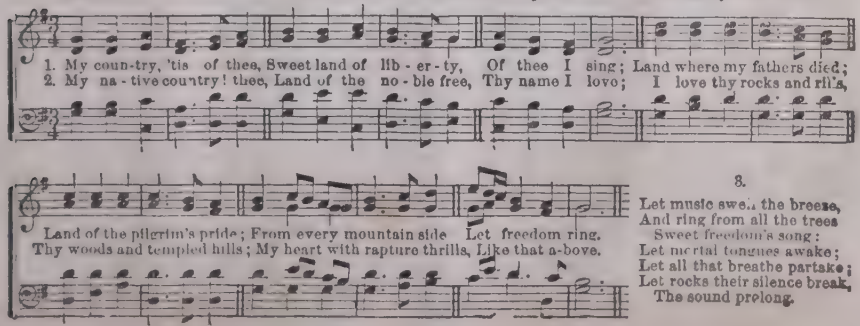
3. Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.
Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

4. Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through his name.
Chorus. Till all the world take up, &c.

AMERICA. National Hymn.

Maestoso.

Words by F. S. SMITH.

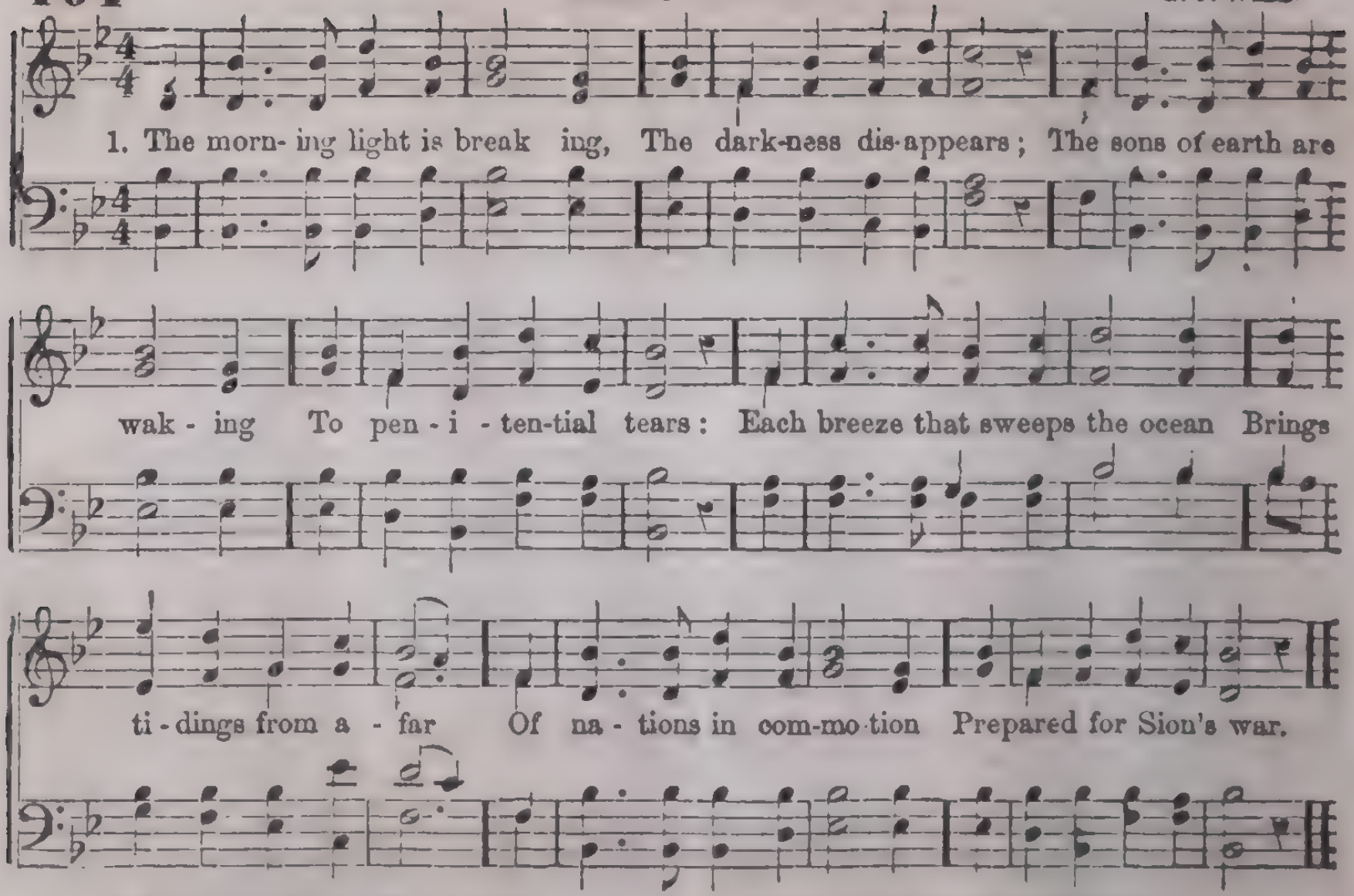


3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. Webb.



2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

1. The rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow;
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2. The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day.
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3. O see those waters streaming
In crystal purity,
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

EVENING HYMN.

1. The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west:
So every care subsiding
My soul would sink to rest.
The wood and hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close—
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

2. The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high:
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.
In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break:
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
"Ye are the men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.

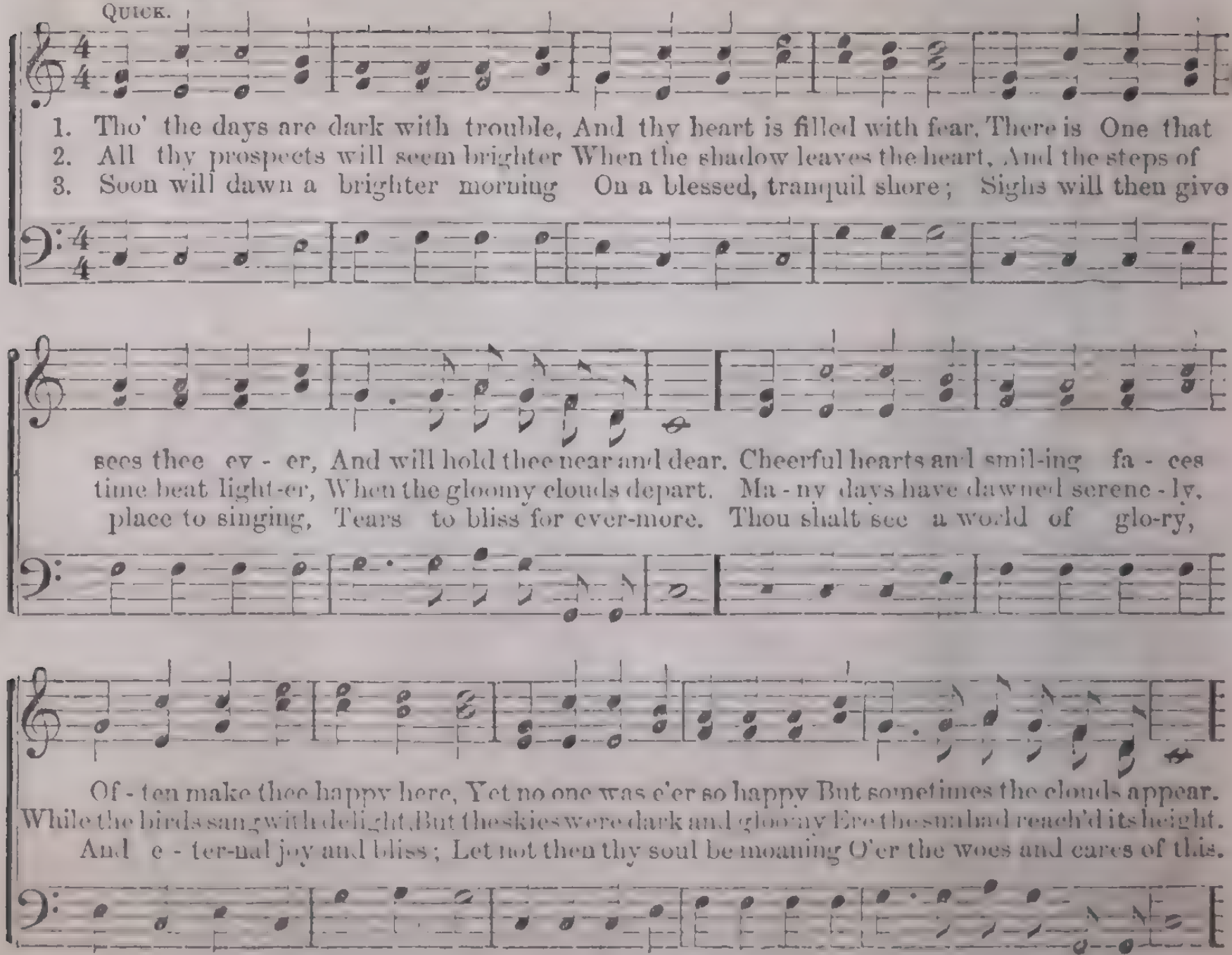
4. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

A FRIEND THAT 'S EVER NEAR.

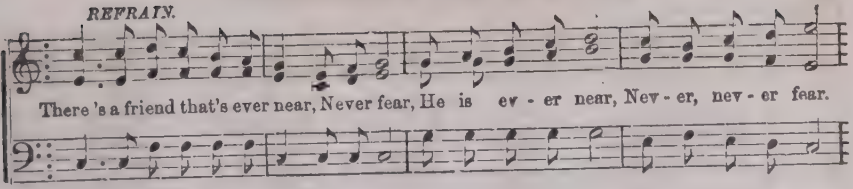
30—*Two to the Measure.*

"FEAR NOT FOR I AM WITH THEE."

QUICK.

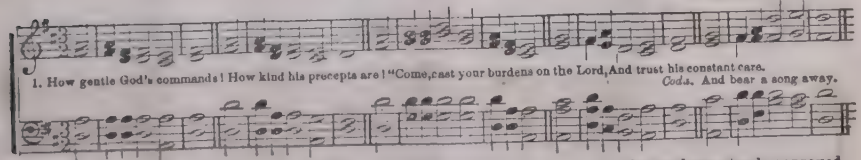


REFRAIN.



LOTTIE. S. M.

CODA for last stanza.



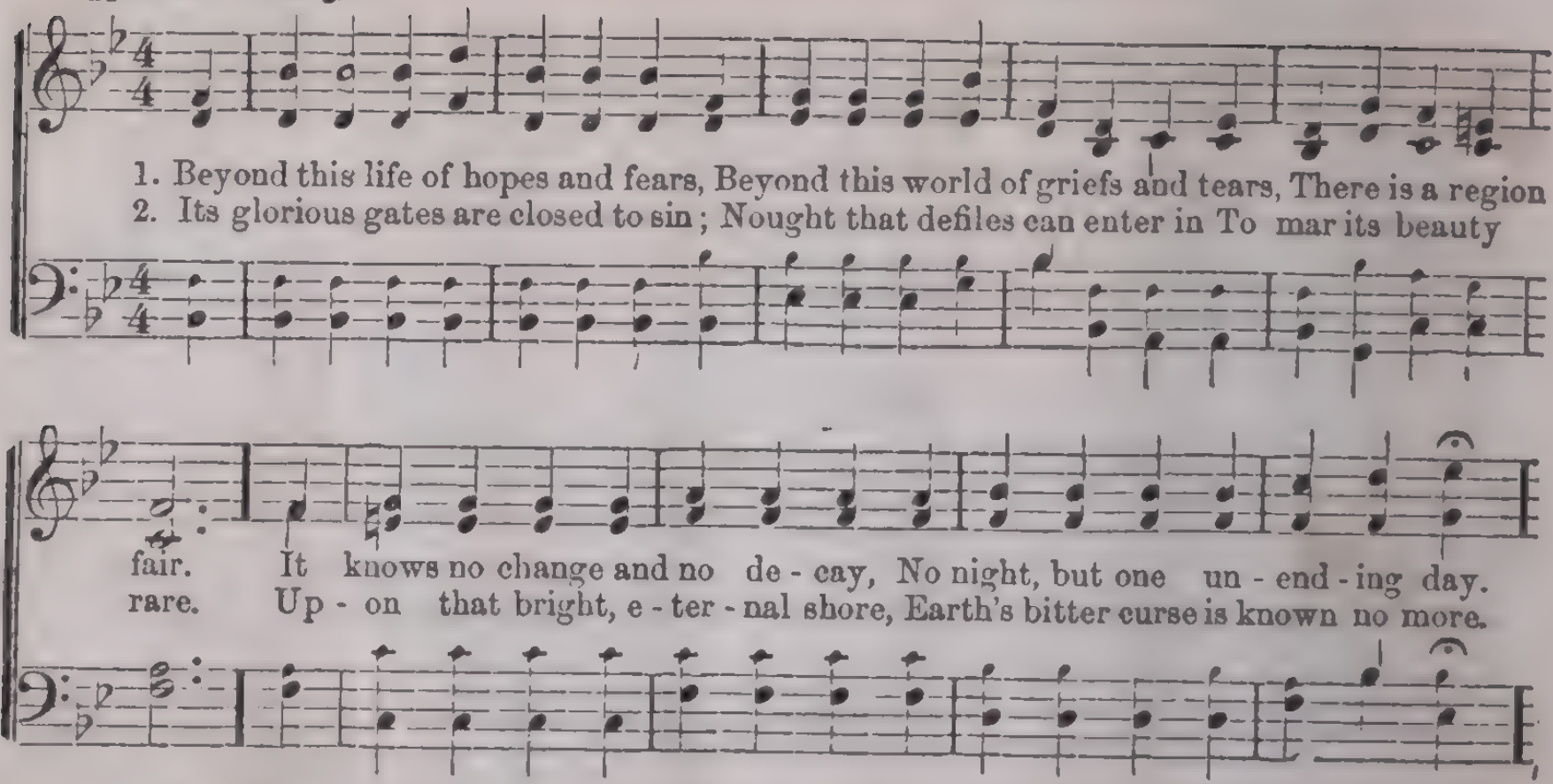
2. His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

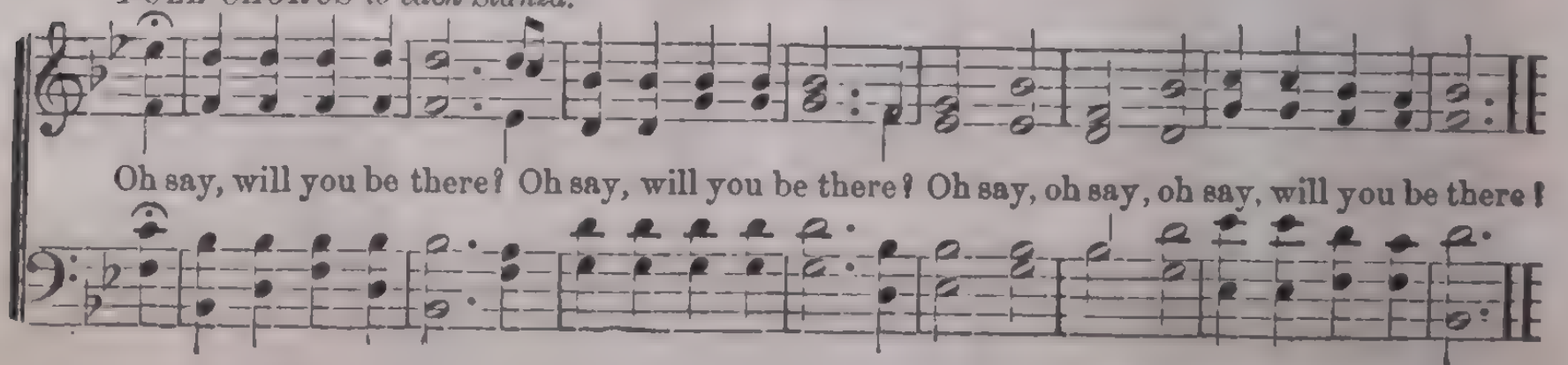
4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

OH SAY, WILL YOU BE THERE?

16—*One to each* ♩



FULL CHORUS to each Stanza.



3. No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?

4. Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousand thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?

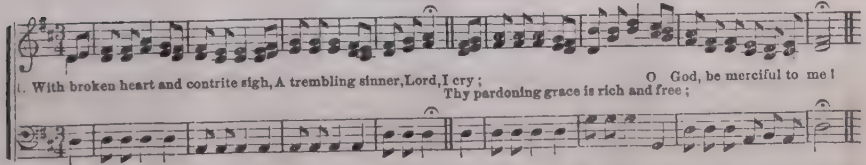
5. Who shall be there? The lowly here—
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare!
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
Oh, they shall all be there!

6. Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that his love they share;
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me he died;"
Oh, they shall all be there!

7. Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way—I'll lead you home—
With me, you shall be there!"

SEMA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

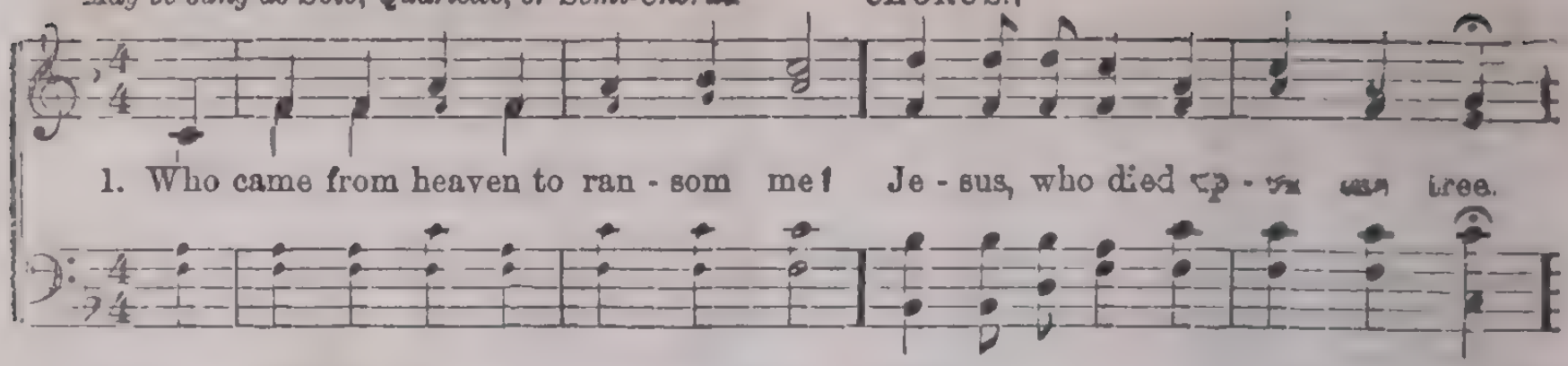
3. Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

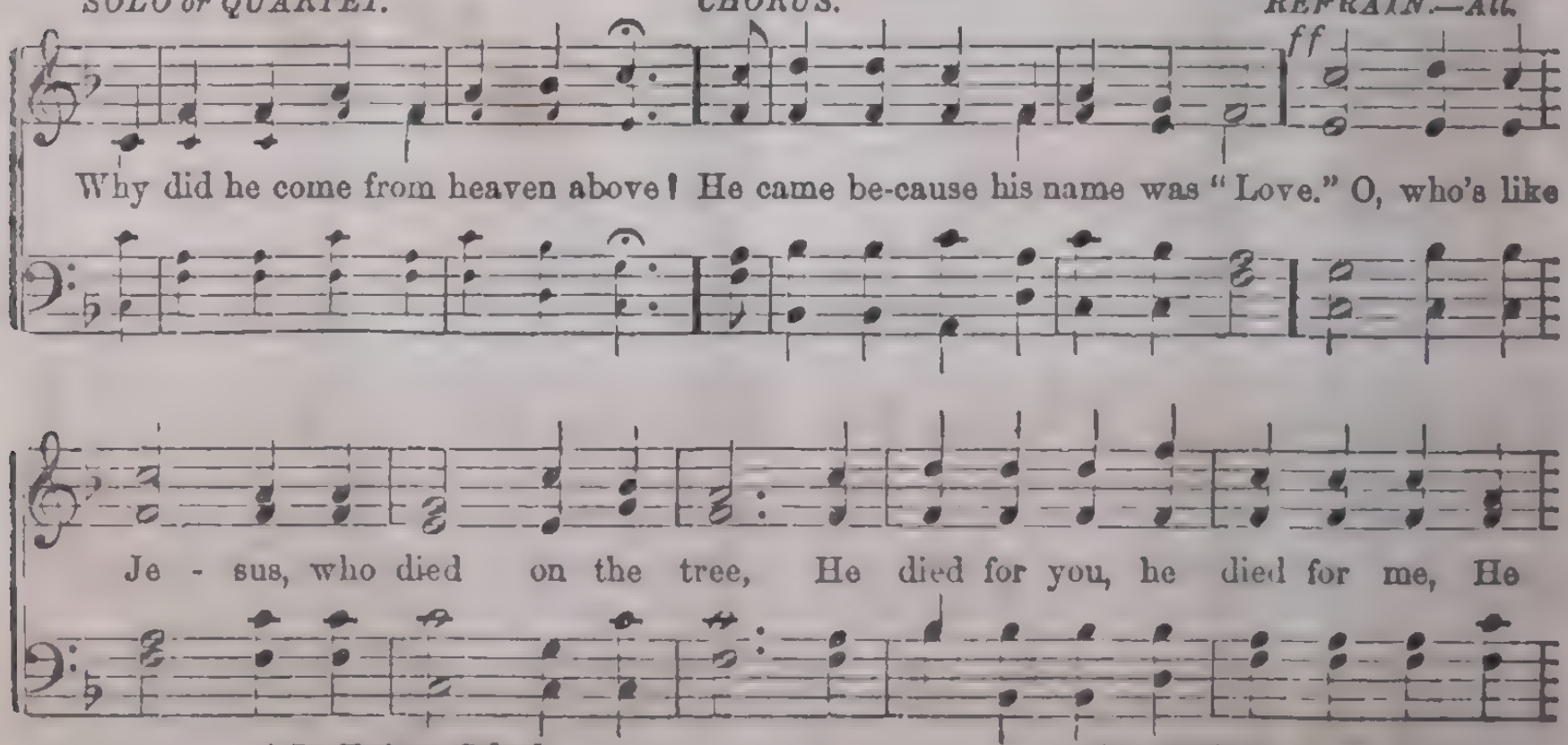
25—*Two to each Measure.*

*May be sung as Solo, Quartette, or Semi-Chorus.**

CHORUS.†

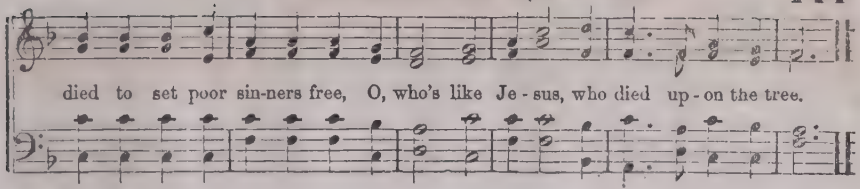


SOLO or QUARTET. *CHORUS.* *REFRAIN.—All.*



* *By Choir or School.*

† *For Children.*



2 And did he die—the Son of God?
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.—*Cho.*

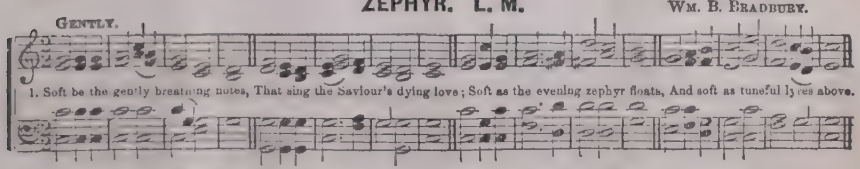
3. When he had died, what happened then?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.—*Cho.*

4. Where is he now? Is he still there?
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom?
He prays that we to him might come.—*Cho.*

5. Should we not come? Should we not come?
Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home;
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!—*Cho.*

ZEPHYR. L. M.

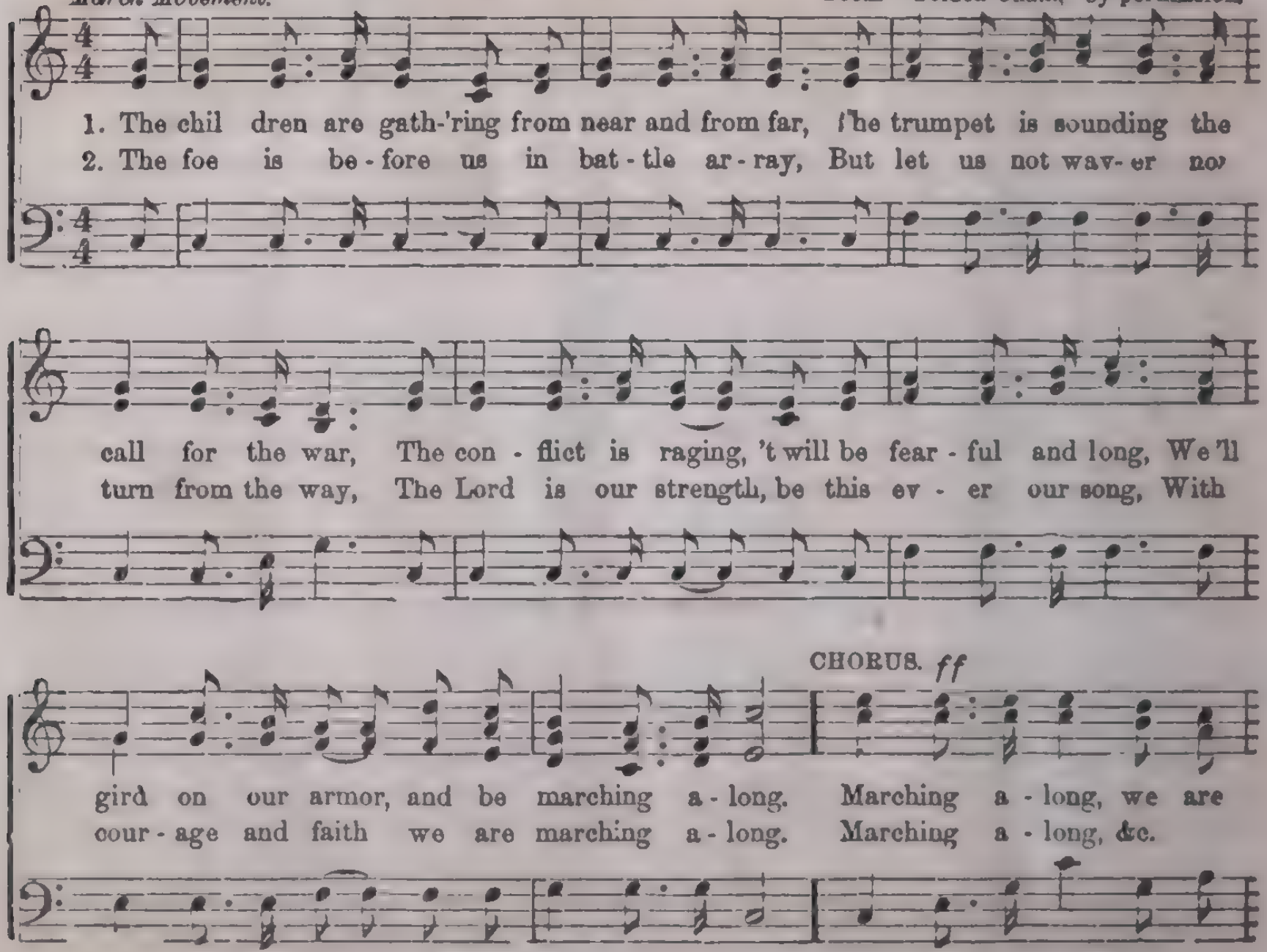
WM. B. BRADBURY.

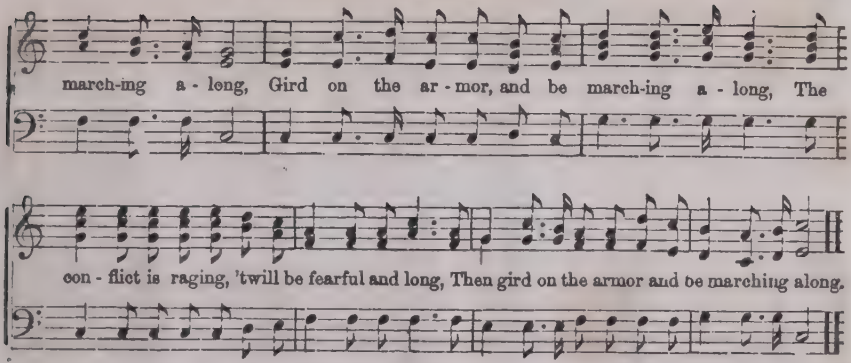


2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

112 Words by R. P. Clark. **MARCHING ALONG.** Wm. B. Bradbury,
March Movement. From "Golden Chain," by permission.



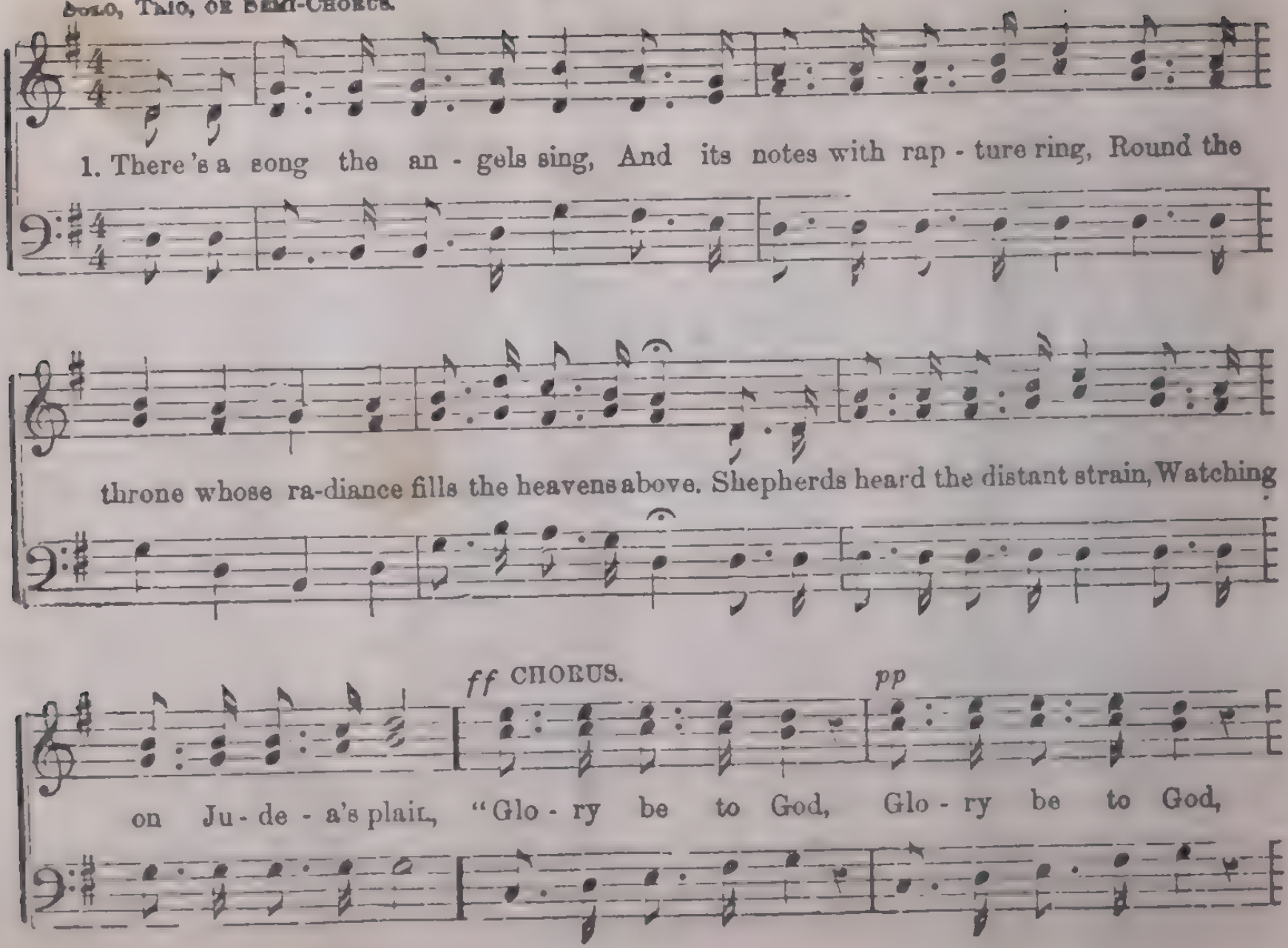


3. We 've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We 'll hold in our hands as we 're marching along
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

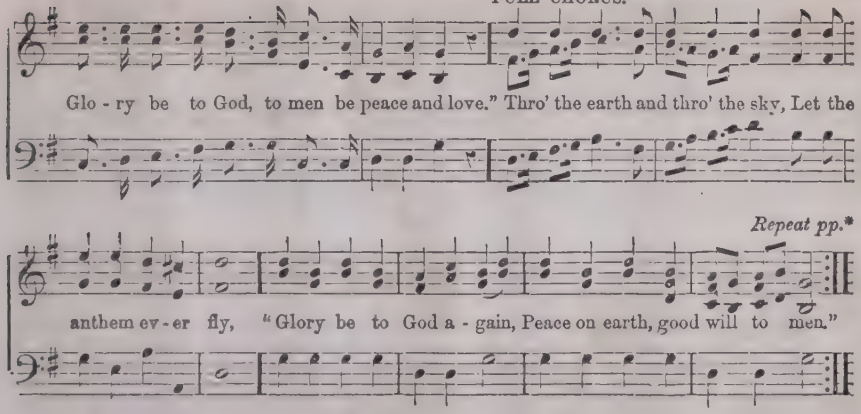
4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

Solo, Trio, or Semi-Chorus.



FULL CHORUS.



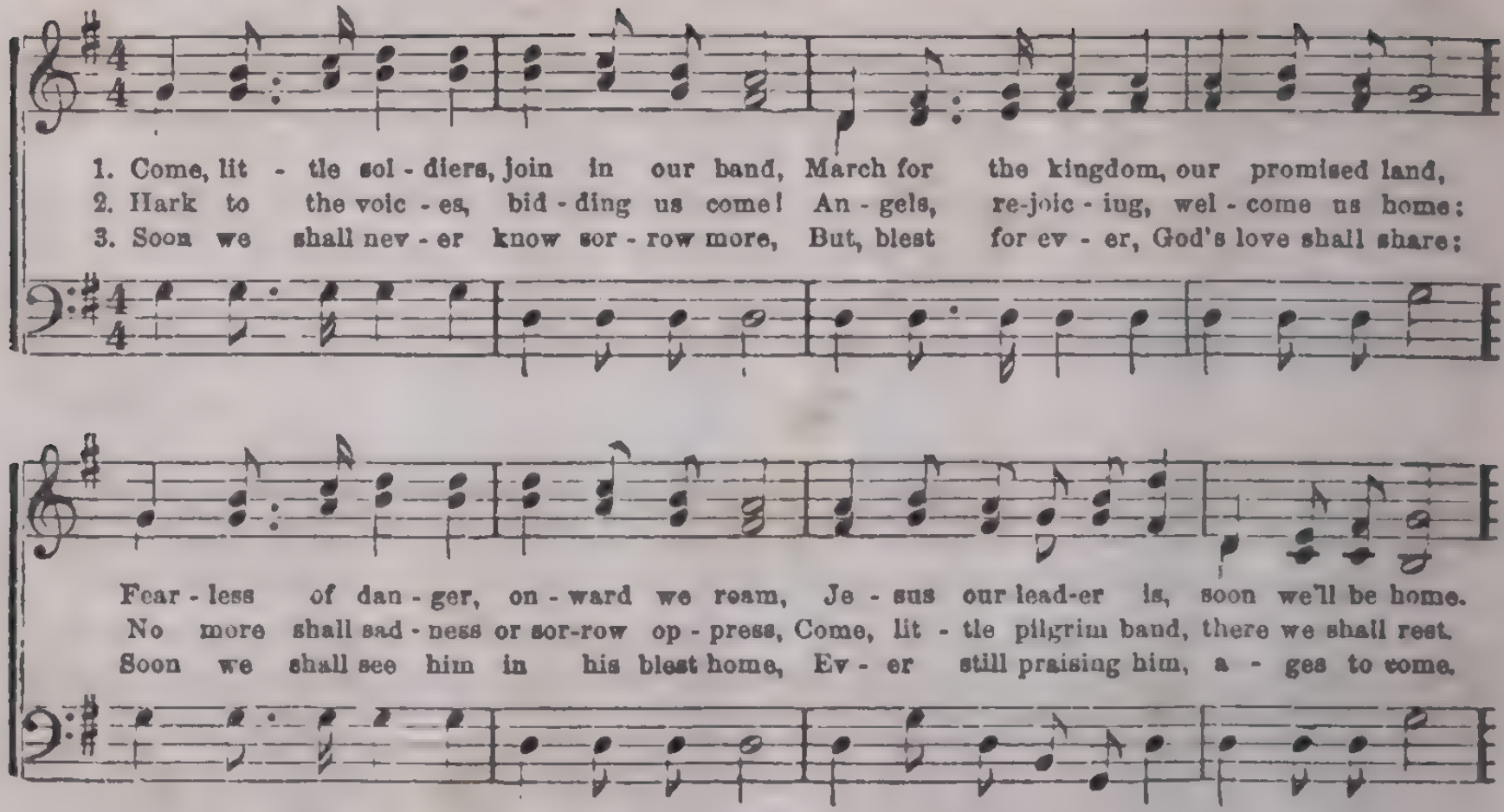
2. 'T is a song for children too;
To the Saviour 't is their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

3. Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease:
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we 'll raise,
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace.
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

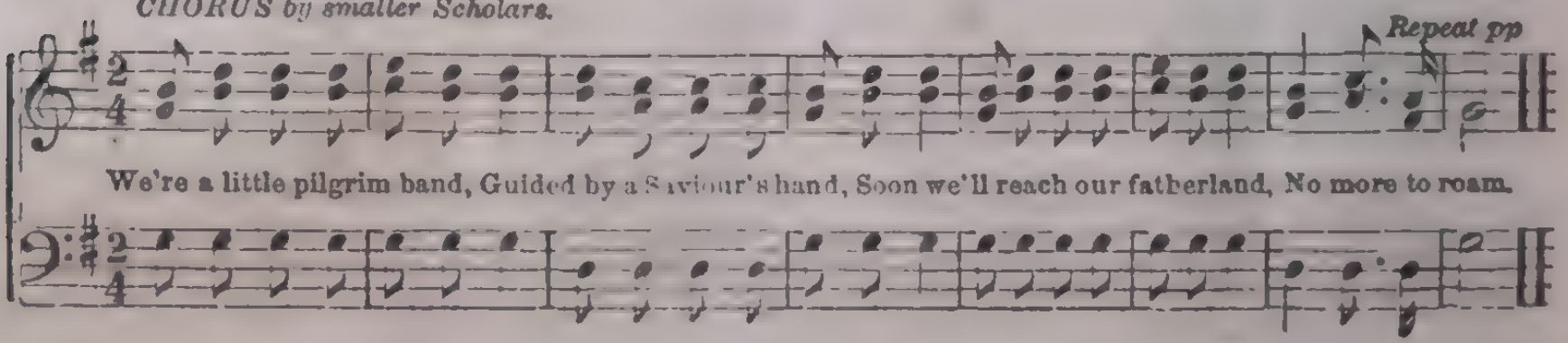
* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response.

116 17—*One to each* ♩

PILGRIM BAND.



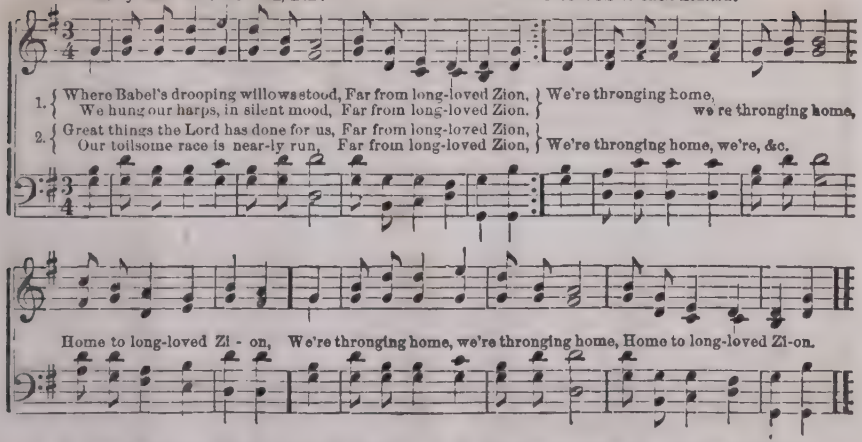
CHORUS by smaller Scholars.



20—*One to each* ♩.

Words by Rev Wm. Hunter, D.D.

CHORUS to each Stanza.



3. As streams their mighty torrents pour,
Far from long-loved Zion;
So turn our hearts to thee once more,
Home to long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

4. With faces turned for Zion's hill,
Home to long-loved Zion;
Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,
Home to long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

5. We soon shall reach our Father's land,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Our feet within thy gates shall stand,
Home in long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

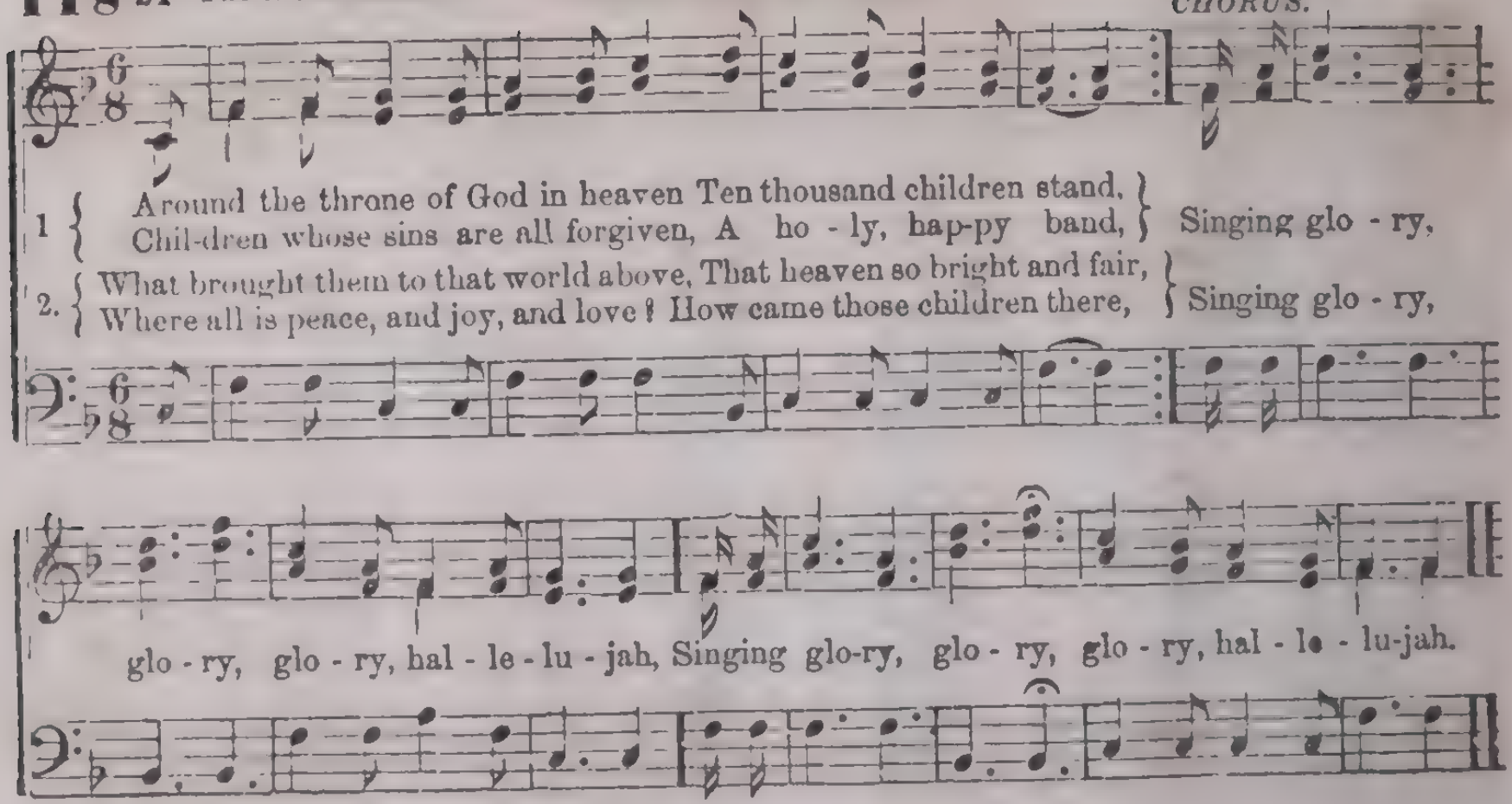
6. Our grateful incense to the skies,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Mingled with holy songs shall rise,
Home in long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

24—*Two to the Measure.*

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

W. R. B.

CHORUS.



3. Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Both in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing glory, &c.

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing glory, &c.

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE.

1. CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name;
We, too, would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.
Singing glory, &c.

3. We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.
Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

1. THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, &c.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's ways
Singing glory, &c.

4. This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.

5. Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
Singing glory, &c.

HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.

1. WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah

2. Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glory, &c.

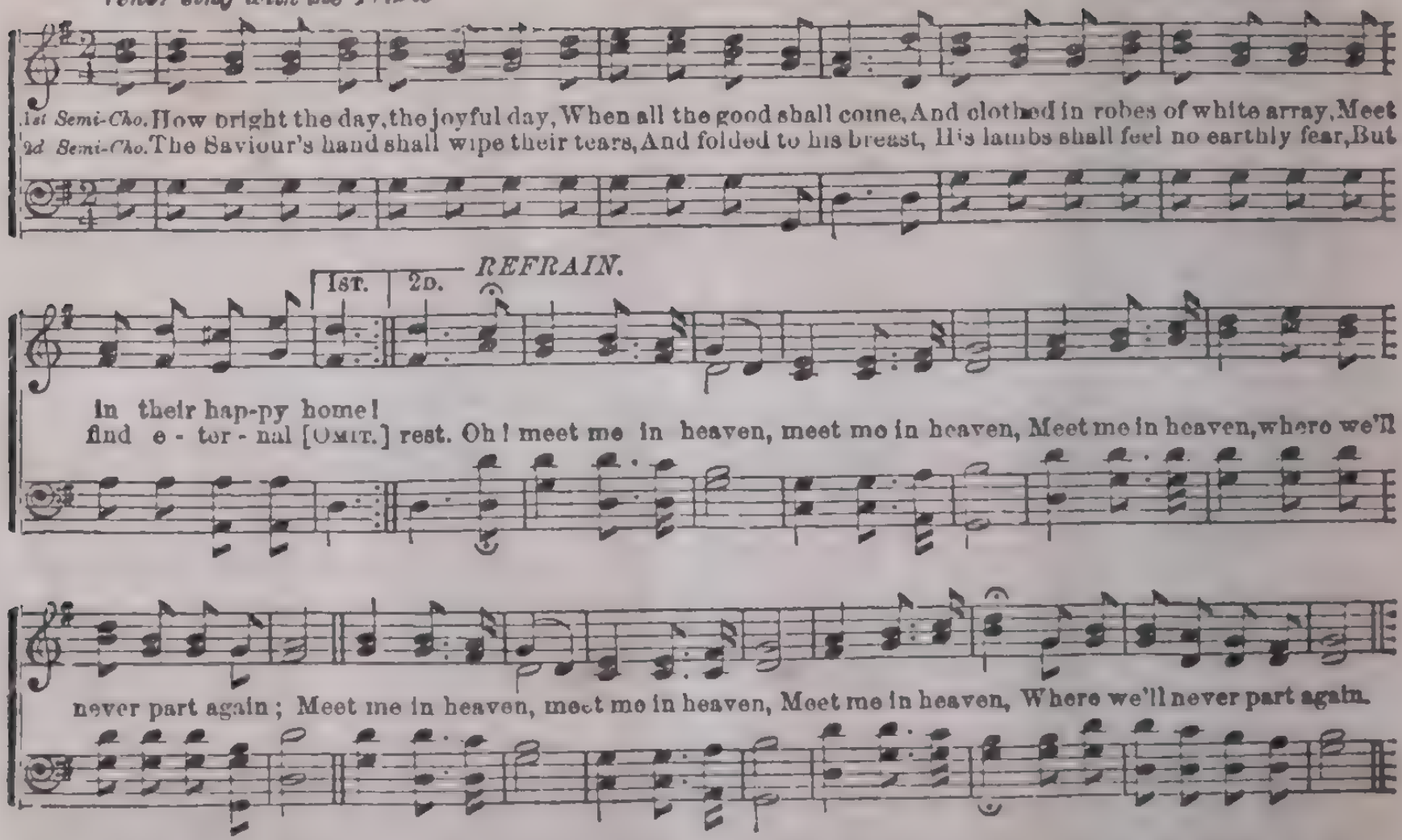
3. O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, &c.

4. Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.

120 25—*Two to each Measure.*
Tenor sing with the Treble

MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

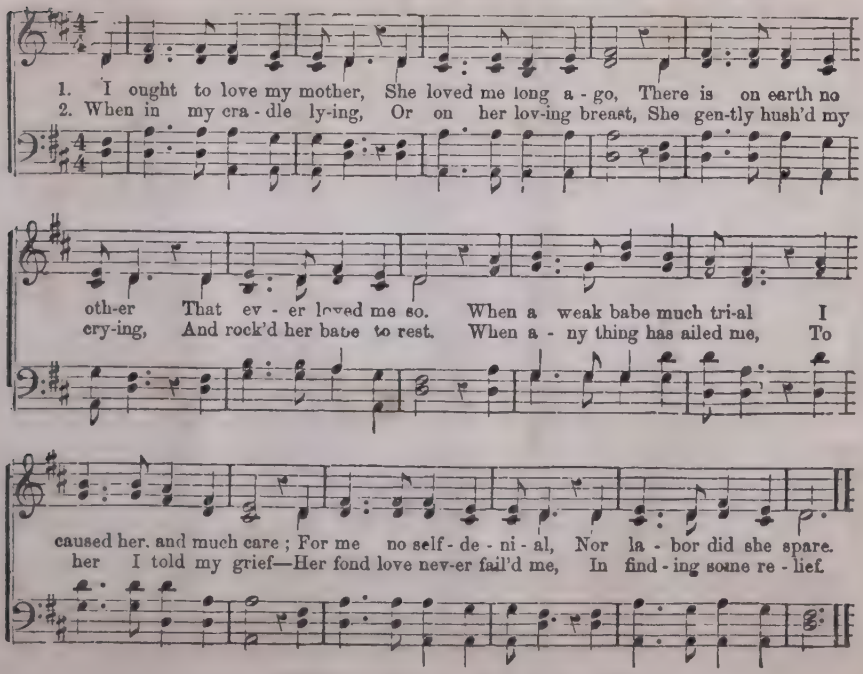
W. D. BRADBURY.



2. Ah! would you be among the blest,
Who walk the golden streets,
Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Or worship at his feet!
Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
Nor go the path of sin,
Until you find the gates of woe,
And there must enter in.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

3. Your teachers can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and dreadful brink
Of ruin's sweeping tide.
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And with his own dear flock,
He 'll hide you when temptation comes,
Safe in the cleft ed rock.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

Written and arranged for the Fourth Ward Mission, under the direction of Rev. W. C. Van Meter.



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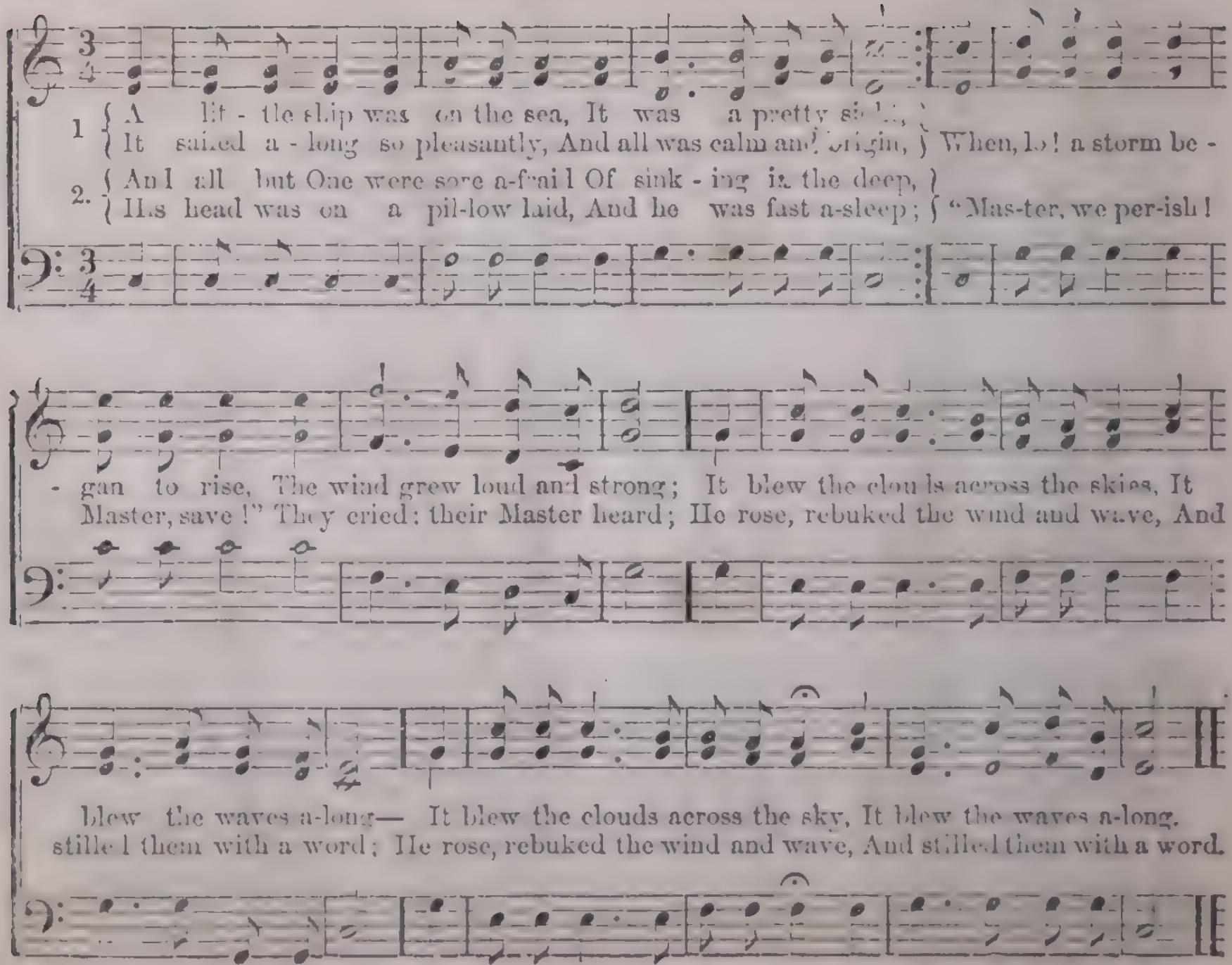
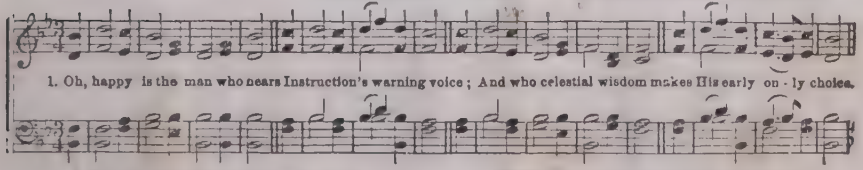

1 A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pretty sight,
It sailed a - long so pleasantly, And all was calm and bright, When, lo! a storm be -
2. And all but One were sore a-frail Of sink - ing in the deep,
His head was on a pil-low laid, And he was fast a-sleep; "Mas-ter, we per-ish!
- gan to rise, The wind grew loud and strong; It blew the clouds across the skies, It
Master, save!" They cried: their Master heard; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And
blew the waves a-long— It blew the clouds across the sky, It blew the waves a-long.
stilled them with a word; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And stilled them with a word.

3. A noble ship, our country dear,
Has weathered many a gale—
Yet now a storm beats so severe
That many stout hearts quail;
But One who rides above the storm
Can save us from all ill;
We only wait to hear his voice
Commanding "Peace, be still!"

4. O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray,
Remove the chastening rod;
Let not our foes exulting say,
"There is no help in God."
From threat'ning storms preserve our land,
Rebuke the winds and waves;
And let us, one united band,
Rejoice in God, who saves.

BALERMA. C. M.

Ascribed to R. SIMPSON, Scotland.



2. For she hath treasures greater far,
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

Concluding Stanzas to "I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER," *page* 121.

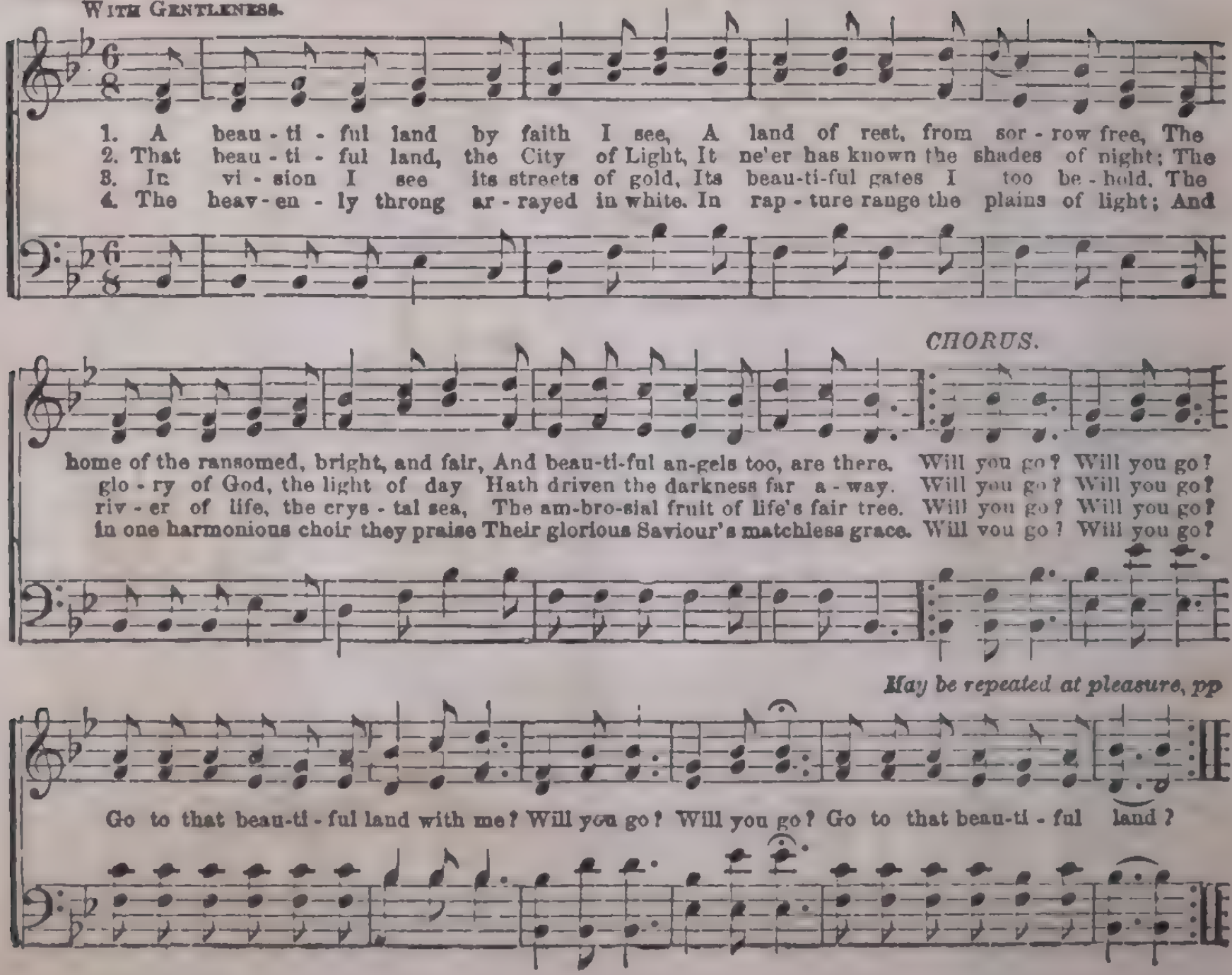
3. What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never?
It is my mother's voice.

4. When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such hope as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

12450.—*Two to the Measure.*

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

WITH GENTLENESS.

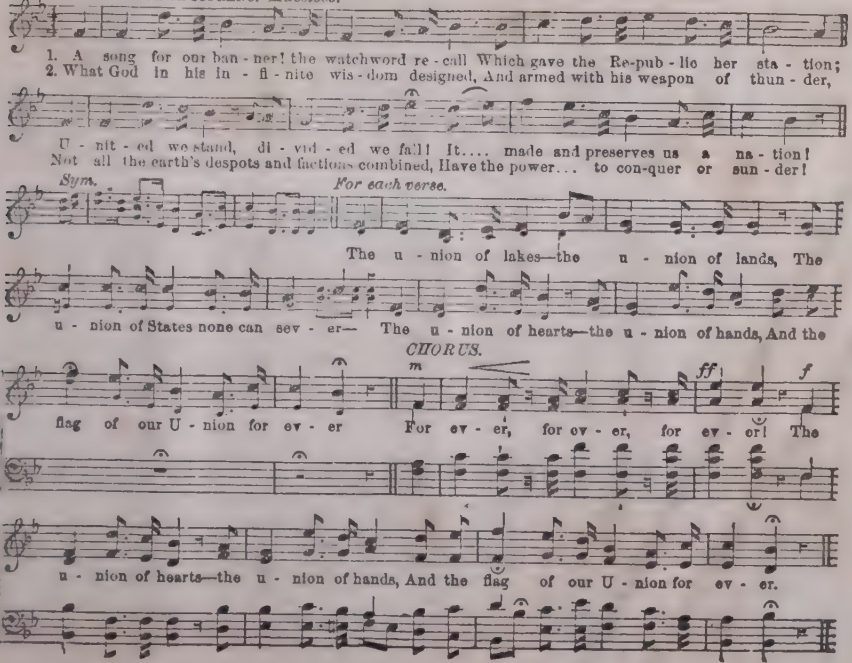


THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. National Song.

Words by Geo. P. Morris, Esq.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury

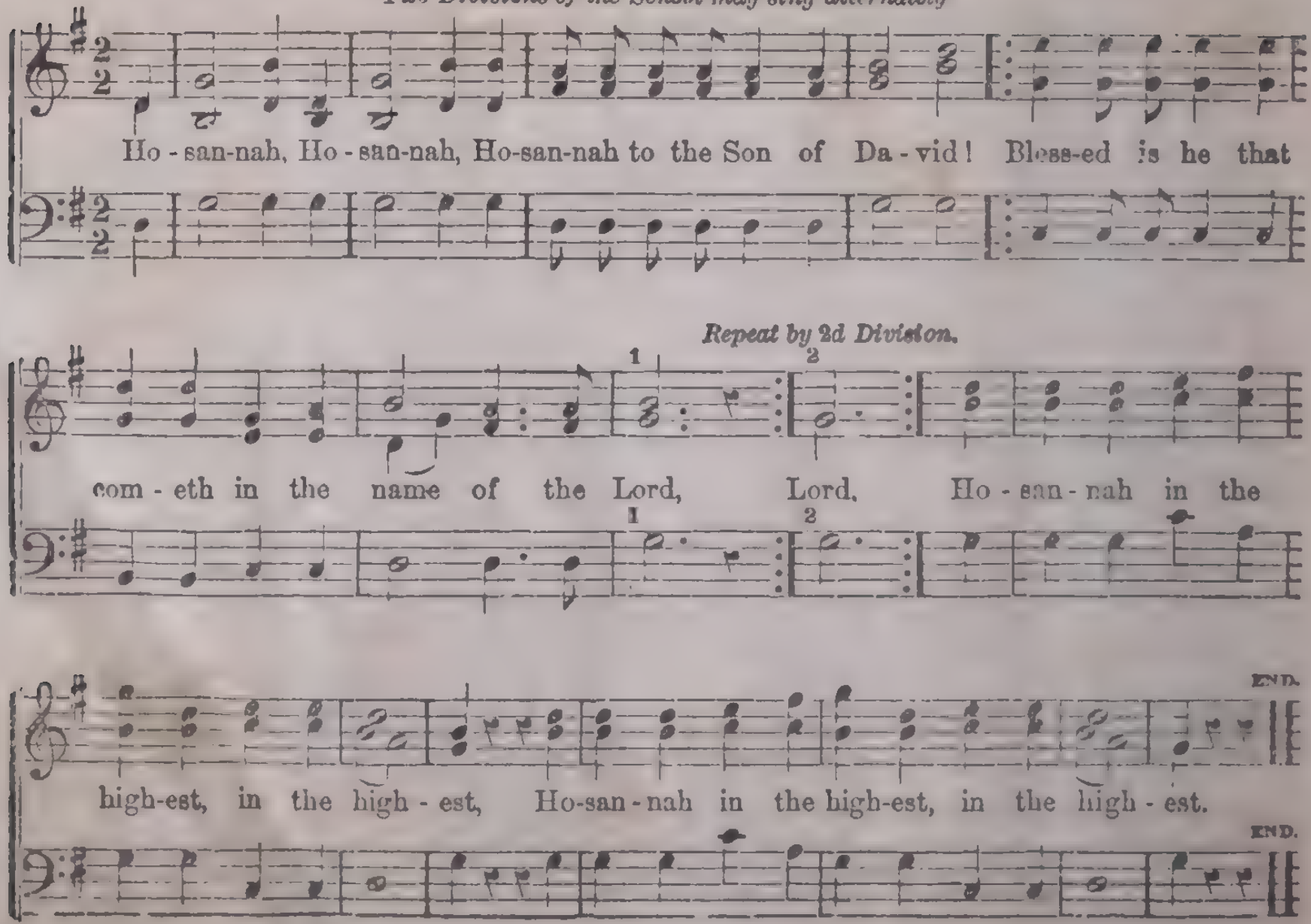
SOLO—TENOR OR SOPRANO. *Maestoso.*



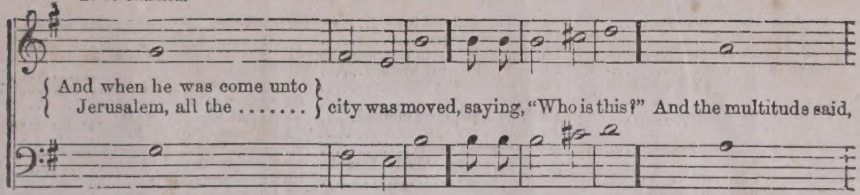
HOSANNAH. Anthem.

24.—*Two to the Measure.*

Two Divisions of the School may sing alternately

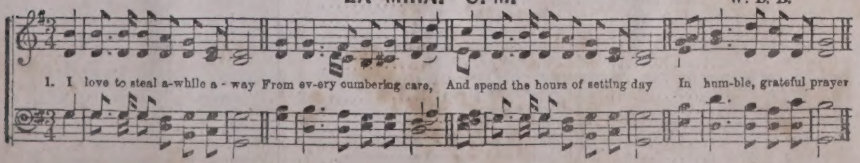


TO BE *Chanted.*



LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. B.



2. I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On him whom I adore.

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Who that loves the Gates of Zion has not felt of late the want of more life and spirit, earnestness and *interest* in the social prayer meeting? The marked improvement everywhere perceptible in our Sabbath Schools that is almost universally ascribed to the recent introduction of appropriate music, has prompted this new effort for the prayer meeting. The question has constantly recurred, Can not something be done to awaken new life in our social religious meetings? The appearance of PILGRIMS' SONGS is my response. There are about one hundred Melodies, with a great variety of Hymns, all adapted to the end in view.

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SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.	LONG LOVED ZION.	SALVATION'S FREE.
NEARER HOME.	LOOKING HOME.	WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN
HAPPY IN THE LORD.	THE SWEETEST NAME.	IN THE MORNING, &c.

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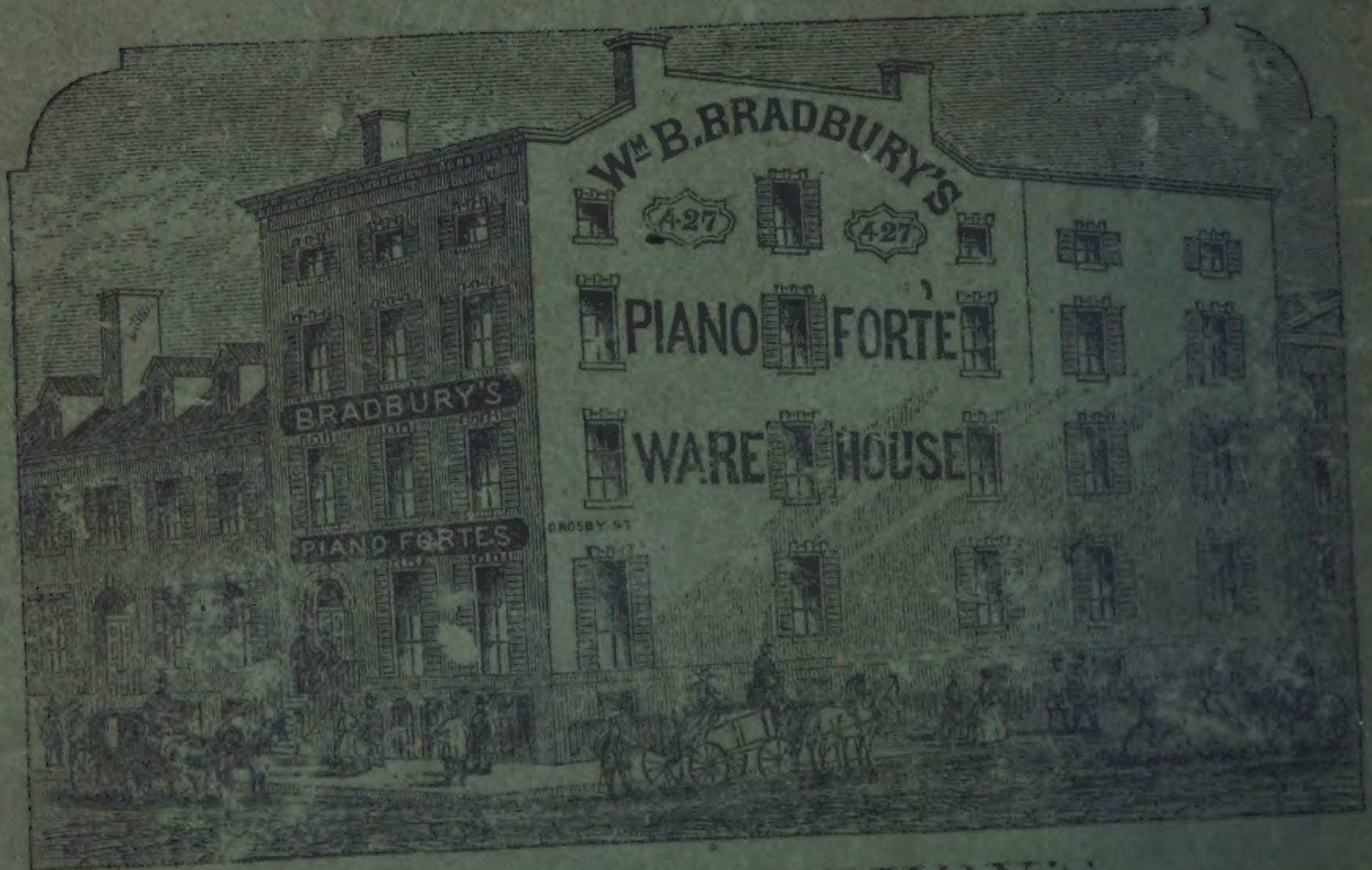
WM. B. BRADBURY.

NOTICE.

☞ **BRADBURY'S MUSICAL CIRCULAR.**—Any person inclosing 35 cents to the subscriber, in the new *Postage Currency*, will receive a copy of PILGRIMS' SONGS, together with THE CIRCULAR, for one year from Dec. 1862. The object of THE CIRCULAR is to announce the issue of new musical works, improvements in musical instruments—especially PIANO FORTES—to give specimens of new music, suggestions and instructions on the legitimate use of music in the prayer meeting, the choir and congregation, Sabbath and day school, and to keep its readers posted on such musical subjects as are of general interest. It will be issued quarterly or oftener. Write the name, town, State, and county, in a legible hand.

W. B. B.

W. C. 10-15-64



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